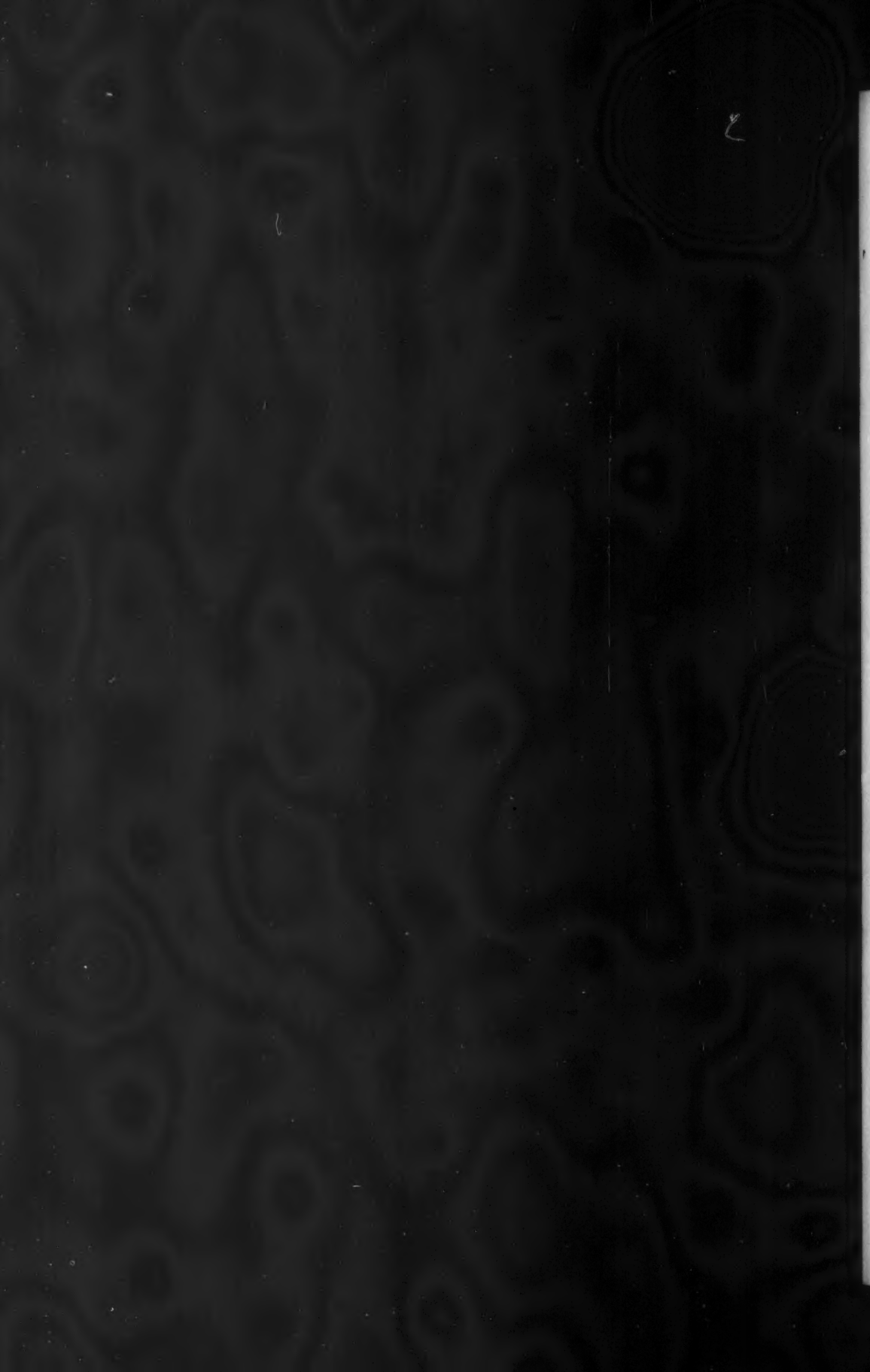


COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE

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THE KINGDOM OF PEACE

THEY shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain." This is the promise of ultimate arcady on earth. But from Hannibal to the meeting of the nations at The Hague, earthly glory has been lavished, not upon the advocates of peace, but upon those whose trade is war. The bird of prey is glorified above the dove. Nevertheless, peace alone survives. The sword and the drum-beat and the shouting of the captains have as their excuse the hope that tumult will give way to peace. War has plowed great furrows, but the seed sown therein yields bitter fruit, and Death gathers the harvest. Rome gained the whole world and lost its own soul. Cato clamoring against Carthage is a vain echo and Cæsar giving his little senate laws is a poet's jest, but the sermons of the Nazarene are eternal messages to man.

Viewed materially, all effort is vain. The cradle empties into the crypt. Ruin creeps upon temple and monument. The race of man itself is but a banquet spread for worms. But the life of righteous thoughts and deeds does not perish. Such acts and aspirations bloom forever in the fields of heaven on earth; they grow only along the paths of peace.

The master of men is he who never wore a sword or an epaulette, or was given a title save by the tongue of mockery; yet his name is above every name, and his kingdom is coming without boast or blazonry. It is the reign of its Prince in the Kingdom of Peace.



PRINCE WILHELM, ELDEST SON OF THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE AND HEIR TO
AUTHORITY OVER MORE THAN SIXTY MILLION PEOPLE

("Children Who Will Be Kings")

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No. 1



THE SECOND SON OF THE

CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY

*SOME day, barring death and im-
government, to most of the children pictured
of power will be as familiar as are their present
that are little more than a name and others thrones whose glories have departed; but some of
them will be elevated to dizzy heights of power with a hundred million subjects. Yet they are
to-day wholly concerned with the affairs of childhood, and, oblivious of destinies which few of them
would be envied, and of the hopes and fears of parents and people, they employ the days in childish
unconcern for the morrow; for a child is first of all a child, though he may also be a king.*

Children Who Will Be Kings

By F. Cunliffe-Owen



FEW months ago the diminutive Emperor Pu-Yi of China, ruler of a population estimated at four hundred millions, despatched to St. Petersburg from Peking a special embassy, headed by one of the princes of the royal family, for the purpose of conveying a wonderful collection of costly Chinese toys to Czarevitch Alexis, aged nearly five. In addition to the toys there were two dwarf elephants, marvelously trained, for the use of the future ruler of Russia in riding about the palace grounds

at Peterhof and Tsarskoe-Selo. This mission was sent by way of acknowledgment of the special embassy which had come to Peking from St. Petersburg some time previously, bringing to the boy emperor a sixty-thousand-dollar toy railroad and a number of other elaborate and ingenious toys.

This single exchange of gifts is sufficient to emphasize the consideration given to children who happen to embody in their little selves the essence of royalty and to have resting upon them the fate of empires and kingdoms and the destinies of hundreds of millions of human beings. But the game goes merrily on, and that worried occupant of a throne who must needs have peace ransacks the toy-shops of his kingdom and sends costly gifts to the children of his brother princes.

Children Who Will Be Kings

The toy railroad sent to the little Chinese emperor was almost identical with that presented to the czarvitch last year by President Fallières, on the occasion of his visit to the Russian imperial family at Reval. This gift delighted the small prince to such an extent that he immediately dubbed the genial chief magistrate of the French Republic "the train man." Crown Prince Olaf of Norway, aged five, also has a railroad train, with stations, sidings, turntable, signal system, etc., presented to him by King Edward. There is no doubt that the magnificent dolls and dolls' houses brought from Paris to St.

Petersburg, first by President Faure, and afterward by President Loubet, for the young daughters of the Czar, went far toward popularizing the French alliance at the court of Russia, during the first decade of the reign of Emperor Nicholas. Whenever foreign rulers visit Rome, the very first question which arises in the minds of the eight-year-old Princess Yolanda, her sister Mafalda, just

a year younger, and her five-year-old brother, Crown Prince Humbert, is as to what the distinguished guests have brought for them in the way of toys, and it is this that determines the degree of regard which visitors receive from the royal children and, as a natural consequence thereof, from the king and queen. For among reigning families, as well as among people of less exalted rank,

parents are frequently influenced, perhaps unconsciously, by the likes and dislikes of those little ones who are to them as the apple of their eye.

No one will ever know how much the small inmates of the royal nursery at the Quirinal have contributed to popularize the dynasty of Savoy. Scarcely a week passes without some amusing stories being published of the quaint sayings and doings of the royal children—stories of a nature to touch a responsive chord of sympathy in the breast of even the sternest republican, especially if he happens to have children of his own.

In fact, "Mafalda's latest" is a favorite topic of conversation with all classes of the population, and besides furnishing no end of entertainment serves to impress the people of Italy with the very human side of royalty and with the fact that the children of King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Helen are, after all, very little different from their own little ones. Thus, one day not long after the great earthquake at



HUMBERT, PRINCE OF PIEDMONT, THE FIVE-YEAR-OLD
ITALIAN CROWN PRINCE

Messina last spring, Ambassador and Mrs. Griscom were received at the Quirinal for the purpose of talking over the huts that were being erected in the vicinity of the ill-fated city for the victims of the cataclysm. At a certain point of the discussion, Queen Helen remarked, "Wait a minute: I want to show you the plans of my new village," and instead of causing them to be brought,



QUEEN WILHELMINA OF HOLLAND
AND PRINCESS JULIANA, BORN
APRIL 30, 1909

she, with that simplicity of manner which is one of her most attractive qualities, hurried off to fetch them herself. She returned after a few moments, very much flushed, her hair somewhat disarranged, and laughing, explaining that when her children had heard her coming they put a chair across the threshold of the door

where she would enter, just for the fun of seeing her fall over it, "and of course I did," she added, "much to the delight of the little sinners."

Although the most popular portrait of the crown prince of Italy represents him arrayed in the uniform of his father's fine regiment of Royal Horse Guards, he has thus far no real military rank, differing in this respect from the Russian czarévitch, who, despite his tender years, is colonel of half a dozen infantry regiments, of four regiments of dragoons, of a regiment of field artillery, and of the first regiment of railroad engineers, in addition to which he is hetman or general of all the Cossack regiments. The only occasions on which he is called upon to don the uniform of his rank in these various corps are when receiving deputations of their officers, who come to present him with good wishes and with gifts on the occasion of his name day or on the anniversaries of historic events in the annals of the regiment. His ordinary costume is that of the American boy of the same age. Although he is much interested in soldiers



and loves to witness reviews and military pageants, he is happiest when yachting with his parents and sisters along the picturesque coast of Finland, where he is able to see more of his father, whom he loves beyond all the other members of his family, than at any other time, and where the Czar is able to give himself up to the companionship of his wife and children, without any tiresome interruptions by ministers calling upon him to discuss and determine matters of state. The charm about the life of Nicholas and his immediate family during these yachting expeditions is its relative simplicity, and every now and again the



PRINCES LEOPOLD AND
CHARLES, SONS OF THE HEIR
TO THE BELGIAN THRONE

A DESCENDANT OF SOLOMON—
PRINCE TESSAMA, GRAND-
SON OF KING MENELEK
OF ABYSSINIA



OLGA AND ELIZABETH, GRANDDAUGHTERS OF THE KING
AND QUEEN OF GREECE



OBLIVIOUS OF THE CARES OF STATE—CHILDREN OF THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE AT PLAY

Standard anchors in some secluded bay, the shores of which the Czar proceeds to explore in a small boat, with the empress and his-boy seated in the stern sheets, while he and one of his daughters take the oars.

The sons of King Ferdinand of Bulgaria may also be included in the category of pinafore colonels, for Crown Prince Boris was, at the age of four, not only colonel of Bulgarian regiments of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, but also of the fifty-fourth regiment of Russian infantry; while his younger brother, Prince Cyril, became, when three

years old, colonel of the twentieth regiment of Bulgarian infantry and of the fifty-fourth regiment of Russian infantry. As for the King of Spain, who was a monarch from the moment of his birth, he enjoyed, by reason of his sovereignty, the rank of general in the army and of admiral in the navy from the hour of his advent into the world. Until he attained his majority, on his sixteenth birthday, however, his sensible mother never permitted him to wear any uniform but that of the cadets of the military school of Toledo, which is very natty and simple, devoid of any

gold embroidery and gold lace, and which suited him to perfection.

Fortunately for the people of Russia, the small hetman of all the Cossacks has a very sensible, broad-minded mother, who was reared under the personal direction of her grandmother, the late Queen Victoria. Otherwise the little fellow would stand in great danger of being completely spoiled, and of becoming transformed from a very sunny-tempered, jolly, mischief-loving, and wholesome youngster into an intolerable little prig. For his sisters, all of them a little older than himself, allow themselves to be tyrannized by him in the most entertaining fashion, precisely as if he were already emperor of all the Russias, with autocratic power over the members of the entire house of Romanoff. His father also idolizes Alexis, whose pranks and quips are enough to drive away all his anxieties and cares, and with whom he loves to play, sometimes in a manner calculated to upset all one's notions of the solemn dignity of the consecrated ruler of the great Russian empire. Needless to add, all the statesmen, officials, and dignitaries that have the opportunity of approaching the czarvitch fawn upon him and overwhelm him with adulation, hoping by winning his goodwill to secure his father's favor, with all that the latter involves in the shape of honors and distinctions. In fact, their attitude on such occasions calls to mind that wonderful picture of Fortuny, entitled "The Education of a Prince," in which a diminutive heir apparent, while rolling about on the floor, is surrounded by cardinals, generals, and statesmen, all endeavoring to attract the royal child's attention, or else demonstrating by their obsequious attitude, and by their rapt expression of admiration, the most ridiculously exaggerated interest in his infantile prattle and play.

There is one other person besides the Czarina whom the czarvitch obeys, and who is always able to control the headstrong, romping, fun-loving youngster. He is a gigantic sailor, of the name of Stefan, now a petty officer of the imperial yacht *Standard*, to whom Alexis was first attracted by his size and good nature. Ever since Alexis was two years old this sailor has been his inseparable companion, always in attendance upon him, watching over him practically by day and by night, and above all else the guardian of his safety and his shield against every conceivable harm. This sailor, like many Russians of his class, has a wonderful fund of stories,



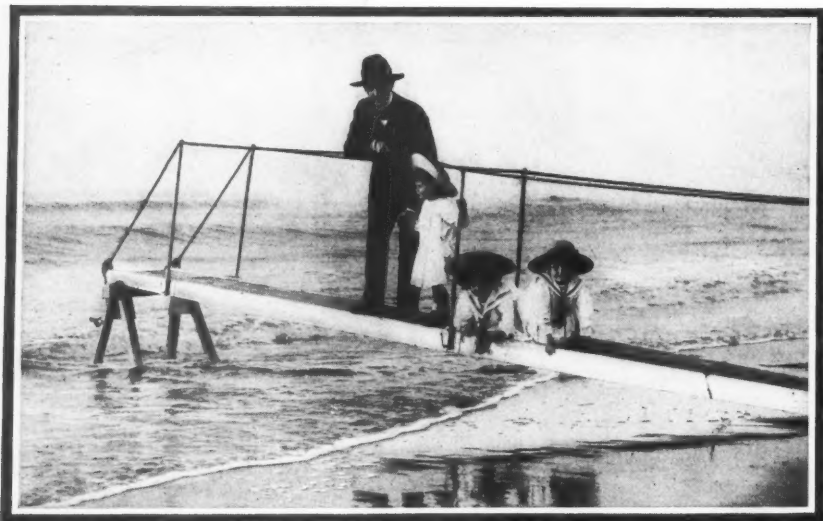
ALFONSO XIII WITH DON JAIME, THE SECOND SON. HIS BROTHER, THE PRINCE OF THE ASTURIAS, IS THE HEIR



YOLANDA, MAFALDA, AND CROWN PRINCE HUMBERT, THE ELDER CHILDREN
OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY

which his imperial charge is never tired of hearing. The czarevitch associates the sailor in most of his games, and looks upon him as being, next to his father, far and away the most important personage of the empire, always deferring to his advice, and yielding to his remonstrances. Indeed, in his prayers, morning and night, he invariably invokes a divine blessing on his bodyguard before praying for either his father or mother. But

not even Stefan has been able to cure him of bringing his prayers to a close with a loud "Hurrah!" and all remonstrances have been without avail. For he points out that the soldiers on parade always greet his father with a hurrah, and that, after all, the Almighty is a more important personage than even his papa. Alexis sometimes gets away from Stefan and the nurses, and bursts into the room where the Czar is working. On



THE KING OF ITALY ON THE BEACH WITH THREE OF HIS CHILDREN

one occasion he found his father with several ministers and elderly councilors, in deep consultation about affairs of state. Having heard his father address his subjects familiarly as "brothers," he at once exclaimed, "Good morning, brothers!" Emperor Nicholas thereupon pointed out to the little czarévitch that it was not quite respectful for so small a boy to address elderly gentlemen as "brothers." Alexis looked at his father for a minute, and then, with an evident desire to correct himself, exclaimed, "Well, good morning, boys!"

Just one word as to the importance of this child's

life to the future of Russia. If he lives, there is every prospect of the liberal policy which Nicholas II has inaugurated being continued and developed in all directions. Should he die, and the Czar have no other male issue, it is practically certain that the next reign would be inaugurated with a most energetic endeavor on the part of the aristocracy, the army, the higher clergy, and, above all, by the

vast and powerful bureaucracy, to do away with every constitutional form of government and to re-inaugurate autocracy in its most reactionary and oppressive form. The Czar realizes this, for it was not until his boy's birth, and the prospects furnished thereby of a continuance of his liberal régime, that he was able to get his orders obeyed. Up to that time the officials upon whom he

was obliged to depend for the execution of his commands were afraid that by identifying themselves with a policy that might terminate at any moment with his sudden death they would incur the enmity of the prince following him upon the throne of Russia.

Another princelet upon whom the hopes and the affections of an entire nation are centered is little Prince Olaf of Norway, now just six, and one of the most amusing youngsters in the world. When Norway seceded from Sweden, to which it had been involuntarily united for nearly a hundred years, the question arose as to whether the new

government should assume the form of a monarchy or of a republic. The Norwegians are intensely democratic, so much so that they have practically no titled class and no aristocracy. Those in favor of a republic were very numerous, and it was by only a narrow majority that Prince Charles of Denmark, married to Princess Maud, the favorite daughter of Edward VII,



PRINCESS GIOVANNA, YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY

was elected to be King of Norway, under the title of Haakon VII. It was a question as to how the new monarch would be welcomed in Norway, since there were so many who had voted against him. But the little crown prince, whose Christian name was changed from Alexander to Olaf, immediately proceeded to win the hearts of his future subjects. When he landed with his parents at Chris-

Children Who Will Be Kings

tiania he was not yet three years old. All wrapped in white furs, which set off his blue eyes and curly fair hair to advantage, he clambered down from the arms of his tall father, and while the latter was engaged in replying to an address of welcome from the authorities, the tiny princelet toddled over to where a number of small school children had been grouped, and grabbing a Norwegian flag from the hands of a boy of his own size, who did not relish the proceeding, he returned to his father's side, waving it aloft in triumph, to the delight and enthusiasm of the people present. From that time forth little Prince Olaf became the principal object of interest to the Norwegian people, his every prank and every cute remark being duly chronicled. Deputations arrived from all over Norway to see the little chap, who was overwhelmed with gifts. At the coronation of his parents, it was he, and not the king or queen, who was the hero of the national festival, and if the people are to-day completely reconciled to the rule of "Mr. King" and "Mrs. Queen"—for that is the way in which the Norwegians address their rulers, declining to use the word "Majesty"—if they

have become one and all loyal subjects of the crown, it is mainly due to the popularity of little Olaf, who has completely won the hearts of the Norwegian people, even of the most ultra-republicans. Already two rich Norwegians, in dying without issue, have bequeathed to him, after seeing him but two or three times, their entire landed property. He has not one trace of affectation in his

composition, is on the most democratic terms of intimacy with the more youthful portion of his future subjects, and may be said to have been, according to his father's own admission, the principal factor in firmly establishing Haakon VII and Queen Maud on the ancient throne of Norway.

Rarely has the birth of a royal child been hailed with so much popular rejoicing as that of little Princess Juliana

of the Netherlands last summer; for her appearance on the scene, after eight years of childless marriage of her parents, set at rest the grave fears entertained until then by the Dutch on the subject of their cherished national independence. Failing issue to the union of the Queen with Duke Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the throne of Holland would, by virtue of the established laws of succession, have gone to the German Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, and in the event of his refusal

of the crown, to the German Princes of Reuss. This would have inevitably led to the incorporation of the Netherlands in the German Customs Union, and ultimately to the addition of Holland, with her rich colonies,

to the confederation of quasi-sovereign states known as the German empire, with the consequent loss of her political and, above all, her economic independence.

No one can feel quite certain as to how the present crisis in Spain is likely to terminate. It is possible that ere this article appears in print the unpopularity of the costly and useless war at Melilla may have brought about



THE STURDY GRANDSON OF THE KAISER—
PRINCE WILHELM, AGED THREE

the overthrow of a throne which survived even the disasters incident to the loss of the remnants of Spain's once magnificent colonial empire in America. But if the dynasty survives the present shock it will be largely due to the popular interest throughout the kingdom in the little boys of Don Alfonso and Queen Ena. From a physical point of view they are splendid specimens of wholesome childhood, and bid fair to

grow up into men of superb physique. For their father, although he has inherited some of the delicateness of his Hapsburg and Bourbon ancestors, is nevertheless a man six feet tall, and, thanks to his estimable mother's careful training, in perfect condition of health, while his wife, Princess Ena of Battenberg, comes, on her father's side, at least, of a race that is distinguished for its superb physique and manly beauty. Like his father before him at the same age, the young Prince of the Asturias, now two and a half years old, already wears the simple uniform of a cadet of the military college of Toledo, which may be described as the West Point of Spain; and there emerges from between the topmost and second button of

his tunic a bit of red ribbon, from which is suspended the miniature insignia of the historic Order of the Golden Fleece, of which he is quite the youngest knight. He has inherited the fair hair and the somewhat prominent blue eyes, as well as the chubbiness, of his mother; whereas his younger brother, Don Jaime, now sixteen months old,

takes after his father, with the latter's dark hair, dark eyes, rather prominent nose and chin, and Hapsburg lip. Moreover, like the King, he is constantly laughing—a merry little chap, in fact—whereas his elder brother is preternaturally grave. These two boys constitute a hold upon the good-will of the people for the dynasty, for there is not a home in the peninsula, blessed with children, that is not imbued with feel-

ings of thoroughly human sympathy for the little ones at the gloomy old palace at Madrid and, in natural sequence, for the royal youngsters' youthful parents.

It seems but the other day that everybody was criticizing Emperor William on the ground of his youth. Youth is always handicapped by inexperience, and it was feared, not alone in Germany, but also in all foreign countries, that the two combined in the person of the present Kaiser would involve Germany in war. Yet William II has been on the throne for more than twenty years, and while he has endowed his country with one of the most powerful navies in existence, has enormously increased its territorial area, and has augmented more than tenfold its commercial importance, he has yet to embark

upon his first war, for the campaign in China, jointly with the other great powers, for the relief of the foreign legations at Peking, and the military operations required for the suppression of the native insurrection in German West Africa, cannot be strictly regarded as full-fledged wars. To-day this "inexperienced youth," who has "made good" even



CROWN PRINCESS MARGARET OF SWEDEN, WITH PRINCE GUSTAV ADOLF, AGED THREE, AND PRINCE SIGBARD, AGED TWO

Children Who Will Be Kings



PRINCE NICHOLAS, SECOND SON OF THE
CROWN PRINCE OF RUMANIA

This little prince, a grandnephew of Carmen Sylva, is a mischievous lad and was industriously painting a column of the palace when this photograph was taken by his mother

in the eyes of republican America, as the most modern, up-to-date, and progressive sovereign of the age, is a grandfather, and his little grandsons, the children of the crown prince, are every bit as much in the public eye as he was at their age. One of them is three, another two, and the birth of a third was heralded a few weeks ago by the thunder of guns on all the warships gathered in the Hudson River. The older ones are jolly little fellows, brimful of human nature, dressed and trained with all that Spartan simplicity for which the house of Hohenzollern is so famous in the rearing of its younger generations, and there is not a town, nor a village, in all the great empire of Ger-

many, nor yet in those Teuton settlements beyond the sea, where attractive pictures of these boys do not occupy a conspicuous position in the home. It is impossible to look upon these pictures, especially the snapshots, so entirely natural and free from pose and artifice, without being attracted to the little princes. And that is why Emperor William finds in his fascinating little grandsons, to whom he is devoted, a fresh hold upon the loyalty and good-will of his people.

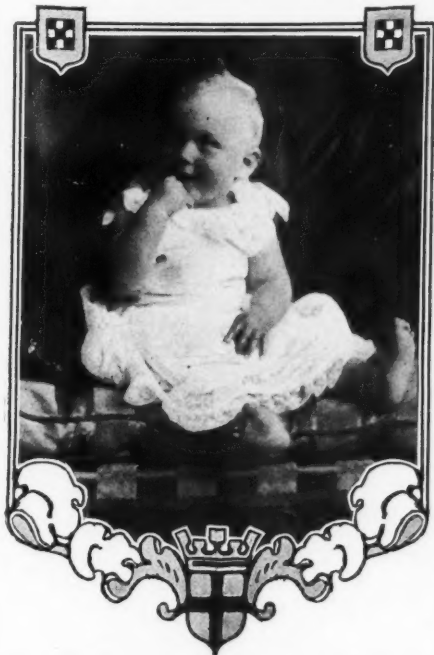
King Leopold is, perhaps, of all the reigning sovereigns of Europe, the most unpopular, both at home and abroad. Were his nephew and heir presumptive like him, he would long since have forfeited his throne, by reason of his shocking misgovernment of the Congo and the flagrant and shameless immoralities of his infamous private life. Fortunately, Prince Albert of Flanders, the heir to the throne, is a man of entirely different character who enjoys the respect and esteem of his future subjects, which he has won by the freedom of his private life from any subject of reproach, and by the popularity of his Bavarian consort and his children. The princess is a daughter of that Duke Charles



CROWN PRINCE OLAF, SON OF HAAKON VII
OF NORWAY

Theodore of Bavaria who has achieved international fame as an oculist and is able to boast of having restored the sight to many thousands of his fellow countrymen by means of operations, performed free of cost. Princess Elizabeth has inherited many of her father's gifts and tastes, and she has a couple of charming little boys, one eight and the other six, as well as a little girl, aged three, who are a source of unflinching interest to the Belgian people, and who furnish a charming picture of home life in its best sense. If the Belgians have refrained from driving out of the country their reprobate old king, and from proclaiming a republic, it is entirely due to little Princes Leopold and Charles, and to their parents, the future rulers of Belgium.

Princess Elizabeth's sister is the consort of Prince Rupert of Bavaria, grandson of the octogenarian prince regent of Bavaria, and future king of that South German nationality. She has a couple of merry little youngsters, the eldest of whom is Prince Luitpold. In addition to being heir presumptive to the throne of Bavaria, he is also regarded by the Jacobites and ultra-legitimists of England as the rightful heir to the throne of



PRINCE JOHN, NOW FOUR YEARS OLD, YOUNGEST SON OF THE PRINCE OF WALES



CHILDREN OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES

The boy on the left is Prince Edward Albert, heir to the throne. He is now a midshipman in the British navy. The other children are Prince Albert and Princess Victoria

Great Britain, owing to the fact that his father, Prince Rupert, and the latter's mother, Princess Maria Theresa, are less remotely descended from the last Stuart king of England than is Edward VII. Indeed, the English Jacobites always refer to Princess Maria Theresa as "Queen of England," and to Prince Rupert as the "Prince of Wales." Moreover, in their correspondence, they always stamp their letters with a stamp bearing the effigy of the princess, but inasmuch as the stamp in question is not recognized by the International Postal Union, they are obliged to add another, bearing the effigy of Edward VII, relieving their feelings by pasting it head downward.

Children Who Will Be Kings

Then, too, there are the young children of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Sweden, Prince Gustav Adolf, aged three, and Prince Sigbard, aged two, both of them already knights of the historic Order of the Seraphim, which ranks with the Garter in England and with the Golden Fleece in Spain and Austria. Their mother is Princess Margaret of Connaught, and her presence at the court of Stockholm has contributed in no small measure to influence the people of the land of her adoption toward England.

Prince Nicholas of Rumania, aged six, a most mischievous, comely, fair-haired youngster, and his elder brother, now sixteen, as well as his two sisters, are barred from the

succession to the throne of Great Britain, although they are great-grandchildren of the late Queen Victoria; for their mother, the lovely Princess Marie of England and of Coburg, forfeited her rights in connection with the English crown when she married a Roman Catholic, in the person of Ferdinand of Hohenzollern, Crown Prince of Rumania. She is the first member of the reigning family of England to wed a member of the Church of Rome since the Act of Settlement, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, which forbade unions of the princes and princesses of Great Britain with Papists, under the penalty of losing all rights of succession to the crown of England.



CZAREVITCH ALEXIS, THE FIVE-YEAR-OLD HEIR TO AN EMPIRE WHICH COMPRISES ONE-SIXTH OF THE LAND SURFACE OF THE GLOBE WITH ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILLION INHABITANTS



The Other Woman

Illustrated by W. D. Stevens

SYNOPSIS: The "other woman" is a client of a lawyer named Holbrook. As her case progresses his interest in her takes a personal turn, and he begins to overstep purely professional bounds. Her reserve is a barrier at first, but her loneliness fights with his magnetism, and she finds herself yielding. Her diary during this time is a record of a soul-struggle, with intimations that the head will win over the heart. When this finally occurs she sends the diary to Mr. Holbrook and goes away, and his wife, left alone while he follows the "other woman," has found and is reading it.

Tuesday.

THERE is nothing to write,
my heart is desolate.

Wednesday.

I feel more alive to-day. The sun was wonderfully warm, so I sat upon the sand. To-morrow I must go back to my work—it is my only hope.

Good night, dearest. I see before me only a countless, never-ending succession of "Good nights." Somehow I wish you would take me, and throw me roughly into a boat and hurt me, and row away, away, with me, and never come back again.

Thursday.

I couldn't sleep last night, and I cannot eat to-day. It is evidently wrong to love—since it destroys both your morals and your appetite.

Friday.

I think I shall stop writing in this diary.

Saturday.

I wonder if he is with *her* to-night. It makes me feel queer all over to think of it. Can it be possible that I, too, am developing

the property idea? She does not do anything for him, that I know, but then, she believes it sufficient just to *be* what she is—a very beautiful woman. She told him once that he could hire people for money to *do* things for him. At another time she said, "You have married me, and I expect you to provide for me"—it was with reference to certain extravagances, I believe. This idea of marriage for revenue only is certainly a queer one. It would almost seem as though a man paid for a wife: he provides so much money; she provides—what? Herself, perhaps. There are a great many women in the streets of New York who do the same. Sometimes I think that if I were a man I should never marry. It would be infinitely pleasanter to cull the flowers of existence from day to day, instead of attempting to swallow a whole rose-bush, thorns and all.

She has one hold on him that she can depend upon, however—the legal one. In theory a woman never wants to hold a man against his wishes, by the power of the law; but in practice it's quite different. However, it seems always possible to purchase freedom if you pay enough for it; and if a man buys a wife, a woman sells a husband as dearly as the courts will let her. If divorces did not cost so much, I tremble to think what would happen to the majority of marriages.



HE STAGGERED INTO THE ROOM, AND FELL UPON HIS KNEES BESIDE THE BED.
"MY GOD!" HE CRIED. "I DID NOT KNOW, I DID NOT KNOW"

Wednesday.

I have had black thoughts all day. I wonder if it would be utterly wrong, since only two can walk upon that narrow path, to push *her* out?

Thursday.

The letter that came from Jim to-day tells me that he loves me as madly, as cruelly, as I do him. He is coming here again in two weeks. What shall I do until he comes?

Monday.

I had hoped for a letter from Jim to-day, but none came. What has happened, I wonder? Sometimes it seems to me that I am only a link in a chain of circumstances of which I can see neither the beginning nor the end. It may be that we are insane, even to think of such a thing as loving each other, but if it be insanity, I hope I shall be insane for the rest of my life.

Jim, my dearest, if I could only see you to-night!

Tuesday.

There was no letter to-day. I can scarcely believe that only a week ago I was madly happy, but the lonely present is, after all, a very real fact, and the future—for us there can be no future—not even the possibility of one. I wish that I were dead.

Wednesday.

My dearest, what is the trouble? Your letter was like Pandora's box. I have read it over and over, and there is nothing in it to make me feel as I feel to-night, yet I am suffering more than you could believe. Some subtle essence not in the words themselves has flown out of your letter and confounded me. What has happened—what is happening? Is it because you have seen *her*? Oh, my dearest dear, I wish I were away off on the water, somewhere in a little white boat, with you. How can I write, when I have nothing to write, and everything to say? All these things from my soul I set down here, where you will never read them, dear. I am sending you a little note, though I could hardly see to write it for my tears. Has she made you so miserable, dearest—you do not tell me—or have I?

I have thought it all out, and I know that in the end I must give you up. She has all the law of the ages to help her, and I have

only my love, and that does not count. Perhaps she was very good to you, and very sweet, and you felt whipped with bitter lashes of remorse, as I feel—or did she quarrel with you and reproach you for not having come down last week, instead of coming here? Did she know that you came here? I think she must have if she really loves you, even in her poor way. You say in your letter, "The price of happiness is greater than one should be called upon to pay." Do you mean by the price *your* suffering, or *hers*? Oh, Jim, if she loves you as I do, and saw that you were in agony, would she not want to let you go, to give you your freedom? If your happiness lies with her I will do that—I will never see you again if it is best for you, dear.

I wonder if, after all, there can be a greater thing than love—a better thing than happiness? Is there a sense of duty, Jim—a something that you would keep, even in your unhappiness, with her, and lose, in spite of all the happiness you might have, with me? I do not know—I do not exactly understand, only I want to do whatever is best for you, dear. I cannot write you to-night—I can only say that I love you, I love you, and that I have a terrible fear that I shall not always be able to tell you so.

Thursday.

Lehmann writes that they want the last act of "The House Divided" rewritten. I must work.

Sunday.

I have worked like a dog for three days, and I hope I shall get my reward somewhere if not here. Sometimes I wish that the days were longer, but perhaps it is just as well that they are not, for an extra hour or two in the happy ones would only be counter-balanced by an extra amount of sorrow in those that are not. I shall send the play to Lehmann by Wednesday if all goes well. Then he will do some more deciding, I suppose, but that is about all one can expect in this hard-cash world. He writes that the love scene in the last act is too romantic. Some people seem to be made of hard-tack.

This morning I sat on the beach for an hour and tried to imagine what it would be like to sail out toward the rising sun with some one that I loved, with all the world before us, and only sorrow left behind, to a place where the ideal might become the real, and the real only a memory. Then I

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came back to earth and found that the sun was blistering my nose, and that it was past dinner-time, and that I had nearly a mile to walk. What a pathetic struggle the soul makes, trying to flutter out into the ideal sunshine with a material pin through its wings!

I have tried very hard not to think of Jim to-day, but the very trying told me that I was doing nothing else. I wish that I could forget as well as I can remember.

The least of my troubles is that the salt air and fog have taken all the curl out of the plumes on my best, and only, Sunday hat. I am going to bed, if not to sleep.

Monday.

To-day I have not even tried to forget. I have, at times, hoped that my heart would break and that I might be spared the anguish of going on, but now I have lost even *that* hope. Why did you not write to me, Jim? I am so very lonely and so very tired.

Friday.

To-day a telegram came, telling me that he will be here to-morrow. I am not sure that I am glad, for now that I have not seen him for nearly three weeks it would be easier not to see him at all, if in the end it must be so anyhow. If we had never had to leave each other, after that wonderful night—God, if we never had! Now it seems as though our hands were barely touching—soon we shall be calling to each other in a strange language, from afar off. I think my life has reached its lowest ebb, unless there is a point beyond which even realization ceases and the soul becomes numb.

Monday.

He has come and gone, and left me more happy and more wretched than before. Jim, how can we do this thing? When you put your arms about me, and my brain is whirling in an ecstasy of love, I would promise you anything—even that, to go with you anywhere, to take happiness at any price. I did not realize how it would hurt *her*. You tell me that she hates you in her heart, that her love is but a desire to possess—but a vanity of winning and holding; that she would rather see you dead than happy in any other woman's arms. Is this true, Jim? If I only could know—if I only could be sure! And now we are to leave it all, and go away together as I had dreamed—away from everything but

love and happiness. Oh, Jim, my dearest, how could I say anything but yes, a thousand times yes, when your dear arms were about me and your face close to mine? How could I think of *her*, then, as I do now? My God, help me, help me, and tell me what I should do with this cross of love which you have placed upon me.

Thursday.

Lehmann has wired me to come to New York at once. They are going to give the play a trial. I leave to-night.

Friday.

It seems good to be back in New York again. I have signed a contract with Lehmann for the play, and they are going to start rehearsals at once. He says it should be a great money-maker, and thinks that I have handled the divorce problem without gloves. Perhaps it's just as well that I wrote most of it before—my ideas now are somewhat different.

I have not yet let Jim know that I am here. Somehow I felt that I wanted a clear head to-day, for my work. It seems good to be back again in the heart of things, working—along with everybody else. The throbbing of the city stimulates me. I'm afraid that if I were to live in the country for very long I should end up by buying a cow of a meek and retiring disposition, and spending the remainder of my years upon a vine-clad hillside, where life would resolve itself into one long intention, with no realization whatever. I suppose I should be bored in the end, but then, I could sell the cow.

The play is to be produced in Philadelphia in October. Lehmann and the rest were all very nice. The stage manager is an Englishman, and somehow did not impress me as being very bright. I hope he will turn out to be pure gold, even if dull finished. Englishmen are apt to be like that. I see plainly that I am going to be very busy from now on. I must telephone Jim in the morning. Somehow the thought of running away with him, to Amalfi or Sorrento, seems less real, under the electric lights here, than it did under the moon at the seashore. I think I must see Jim to realize that it was not all just a happy dream.

I am very, very tired, but not nearly so unhappy as I had expected to be. I wonder if women were busier if they would not be less likely to make fools of themselves.

Saturday.

I have been to dinner with Jim. I was too tired to go to the theater, so he came in, and we talked—a little. I cannot explain this evening to myself, although I have sat for an hour in the dark, trying to understand it. At five o'clock I was dressing happily—happy in my work, in my hope of success, in my thought of seeing Jim. When he came at six I felt as though, but for one thing, I was the happiest woman in the world. In two minutes I suddenly found myself the most miserable. He came, and my lips, my heart, my whole self, went out to him. He was amazed, he said, to learn that I had come back to New York. I thought he seemed terribly preoccupied, gloomy; his mood swept over me like a cloud. I asked him what was the matter, and began to tell him about the play, for I wanted him to rejoice with me; but he did not seem to care much about it, though he tried to. He wanted to know at once if I had changed about going away. I did not want to talk about that to-night. I can make no plans until after my case is decided, in any event, and until after my play is produced. Poor Jim—I really believe he is jealous of the play. I told him that I loved him better than anyone in the world, which is true, and that I could imagine no happiness in which he did not share. I also told him that I felt too happy myself to want to hurt *her*, for perhaps I owe her more consideration than anyone else does, since I am taking her husband from her. He seemed angry and hurt, and said he did not believe that she would take it very deeply to heart. I wish I could feel sure about that. I cannot imagine any woman taking lightly the loss of the love of a man like Jim. Perhaps, however, she never really had it.

I told him also that I hoped matters could be so arranged—if they must be arranged at all—as to save *her* as much as possible, but he did not seem to like that, either, so I said: "Well, Jim, you know that I love you too deeply ever to change about anything. I will do whatever *you* decide is best for us all."

It all seemed very hard, and cruel, and unsatisfactory. I wonder sometimes at this strange feeling of love. On the one hand, the thing is so very simple. Jim and I are perfectly congenial and happy together. We like the same things, the same books, the same people—we laugh, we understand each other nearly always. He is married to a

woman who does not understand him at all, who is small, vain, jealous, exacting, utterly incapable of being a wife to him in any but a material way. He does not love her—he will make her just as miserable in the end, whether he leaves her now, or not. Should he and I take the great happiness that our love would bring to us, it would logically result in a greater good to all concerned than if we do not. Should we do so she will be the only one of the three to suffer, and that suffering may not be very deep. On the other hand, if we do not, all three of us will suffer—not only Jim and myself, but she as well. For with the love that he has for me in his heart Jim can do no more than live a miserable lie with her, and but prolong her suffering.

Is all this really true? Have I forgotten anything in my reasoning? I *do* love Jim, that I know. He is the only man I have ever known with whom I felt that I could be truly happy. He is fine, strong, manly, sympathetic, brilliant, and altogether lovable. I know I should be very happy with him. But would I, on the other hand, be utterly miserable without him? At Block Island I was, utterly. I should not in the least have cared to live if I had thought I should never see Jim again. Here, somehow, it seems just a little different, especially when I am alone. My work, my success, my belief in my ability to succeed, all mean so much to me now. If Jim were to go out of my life I should be miserably unhappy, yet I am not sure that I should want to die. Work, after all, for the sake of working, of succeeding, is very much to me.

These thoughts do not come to me when I am with Jim. There is something wonderful in the mere presence, the touch, the magnetic envelope, of those we love. When Jim puts his great strong arms about me, and looks into my eyes, and draws my quivering body to his, I do not think of these things—I do not think at all, I only feel, and in that there seems to be all the happiness of everything else in the world multiplied a million times. Yet when I am alone I can truthfully ask myself: Is that great beguiler, Nature, but seducing me with her wonderful thrills of joy and passion and emotional intensity? Is this great love that I feel of the soul, the mind, or the body, or all three? I do not know—I wish very much that I did; but sometimes it seems to me that my mind, my clear, cold mind, unexcited by any influence from outside, is greater and

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finer than any emotion that I have ever had or ever can have.

To-morrow I should probably cry my eyes out if Jim failed to come at five. What an eternal conflict life is.

Sunday.

How can I write to-night? How can I think—how can I ever think again? I want to do nothing but feel for the rest of my life. What are all my little hopes of success, compared to this wonderful thing of love? Even now my hands are trembling so that I can scarcely write—my whole body is shaking, my face is on fire, my brain is a whirlpool of burning emotions, and it is half-past one, and Jim has been gone for half an hour. How could I let him go—how can I ever let him go again? I do not want to be here, alone—I am sick of my life—I don't want to sleep—I hate the thought of going to bed—my whole being cries out for love, for some one to hold close to my heart—some one to be alive with, to crush me in the mad joy of life and all that living means.

I hardly know what I am writing, but it has torn my heart out to let him go—out into the dark, lonely streets—when I need him and want him so much. I shall go with him anywhere—to the end of the world, and beyond. I defy all their conventions, and laws, and ideas of duty—they are lies, all of them. This woman that calls herself his wife shall not separate us. I love him, I love him, I love him—oh, Jim, Jim, come back to me now, to-night, and never leave me again as long as we live—hold me close in your arms forever and keep me from thinking. I am so tired of it all and I want you, I want you now, Jim.

I think I am mad—mad with love.

Friday.

I have not written in this book for five days—five days that are burned into my soul for all time and eternity. There is, after all, nothing further to write.

Saturday.

He has gone away, and she is coming back with him. I do not know what I shall do.

Sunday.

I am too blue to write to-night. There is something within me that is pressing down

on my brain and making me feel that I am a wicked woman. I do not know what it is, but it hurts.

Monday.

I am asked to a studio tea for to-morrow afternoon. I have decided to go. I must do something—anything to get away from myself—or I shall go mad.

Tuesday.

May God have mercy upon me—at last I know the truth and the way that I must go.

I met *her* at the tea this afternoon; why or how she was there, I do not know. She had no idea who I was, of course. I suppose she has never heard my real name, but only the one under which I have written. The hand of fate must have brought us together and made her talk to me of the things nearest her heart. She asked me to come and see her, that strange, doll-faced child, with her wide baby eyes. When I realized who she was, I probed mercilessly—I dragged her soul from her, for I felt that I must know. She is empty headed, yet good; tactless, yet well meaning; beautiful, yet utterly without style or charm or magnetism. I cannot see how Jim could ever have married her, but for all that she wears a picture of her dead baby in a little locket, on a chain around her neck, and she showed it to me—with tears in her eyes. Her one hope in life is to have another. She loves her husband—as best she can, and all her little vanities are for him—all her desire for little trifling attentions are but her pitiful little cries for love. He does not understand her at all. I do not blame him for that so much as for not trying to. When she told me of her baby she drew around herself the sacred wall of motherhood, and I stood outside and was ashamed. That is the great thing of all—the thing that I have wanted all my life, without knowing it. That is why I am lonely, why I want something to love, why I have not understood.

Oh, Jim, Jim, why have you brought me to this? Did you not know that I could never strike down that child's love; that if I did I could never sleep again in all my life, with her sad eyes before me; that the price is far more than you or I could ever hope to pay even for love? For, after all, I know now that there is a greater thing to a woman than the love of a man, and that is the love of a child. Go back to her, Jim. I must not

tread upon that path which you and she must follow alone, for I am not worthy.

I had thought she would be foolish and trifling, for I had pictured her so, Jim, from what you told me, but you lied to me, Jim, not in what you said, but in what you did not say. She may be small, but there is that in her eyes that makes me feel smaller than I ever thought her to be.

She has suffered much. Jim, you must be good to her now. I told her that she seemed unhappy, and made her tell me why. She said she felt she was losing the love of her husband—of you, Jim, and said that some other woman had come between them—poor fool. There is room for all the world in the chasm that yawns between her and you, Jim, but you must close it up—and I will help you.

And so I must give you up, Jim. My God, I must give you up. Jim, my dearest, I must—I must.

Wednesday.

I telephoned Jim to-day and told him not to come this afternoon. I could not bear to see him. He seemed very much excited, but I do not think that he knows about yesterday. I must think—think. It is not so easy as it seemed. This morning when I awoke—and I had only just gone to sleep with the dawn—I felt as though some terrible thing had happened to me, as though all the light of my life had gone out. It is clear that I must give him up, but to do that I must see him, and tell him. My soul shrinks from it, but I must.

Thursday.

To-day I told him everything. He said that I was heartless, and cruel, and selfish; that she was deeper and more complex than I supposed; that she pleaded for sympathy with her baby face—to get people on her side; that she made a great sorrow of her child, but that she danced at a public ball two weeks after he died; that she had no more capacity for grief than for anything else. He seems almost to hate her. Perhaps she has hurt him in some way that I do not know of—perhaps she has failed to do so much that I do not realize. Or is Jim only, after all, one of those men who love the things that they have not, and in possession find satiety? I am afraid, afraid of Jim, of myself, of the world; but I know that nothing can ever be the same again.

I would not let him kiss me, but he made me—and I realize that he could even make me go away with him now, if I would continue to see him.

I must end everything to-morrow.

Friday.

It seems strange to me that to-day I have cried for hours, like a fool, I suppose, and yet I, too, have lost a little child, and I can never have another—for my child was a love that comes but once. It came to me as a ray of light in loneliness and darkness and sorrow, and before I knew it, it had become the blinding light of the sun, which lit up all my life and dazzled me. Now I know that what I must do will put out the sun forever and leave me alone in blacker darkness than I have ever known; but that I must do it, I know. It is hard to get at the heart of things, like those queer little Japanese boxes that you open and open and open until you despair of ever finding the last box; but there always is a last one, and I have reached it. I have thought it all out slowly, and henceforth upon that road where only two can walk, there is no place for me. Oh, Jim, Jim, if only I could see you once more, not as I am, but as I was—but I cannot, my dear—I cannot, ever again. I must go out of your life so much richer and so much poorer than I was before, Jim, by what I have found and lost.

I must give up this studio, and go away—the play will be tried out next week in Philadelphia, and whether it succeeds or fails I shall leave New York at once. How inevitably the paths of life change. The happy one I thought mine another walks upon—the one of sorrow, in which a stranger walked, has become my own.

God grant that they may yet find happiness together and that a little child may lead them.

The woman in the chair let the sheets of the diary fall unnoticed into her lap, and, leaning forward, bent her head upon her arms and sobbed convulsively. It was nearly four o'clock; already the rumbling of the milk-wagons as they came up from the ferry resounded faintly from the street, but all else was silence, save the ticking of the clock upon the mantel and the sobbing of the woman. A long time after, she rose, groped her way unsteadily to her room, and, throwing off her kimono, replaced it with a

night-dress, and knelt beside the bed in prayer. Afterward she crept pitifully beneath the covers, and the dawn, when it penetrated dimly into the room, disclosed her lying in the deep sleep of exhaustion, with sharp lines of suffering still showing in her childlike face.

At noon she was awakened by her maid, who brought her some breakfast, which she sent away untasted. She arose, and, going to a sewing-basket, took from it a tiny white flannel sack, and, getting back into bed, began to sew upon it with trembling fingers.

She was thus engaged when she suddenly started at the sound of some one opening the door of the apartment, followed by the well-known footsteps of her husband. She followed his movements with bitter eagerness as he entered the library, and the long silence which ensued told her that he was examining the scattered papers upon the table and floor. A moment later he stood in the doorway, his

face ashen, his eyes quivering with excitement.

"You know everything?" he demanded harshly.

"Yes," she replied steadily, "everything."

"What are you going to do?" he asked, gazing in wonder at her calm face.

"What I am doing now," she answered slowly, and glanced at the baby sack in her hands.

Her husband followed her glance, and his face lit up with a light of terrified understanding. He staggered into the room, and fell upon his knees beside the bed. "My God!" he cried. "I did not know, I did not know." He buried his face in the bed-clothes.

The woman proceeded calmly with her sewing, her eyes fixed upon her work. "It makes no difference," she said, in a leaden voice. "I have something greater than love to live for now," and the tears, dropping slowly from her heavy eyes, made little spots upon the bit of white flannel she held in her hands.



Mother-Love

By Florence Earle Coates

THINK not of love as of a debt
Due or in May or in December!
Nay, rather, for a time, forget:
Life always helps us to remember.

A child, whom harmless toys beguile
To loiter for a little while,
Put heart into your play, and then,
When you are tired—come home again!

Fair, yet how fragile, pleasure's rose!
How vain the care to make it stronger!
It blooms—it fades, dear—but love knows
A sweeter blossom that lives longer!

E. PHILLIPS



OPPENHEIM

The Illustrious Prince

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Illustrated by Will Foster

SYNOPSIS OF FIRST INSTALMENT: As the story opens the *Lusitania* has dropped anchor with her impatient passengers within sight of Liverpool. One man, however, presents a letter to the captain and is immediately given permission to go ashore. At the railway station another letter electrifies the station-master, and a special for London is soon ready. With only the crew in addition to the mysterious passenger the train rushes through the night with undiminished speed until London is approached, when an obstructing signal almost halts the train. The master at Euston station meets the special and is astonished to find the man dead with a knife sticking through his heart. And a country doctor not far from London has as a patient that night a man who is badly bruised, but who claims to have been run down by an automobile.

The following day Miss Penelope Morse, a charming American girl with English connections, goes to the Carleton Hotel to take lunch with Mr. Hamilton Fynes. He does not appear, and a question to the clerk about him meets with an account of the murder. She immediately becomes the center of interest of the reporters, who are balked by the mystery, and of Inspector Jacks, of Scotland Yard. To him alone will she speak, but she consistently denies having had more than a casual acquaintance with the murdered man. Leaving the hotel in a taxicab, she directs the chauffeur to Devenham House.

V

A BUDDING DIPLOMATIST



MISS PENELOPE MORSE was perfectly well aware that the taxicab in which she left the Carleton Hotel was closely followed by two others. Through the tube which she found by her side she altered her first instructions to the driver, and told him to proceed as fast as possible to

Harrod's Stores. Then, raising the flap at the rear of the cab, she watched the progress of the chase. Along Pall Mall the taxi in which she was seated gained considerably, but in the park and along the Bird Cage Walk both the other taxis, breaking the police regulations, drew almost alongside. Once past Hyde Park Corner, however, her cab again drew ahead, and when she was deposited in front of Harrod's Stores her pursuers were out of sight. She paid the driver quickly, a little over double his fare.

"If anyone asks you questions," she said, "say that you had instructions to wait here for me. Go on to the rank for a quarter of an hour. Then you may drive away."

The chauffeur touched his hat and obeyed his instructions. Miss Penelope Morse plunged into the mazes of the stores with the air of one to whom the place was familiar. She did not pause, however, at any of the counters. In something less than two minutes she had left the building again by a back entrance, stepped into another taxicab which was just setting down a passenger, and was well on her way back toward Pall Mall.

She stopped in front of one of the big clubs and, scribbling a line on her card, gave it to the door-keeper. "Will you find out if this gentleman is in?" she said. "If he is, will you kindly ask him to step out and speak to me?"

She returned to the cab and waited. In less than five minutes a tall, broad-shouldered young man, clean shaven, and moving like an athlete, came briskly down the steps. He carried a soft hat in his hand, and directly he spoke his transatlantic origin was apparent.

"Penelope!" he exclaimed. "Why, what on earth—"

"My dear Dicky," she interrupted, laughing at his expression, "you need not look so displeased with me. Of course I know that I ought not to have come and sent a message into your club. I will admit at once that it was very forward of me. Perhaps when I

have told you why I did so you won't look so shocked."

"I'm glad to see you, anyway," he declared. "There's no bad news, I hope?"

"Nothing that concerns us particularly," she answered. "I simply want to have a little talk with you. Come in here with me, please, at once. We can ride for a short distance anywhere."

"But I am just in the middle of a rubber of bridge," he objected.

"It can't be helped," she declared. "To tell you the truth, the matter I want to talk to you about is of more importance than any game of cards. Don't be foolish, Dicky. You have your hat in your hand. Step in here by my side at once."

He looked a little bewildered, but he obeyed her, as most people did when she was in earnest. She gave the driver an address. As soon as they were off, she turned toward her companion.

"Dicky," she said, "do you read the newspapers?"

"Well, I can't say that I do regularly," he answered. "I read a New York paper, but these London journals are a bit difficult, aren't they? One has to dig the news out—sort of treasure-hunt all the time."

"You have read this murder case, at any rate," she asked, "about the man who was killed in a special train between Liverpool and London?"

"Of course," he answered, with a sudden awakening of interest. "What about it?"

"A good deal," she answered slowly. "In the first place, the man who was murdered—Mr. Hamilton Fynes—came from the village in Massachusetts where I was brought up, and I know more about him, I dare say, than anyone else in this country does. What I know isn't very much, perhaps, but it's interesting. I was to have lunched with him at the Carleton to-day; in fact, I went there expecting to do so, for I am like you, I scarcely ever look inside these English newspapers. Well, I went to the Carleton and waited, and he did not come. At last I went into the office and asked whether he had arrived. Directly I mentioned his name it was as though I had thrown a bomb-shell into the place. The clerk called me to one side, took me into a private office, and showed me a newspaper. As soon as I had read the account I was interviewed by an inspector from Scotland Yard. Ever since then I have been followed about by reporters."

The young man whistled softly. "Say, Penelope," he exclaimed, "who was this fellow, anyhow, and what were you doing lunching with him?"

"That doesn't matter," she answered. "You don't tell me all your secrets, Mr. Dicky Vanderpole, and it isn't necessary for me to tell you all mine, even if we are both foreigners in a strange country. The poor fellow isn't going to lunch with anyone else in this world. I suppose you are thinking what an indiscreet person I am, as usual?"

The young man considered the matter for a moment. "No," he said, "I didn't understand that he was the sort of person you would have been likely to take lunch with. But that isn't my affair. Have you seen the second edition?"

The girl shook her head. "Haven't I told you that I never read the papers? I saw only what they showed me at the Carleton."

"The Press Association has cabled to America, but no one seems to be able to make out exactly who the fellow was. His letter to the captain of the steamer was from the chairman of the company, and his introduction to the manager of the London & North Western was from the greatest railroad man in the world. Mr. Hamilton Fynes must have had a pretty considerable pull over there. Curiously enough, though, only the name of the man was mentioned in them; nothing about his business, or what he was doing over on this side. He was simply alluded to as 'Mr. Hamilton Fynes, the gentleman bearing this communication.' I suspect, after all, that you know more about him than anyone."

She shook her head. "What I know," she said, "or at least most of it, I am going to tell you. A few years ago he was a clerk in a government office in Washington. He was steady, in those days, and was supposed to have a head. He used to write me occasionally. One day he turned up in London, quite unexpectedly. He said that he had come on business, and whatever his business was it took him to Berlin and St. Petersburg, and then back to Berlin again. I saw quite a good deal of him that trip."

"The dickens you did!" he muttered.

Miss Penelope Morse laughed softly. "Come, Dicky," she said, "don't pretend to be jealous. You're an outrageous flirt, I know, but you and I are never likely to get sentimental about each other."

"Why not?" he grumbled. "We've always been pretty good pals, haven't we?"

"Naturally," she answered, "or I shouldn't be here. Do you want to hear anything more about Mr. Hamilton Fynes?"

"Of course I do," he declared.

"Well, be quiet, then, and don't interrupt," she said. "I knew London well, and he didn't.

That is why, as I told you before, we saw quite a great deal of each other. He was always very reticent about his affairs, and especially about the business which had taken him to the Continent. Just before he left, however, he gave me—well, a hint."

"What was it?" the young man asked eagerly.

She hesitated. "He didn't put it into so many words," she said, "and I am not sure, even now, that I ought to tell you, Dicky. Still, you are a fellow countryman and a budding diplomatist. I suppose if I can give you a lift I ought to do it."

The taxi was on the Embankment now, and they sped along for some time in silence. Mr. Richard Vanderpole was more than a little puzzled.

"Of course, Penelope," he said, "I don't expect you to tell me anything which you feel that you oughtn't to. There is one thing, however, which I must ask you."

She nodded. "Well?"

"I should like to know what the mischief my being in the diplomatic service has to do with it?"

"If I explained that," she answered, "I should be telling you everything. I haven't quite made up my mind to do that yet."

"Tell me this," he asked. "Would that hint which he dropped when he was last here help you to solve the mystery of his murder?"

"It might," she admitted.

"Then I think," he said, "apart from any other reason, you ought to tell somebody. The police, at present, don't seem to have the ghost of a clue."

"They are not likely to find one," she answered, "unless I help them."

"Say, Penelope," he exclaimed, "you are not in earnest?"

"I am," she assured him. "It is exactly as I say. I be-



SCRIBBLING A LINE ON HER CARD, SHE GAVE IT TO THE DOOR-KEEPER. "WILL YOU FIND OUT IF THIS GENTLEMAN IS IN?" SHE SAID

lieve I am one of the few people who could put the police upon the right track."

"Is there any reason why you shouldn't?" he asked.

"That's just what I can't make up my mind about," she told him. "However, I have brought you out with me expecting to hear something, and I am going to tell you this. That other time he came to England—the time he went to St. Petersburg and twice to Berlin—he came on government business."

The young man looked, for a moment, incredulous. "Are you sure of that, Pen?" he asked. "It doesn't sound like our people, you know, does it?"

"I am quite sure," she declared confidently. "You are a very youthful diplomatist, Dicky, but even you have probably heard of governments that employ private messengers to carry despatches which, for various reasons, they don't care to put through their embassies."

"Why, that's so, of course, over on this side," he agreed. "These European nations are up to all manner of tricks. But I tell you frankly, Pen, I never heard of anything of the sort being done from Washington."

"Perhaps not," she answered composedly. "You see, things have developed with us during the last twenty-five years. The old America had only one foreign policy, and that was to hold inviolate the Monroe doctrine. European or Asiatic complications scarcely ever interested her. Those times have passed, Dicky. Cuba and the Philippines were the start of other things. We are being drawn into the maelstrom. In another ten years we shall be there whether we want to be or not."

The young man was deeply interested. "Well," he admitted, "there's a good deal in what you say, Pen. You talk about it all as though you were a diplomatist yourself."

"Perhaps I am," she answered calmly. "A stray young woman like myself must have something to occupy her thoughts, you know."

He laughed. "That's not bad," he asserted, "for a girl whom one of the biggest New York papers declared, a few weeks ago, to be one of the most brilliant young women in English society."

She shrugged her shoulders scornfully. "That's just the sort of thing such a paper would say," she remarked. "You see, I have to get a reputation for being smart and saying bright things, or nobody would ask me

anywhere. Penniless American young women are not too popular over here."

"Marry me, then," he suggested amiably. "I shall have plenty of money some day."

"I'll see about it when you're grown up," she answered. "Just at present, I think we'd better return to the subject of Hamilton Fynes."

Mr. Richard Vanderpole sighed, but seemed not disinclined to follow her suggestion. "Harvey is a silent man, as you know," he said thoughtfully, "and he keeps everything of importance to himself. At the same time, these little matters get about in the shop, of course, and I have never heard of any despatches being brought across from Washington except in the usual way. Presuming that you are right," he added, after a moment's pause, "and that this fellow Hamilton Fynes really had something for us, that would account for his being able to get off the boat and secure his special train so easily. No one can imagine where he got the pull."

"It accounts, also," Penelope remarked, "for his murder."

Her companion started. "You haven't any idea——" he began.

"Nothing so definite as an idea," she interrupted. "I am not going so far as to say that. I simply know that when a man is practically the secret agent of his government, and is probably carrying despatches of an important nature, an accident such as he has met with, in a country which is greatly interested in the contents of those despatches, is a somewhat serious thing."

The young man nodded. "Say," he admitted, "you're dead right. The Pacific cruise, and our relations with Japan, seem to have rubbed our friends over here altogether the wrong way. We have irritations enough already to smooth over, without anything of this sort on the carpet."

"I am going to tell you now," she continued, leaning a little toward him, "the real reason why I fetched you out of the club this afternoon and have brought you for this little expedition. The last time I lunched with Mr. Hamilton Fynes was just after his return from Berlin. He entrusted me then with a very important mission. He gave me a letter to deliver to Mr. Blaine Harvey."

Her companion looked at her in amazement. "But I don't understand!" he protested. "Why should he give you the letter when he was in London himself?"

"I asked him that question myself, naturally," she answered. "He told me

that it was understood that when he was over here on business he was not even to cross the threshold of the embassy, or hold any direct communication with any person connected with it. Everything had to be done through a third party, and generally in duplicate. There was another man, for instance, who had a copy of the same letter, but I never came across him or even knew his name."

"Gee whiz!" the young man exclaimed. "You're telling me things, and no mistake! Why, this fellow Fynes made a secret-service messenger of you!"

Penelope nodded. "It was all very simple," she said. "The first Mrs. Harvey, who was alive then, was my greatest friend, and I was in and out of the place all the time. Now, perhaps, you can understand the significance of that Marconigram from Hamilton Fynes asking me to lunch with him at the Carleton to-day."

Mr. Richard Vanderpole was sitting bolt upright, gazing steadily ahead. "I wonder," he said slowly, "what has become of the letter which he was going to give you."

"One thing is certain," she declared. "It is in the hands of those whose interests would have been affected by its delivery."

"How much of this am I to tell the chief?" the young man asked.

"Every word," Penelope answered. "You see, I am trying to give you a start in your career. What bothers me is an entirely different question."

"What is it?" he asked.

She laid her hand upon his arm. "How much of it I shall tell to a certain gentleman who calls himself Mr. Inspector Jacks."

VI

JAMES B. COULSON, OF NEW YORK

THE *Lusitania* boat specials ran into Euston station soon after three o'clock in the afternoon. A small company of reporters were on the spot to interview certain of the passengers. A young fellow from the office of the *Evening Comet* was, perhaps, the most successful, as, from the lengthy description which had been telegraphed to him from Liverpool, he was fortunate enough to accost the only person who had been seen speaking to the murdered man upon the voyage.

"This is Mr. Coulson, I believe," the young man said with conviction, addressing a somewhat stout, gray-headed American.

That gentleman regarded his interlocutor with some surprise, but without unfriendliness. "That happens to be my name, sir," he replied. "You have the advantage of me, though. You are not from my old friends, Spencer & Miles, are you?"

"Spencer & Miles?" the young man repeated thoughtfully.

"Woolen firm in London Wall," Mr. Coulson added. "I know they wanted to see me directly I arrived, and they did say something about sending to the station."

The young man shook his head and assumed at the same time his most engaging manner. "Why, no, sir," he admitted. "I have no connection with that firm at all. The fact is I am on the staff of an evening paper. A friend of mine in Liverpool—a mutual friend, I believe I may say," he explained, "wired me your description. I understand that you were acquainted with Mr. Hamilton Fynes?"

Mr. Coulson set down his suit-case to light a cigar. "Well, if I did know the poor fellow just to nod to," he said, "I don't see that that's any reason why I should talk about him to you newspaper fellows. You'd better get hold of his relations, if you can find them."

"But, my dear Mr. Coulson," the young man said, "we haven't any idea where they are to be found, and in the meantime you can't imagine what reports are in circulation."

"Guess I can figure them out pretty well," Mr. Coulson remarked, with a smile. "We've got an evening press of our own in New York."

The reporter nodded. "They'd be able to stretch themselves out a bit on a case like this," he said. "You see," he continued confidentially, "we are up against something almost unique. Here is an astounding and absolutely inexplicable murder, committed in a most dastardly fashion by a person who appears to have vanished from the face of the earth. Not a single thing is known about the victim except his name. We do not know whether he came to England on business or pleasure. He may, in short, have been anyone from a millionaire to a newspaper man. Judging from his special train," the reporter concluded, with a smile, "and the money which was found upon him, I imagine that he was not the latter."

Mr. Coulson went on his way toward the

exit from the station, puffing contentedly at his big cigar. "Well," he said to the reporter, who showed not the slightest disposition to leave his side, "it don't seem to me that there's much worth repeating about poor Fynes, much that I know, at any rate. Still, if you'd like to get in a cab with me and ride as far as the Savoy, I'll tell you what I can."

"You are a brick, sir," the young man declared. "Haven't you any luggage, though?"

"I checked what I had through from Liverpool to the hotel," Mr. Coulson answered. "I can't stand being fussed around by all these porters, and having to go and take pot luck among a pile of other people's baggage. We'll just take one of these two-wheeled sardine tins that you people call hansoms, and get round to the hotel as quick as we can. There are a few pals of mine who generally lunch in the café there, and they mayn't all have cleared off if we look alive."

They started a moment or two later. Mr. Coulson leaned forward and, folding his arms upon the apron of the cab, looked about him with interest.

"Say," he remarked, removing his cigar to the corner of his mouth in order to facilitate conversation, "this old city of yours don't change any."

"Not much up in this part," the reporter agreed. "We've some fine new buildings down toward the Strand."

Mr. Coulson nodded. "Well," he said, "I guess you don't want to be making conversation. You want to know about Hamilton Fynes. I was just acquainted with him, and that's a fact, but I reckon you'll have to find some one who knows a good deal more than I do before you'll get the stuff you want for your paper."

"The slightest particulars are of interest to us just now," the reporter reminded him.

"Hamilton Fynes," was the reply, "so far as I knew him, was a quiet, inoffensive sort of creature, who had been drawing a regular salary from the state for the last fifteen years, and saving half of it. He had been coming over to Europe now and then, and though he was a good, steady chap enough he liked his fling when he was over here, and between you and me he was the greatest crank I ever struck. I met him in London a matter of three years ago, and he wanted to go to Paris. There were two trains run-

ning at the regular time, meeting the boat at Dover. Do you think he would have anything to do with them? Not he! He hired a special train and went down like a prince."

"What did he do that for?" the reporter asked.

"Why, because he was a crank, sir," Mr. Coulson answered confidentially. "There was no other reason at all. Take this last voyage on the *Lusitania*, now. He spoke to me the first day out because he couldn't help it, but for pretty much the rest of the journey he either kept down in his stateroom or, when he came up on deck, he avoided me and everybody else. When he did talk his talk was foolish. He was a good chap at his work, I believe, but he was a crank. Seemed to me sometimes as though that humdrum life of his had about turned his brain. The last day out he was fidgeting all the time; kept looking at his watch, studying the chart, and asking the sailors questions. Said he wanted to get here in time to take a girl to lunch on Thursday. It was just for that reason that he scuttled off the boat without a word to any of us, and rushed up to London."

"But he had letters, Mr. Coulson," the reporter reminded him, "from some one in Washington, to the captain of the steamer and to the station-master of the London & North Western Railway. It seems rather odd that he should have provided himself with these, doesn't it?"

"They were easy enough to get," Mr. Coulson answered. "He wasn't a worrying sort of chap, Fynes wasn't. He did his work, year in and year out, and asked no favors. The consequence was that when he asked a queer one he got it all right. It's easier to get a pull over there than it is here, you know."

"This is all very interesting," the reporter said, "and I am sure I'm very much obliged to you, Mr. Coulson. Now can you tell me of anything in the man's life or way of living likely to provoke enmity on the part of anyone? This murder was such a cold-blooded affair."

"There I'm stuck," Mr. Coulson declared. "There's only one thing I can tell you, and that is that I believe he had a lot more money on him than the amount mentioned in your newspapers this morning. My own opinion is that he was murdered for what he'd got. A smart thief would say that a fellow who took a special tug off the

steamer and a special train to town was a man worth robbing. How the thing was done I don't know—that's for your police to find out; but I reckon that whoever killed him did it for his cash."

The reporter sighed. He was, after all, a little disappointed. Mr. Coulson was obviously a man of common sense, and his reasoning was sound. They had reached the courtyard of the hotel now, and the reporter began to express his gratitude.

"My first drink on English soil," Mr. Coulson said, as he handed his suit-case to the hall-porter, "is always——"

"It's on me," the young man declared quickly. "I owe you a good deal more than drinks, Mr. Coulson."

"Well, come along, anyway," the latter remarked. "I guess my room is all right, porter," turning to the man who stood by his side, bag in hand. "I am Mr. James B. Coulson, of New York, and I wrote on ahead. I'll come round to the office and register presently."

They made their way to the American bar. The newspaper man and his new friend drank together, and, skilfully prompted by the former, the conversation drifted back to the subject of Hamilton Fynes. There was nothing else to be learned, however, in the way of facts. Mr. Coulson admitted that he had been a little nettled by his friend's odd manner during the voyage, and the strange way he had of keeping to himself.

"But after all," he wound up, "Fynes was a crank, when all's said and done. We are all cranks, more or less—all got our weak spot, I mean. It was secretiveness with our unfortunate friend. He liked to play at being a big personage in a mysterious sort of way, and the poor old chap's paid for it," he added with a sigh.

The reporter left his new-made friend a short time afterward and hurried to his office. His newspaper at once issued a special edition, giving an interview between their representative and Mr. James B. Coul-



"A MAN WHO TAKES A SPECIAL TRAIN FROM THE DOCKS OF A CITY LIKE LIVERPOOL KIND OF GIVES HIMSELF AWAY AS A MAN WORTH ROBBING, DOESN'T HE?"

son, a personal friend of the murdered man. It was, after all, something of a scoop, for no one among the other passengers had been found who was in a position to say anything at all about him. The immediate effect of the interview, however, was to procure for Mr. Coulson a somewhat bewildering succession of callers. The first to arrive was a gentleman who introduced himself as Mr. Jacks, and whose card, sent back at first, was retendered in a sealed envelope with "Scotland Yard" scrawled across the back of it. Mr. Coulson, who was in the act of changing his clothes, interviewed Mr. Jacks in his chamber.

"Mr. Coulson," the inspector said, "I am visiting you on behalf of Scotland Yard. We understand that you had some acquaintance with Mr. Hamilton Fynes, and we hope that you will answer a few questions for us."

Mr. Coulson sat down upon a trunk with his hair-brush in his hand. "Well," he declared, "you detectives do get to know things, don't you?"

"Nothing so remarkable in that, Mr. Coulson," Inspector Jacks remarked pleasantly. "A newspaper man has been before me, I see."

Mr. Coulson nodded. "That's so," he admitted. "Seems to me I may have been a bit indiscreet in talking so much to that young reporter. I have just read his account of my interview, and he's got it pat, word for word. Now, Mr. Jacks, if you'll just invest a halfpenny in that newspaper, you won't need to ask me any questions. That young man had a kind of pleasant way with him, and I told him all I knew."

"Just so, Mr. Coulson," the inspector answered. "At the same time, nothing that you told him throws any light at all upon the circumstances which led to the poor fellow's death."

"That," Mr. Coulson declared, "is not my fault. What I don't know I can't tell you."

"You were acquainted with Mr. Fynes some years ago, were you not?" the inspector asked. "Can you tell me what business he was in then?"

"Same as now, for anything I know," Mr. Coulson answered. "He was a clerk in one of the government offices at Washington."

"Government offices?" Inspector Jacks repeated. "Have you any idea what department?"

Mr. Coulson was not sure. "It may have been the excise office," he remarked thoughtfully. "I did hear, but I never took any particular notice."

"Did you ever form any idea as to the nature of his work?" Inspector Jacks asked.

"Bless you, no!" Mr. Coulson replied, brushing his hair vigorously. "It never entered into my head to ask him, and I never heard him mention it. I only know that he was a quiet-living, decent sort of a chap, but, as I put it to the newspaper man, he was a crank."

The inspector was disappointed. He began to feel that he was wasting his time. "Did you know anything of the object of his journey to Europe?" he asked.

"Nary a thing," Mr. Coulson declared. "He only came on deck once or twice, and he had scarcely a civil word even for me. Why, I tell you, sir," Mr. Coulson continued, "if he saw me coming along on the promenade, he'd turn round and go the other way, for fear I'd ask him to come and have a drink. A c-r-a-n-k, sir! You write it down at that, and you won't be far off."

"He certainly seems to have been a queer lot," the inspector declared. "By the bye," he continued, "you said something, I believe, about his having had a great deal more money with him than was found upon his person."

"That's so," Mr. Coulson admitted. "I know he deposited a pocketbook with the purser, and I happened to be standing by when he received it back. I noticed that he had three or four thousand-dollar bills, and there didn't seem to be anything of the sort upon him when he was found."

The inspector made a note of this. "You believe yourself, then, Mr. Coulson," he said, "that the murder was committed for the purpose of robbery?"

"Seems to me it's common sense," Mr. Coulson replied. "A man who goes and takes a special train to London from the docks of a city like Liverpool—a city filled with the scum of the world, mind you—kind of gives himself away as a man worth robbing, doesn't he?"

The inspector nodded. "That's sensible talk, Mr. Coulson," he acknowledged. "You never heard, I suppose, of his having had a quarrel with anyone?"

"Never in my life," Mr. Coulson declared. "He wasn't the sort to make enemies, any more than he was the sort to make friends."

The inspector took up his hat. His manner now was no longer inquisitorial. With the closing of his notebook, a new geniality had taken the place of his official stiffness. "Are you making a long stay here, Mr. Coulson?" he asked.

"A week or so, maybe," that gentleman answered. "I am in the machinery patent line—machinery for the manufacture of woolen goods, mostly—and I have a few appointments in London. Afterward I am going on to Paris. You can hear of me at any time either here or at the Grand Hotel, Paris, but there's nothing further to be got out of me as regards Mr. Hamilton Fynes."

The inspector was of the same opinion, and took his departure. Mr. Coulson waited for some little time, still sitting on his trunk and clasping his hair-brush. Then he moved over to the table, on which stood the telephone instrument, and asked for a number.

"It's Mr. James B. Coulson from New York, landed this afternoon from the *Lusitania*," Mr. Coulson said. "I am at the Savoy Hotel, speaking from my room—number 443."

There was a brief silence, then a reply. "You had better be in the bar smoking-room at seven o'clock. If nothing happens, don't leave the hotel this evening."

Mr. Coulson replaced the receiver and rang off. A page-boy knocked at the door.

"Young lady down stairs wishes to see you, sir," he announced.

Mr. Coulson took up the card from the tray. "Miss Penelope Morse," he read softly to himself. "Seems to me I'm rather popular this evening. Say I'll be down right away, my boy."

"Very good, sir," the page answered.

"There's a gentleman with her, sir. His card's underneath the lady's."

Mr. Coulson examined the tray once more. A gentleman's visiting-card informed him that his other caller was Sir Charles Somerfield, Bart.

"Bart.," Mr. Coulson remarked thoughtfully. "I'm not quite catching on to that, but I suppose he goes in with the young lady."

"They're both together, sir," said the boy.

VII

A LETTER CHANGES HANDS

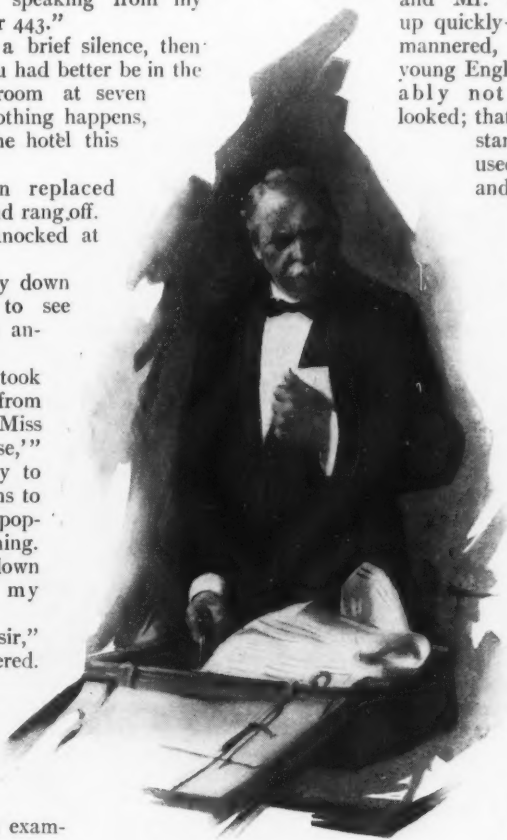
MR. COULSON found his two visitors in the lounge of the hotel. The page-boy, who was on the lookout for him, conducted him to the corner where Miss Penelope Morse and her companion were sitting talking together. The latter rose at his approach, and Mr. Coulson summed him up quickly—a well-bred, pleasant-mannered, exceedingly athletic young Englishman, who was probably not such a fool as he looked; that is, from Mr. Coulson's standpoint, who was not used to the single eye-glass and somewhat drawing enunciation.

"Mr. Coulson, isn't it?" the young man asked, accepting the other's outstretched hand. "We are awfully sorry to disturb you, so soon after your arrival, too, but the fact is that this young lady, Miss Penelope Morse"—Mr. Coulson bowed—"was exceedingly anxious to make your acquaintance. You Americans are such birds of passage that she was afraid you might be gone if she didn't look you up at once."

Penelope herself intervened. "I'm afraid you're going to think me a terrible nuisance, Mr. Coulson!" she exclaimed.

Mr. Coulson, although he did not call himself a ladies' man,

was nevertheless human enough to appreciate the fact that the young lady's face was piquant and her smile delightful. She was dressed with quiet but elegant simplicity. The perfume of the violets at her



HE USED ONLY ONE HAND FOR THE SEARCH,
AND WITH THE OTHER GRIPPED THE
BUTT OF A SMALL REVOLVER

waistband seemed to remind him of his return to civilization.

"Well, I'll take my risks of that, Miss Morse," he declared. "If you'll only let me know what I can do for you——"

"It's about poor Mr. Hamilton Fynes," she explained. "I took up the evening paper only half an hour ago, and read your interview. I simply couldn't help stopping to ask whether you could give me any further particulars about that horrible affair. I didn't dare to come here all alone, so I asked Sir Charles to come along with me."

Mr. Coulson, being invited to do so, seated himself on the lounge by the young lady's side. He leaned a little forward, with a hand on either knee. "I don't exactly know what I can tell you," he remarked. "I take it, then, that you were well acquainted with Mr. Fynes?"

"I used to know him quite well," Penelope answered, "and naturally I am very much upset. When I read your interview with the reporter I could see at once that you were not telling him everything. Why should you, indeed? A man does not want every detail of his life set forth in the newspapers just because he has become connected with a terrible tragedy."

"You're a very sensible young lady, Miss Morse, if you will allow me to say so," Mr. Coulson declared. "You were expecting to see something of Mr. Fynes over here, then?"

"I had an appointment to lunch with him to-day," she answered. "He sent me a Marconigram from Queenstown."

"Is that so?" Mr. Coulson exclaimed. "Well, well!"

"I actually went to the restaurant," Penelope continued, "without knowing anything of this. I can't understand it at all, even now. Mr. Fynes always seemed to me such a harmless sort of person, so unlikely to have enemies, or anything of that sort. Don't you think so, Mr. Coulson?"

"Well," that gentleman answered, "to tell you the honest truth, Miss Morse, I'm afraid I am going to disappoint you a little. I wasn't over-well acquainted with Mr. Fynes, although a good many people seem to fancy that we were kind of bosom friends. That newspaper man, for instance, met me at the station and stuck to me like a leech. Then there was a gentleman from Scotland Yard who was in such a hurry that he came to see me in my bedroom. He had a sort of an

idea that I had been brought up from infancy with Hamilton Fynes and could answer a sheaf of questions a yard long. As soon as I got rid of him up comes that page-boy and brings your card."

"It does seem too bad, Mr. Coulson," Penelope declared, raising her wonderful eyes to his and smiling sympathetically. "You have really brought it upon yourself, though, by answering so many questions for that *Comet* man."

"Those newspaper fellows," Mr. Coulson remarked, "are wonders. Before that youngster had finished with me I began to feel that poor old Fynes and I had been like brothers all our lives. As a matter of fact, Miss Morse, I expect you knew him at least as well as I did."

She nodded her head thoughtfully. "Hamilton Fynes and I were brought up together in the same village," she said. "We played together when we were children."

Mr. Coulson seemed a little startled. "I didn't understand," he said thoughtfully, "that Fynes had any very intimate friends over on this side."

Penelope shook her head. "I don't mean to imply that we have been intimate lately," she said. "I came to Europe nine years ago, and since then, of course, I have not seen him often. Perhaps it was the fact that he should have thought of me, and that I was actually expecting to have lunch with him to-day, which made me feel this thing so acutely."

"Why, that's quite natural," Mr. Coulson declared, leaning back a little and crossing his legs. "Somehow, we read about these things in the papers and they don't amount to such a lot, but when you know the man and were expecting to see him, as you were, why, then it comes right home to you. There's something about a murder," Mr. Coulson concluded, "which kind of takes hold of you if you've ever even shaken hands with either of the parties concerned in it."

"Did you see much of the poor fellow during the voyage?" Sir Charles asked.

"No, nor anyone else," Mr. Coulson replied. "I don't think he was seasick, but he was miserably unsociable, and he seldom left his cabin. I doubt whether there were half a dozen people on board who would have recognized him afterward as a fellow passenger."

"He seems to have been a secretive sort of person," Sir Charles remarked.



"I GUESS YOUR POLICE OVER HERE AREN'T QUITE SO SMART AS OURS, OR THEY'D HAVE BEEN ON THE TRACK OF THIS THING BEFORE NOW," DECLARED MR. COULSON

"He was that," Mr. Coulson admitted. "Never seemed to care to talk about himself or his own business. Not that he had anything much to talk about," he added reflectively. "Dull sort of life, his. So many hours of work, so many hours of play, so many dollars a month, and after it's all over, so many dollars pension. Wouldn't suit all of us, Sir Charles, eh?"

"I fancy not," Somerfield admitted. "Perhaps he kicked over the traces a bit when he was over on this side. You Americans generally seem to find your way about—in Paris especially."

Mr. Coulson shook his head doubtfully. "There wasn't much kicking over the traces with poor old Fynes," he said. "He didn't have it in him."

Somerfield scratched his chin thoughtfully and looked at Penelope. "Scarcely seems possible, does it," he remarked, "that a man leading such a quiet sort of life should make enemies?"

"I don't believe he had any," Mr. Coulson asserted.

"He didn't seem nervous on the way over, did he?" Penelope asked—"as though he were afraid of something happening?"

Mr. Coulson shook his head. "No more than usual," he answered. "I guess your police over here aren't quite so smart as ours, or they'd have been on the track of this thing before now. But you can take it from me that when the truth comes out you'll find that our poor friend has paid the penalty of going about the world like a crank."

"A what?" Somerfield asked doubtfully.

"A crank," Mr. Coulson repeated vigorously. "It wasn't much I knew of Hamilton Fynes, but I knew that much. He was one of those nervous, stand-off sort of persons, who hated to have people talk to him, and yet was always doing things to make them talk about him. I don't know whether you take my meaning, young lady," he continued, turning to Penelope, "but I think the word you'd use in French is *poseur*. I was over in Europe with him not so long ago, and he went on in the same way. Took a special train to Dover when there wasn't any earthly reason for it; traveled with a valet and a courier, when he had no clothes for the valet to look after, and spoke every European language better than his courier. This time the poor fellow's paid for his bit of vanity. Naturally, anyone would think

he was a millionaire, traveling like that. I guess they boarded the train somehow, or lay hidden in it when it started, and relieved him of a good bit of his savings."

"But his money was found upon him," Somerfield objected.

"Some of it," Mr. Coulson answered, "some of it. That's just about the only thing that I do know certainly. I happened to see him take his pocketbook back from the purser, and I guess he had a sight more money than was found upon him. I told the smooth-spoken gentleman from Scotland Yard so—Mr. Inspector Jacks, he called himself—when he came to see me, a while ago."

Penelope sighed gently. She found it hard to make up her mind concerning this quondam acquaintance of her deceased friend. "Did you see much of Mr. Fynes on the other side, Mr. Coulson?" she asked.

"Not I," Mr. Coulson answered. "He wasn't particularly anxious to make acquaintances over here, but he was even worse at home. The way he went on, you'd think he'd never had any friends and never wanted any. I met him once in the streets of Washington last year. I was pretty much of a stranger in Washington, but he didn't do a thing for me. Never asked me to look him up, or introduced me to his club. I tell you, sir," Mr. Coulson continued, turning to Somerfield, "that man hadn't a thing to say for himself. I guess his work had something to do with it. You must get kind of out of touch with things, shut up in an office from nine o'clock in the morning till five in the afternoon. Just saving up, he was, for his trip to Europe. Then we happened on the same steamer, but, bless you, he scarcely even shook hands when he saw me. He wouldn't play bridge, didn't care about chess, hadn't even a chair on the deck, and never came in to meals."

Penelope nodded her head thoughtfully. "You are destroying all my illusions, Mr. Coulson," she said. "Do you know that I was building up quite a romance about poor Mr. Fynes's life? It seemed to me that he must have enemies; that there must have been something in his life, or his manner of living, which accounted for such a terrible crime."

"Why, sure not!" Mr. Coulson declared heartily. "It was no cleverly worked job, but there was no mystery about it. Some chap went for him because he got to riding

about like a millionaire. A more unromantic figure than Hamilton Fynes never breathed. Call him a crank and you've finished with him."

Penelope sighed once more. "It has been so kind of you," she murmured, "to talk to us. And yet, do you know, I am a little disappointed. I was hoping that you might be able to tell us something more about the poor fellow."

"He was no talker," Mr. Coulson declared. "It was little enough he had to say to me, and less to anyone else."

"It seems strange," she remarked innocently, "that he should have been so shy. He didn't strike me that way when he was a boy, and we went to the same village school, you know. He traveled about so much in later years, too, didn't he?"

Penelope's eyes were suddenly upraised. For the first time, Mr. Coulson's ready answers failed him. Not a muscle of his face moved under the girl's scrutiny, but he hesitated for a short time before he answered her.

"Not that I know of," he said at length. "No, I shouldn't have called him much of a traveler."

Penelope rose to her feet and held out her hand. "It has been very nice indeed of you to see us, Mr. Coulson," she said, "especially after all these other people have been bothering you. Of course, I am sorry that you haven't anything more to tell us than we knew already. Still, I felt that I couldn't rest until we had been here."

"It's a sad affair, anyhow," Mr. Coulson declared, walking with them to the door. "Don't you get to worrying your head, though, young lady, with any notion of his having had enemies, or anything of that sort. The poor fellow was no hero of romance. I don't fancy even your halfpenny papers could drag any out of his life. It was just a commonplace robbery, with a bad ending for poor Fynes. Good evening, miss. Good night, sir. Glad to have met you, Sir Charles."

It was already a quarter past six. Mr. Coulson went into the café and ordered a light dinner, which he consumed with much obvious enjoyment. Then he lit a cigar and went into the smoking-room. Selecting a pile of newspapers, he drew an easy chair up to the fire and made himself comfortable.

"Seems to me I may have a longish wait," he said to himself.

As a matter of fact, he was disappointed. At precisely seven o'clock Mr. Richard Van-

derpole strolled into the room and, after a casual glance around, approached his chair and touched him on the shoulder. In his evening clothes, the newcomer was no longer obtrusively American. He was dressed in severely English fashion from the cut of his white waistcoat to the admirable poise of his white tie. He smiled as he patted Coulson upon the shoulder.

"This is Mr. Coulson, I'm sure," he declared "Mr. James B. Coulson from New York."

"You're dead right," Mr. Coulson admitted, laying down his newspaper and favoring his visitor with a quick upward glance.

"This is great!" the young man continued. "Just off the boat, eh? Well, I am glad to see you—very glad indeed to make your acquaintance, I should say. Come over to this corner, Mr. Coulson. Why, you're looking first rate. Great boat the *Lusitania*, isn't she? What sort of a trip did you have?"

So they talked till another little party had quitted the room, and they sat in their lonely corner secure from observation or from any possibility of eavesdropping. Then Mr. Richard Vanderpole leaned forward in his chair and dropped his voice.

"Coulson," he said, "the chief is anxious. We don't understand this affair. Do you know anything?"

"Not a thing!" Coulson answered.

"Were you shadowed on the boat?" the young man asked.

"Not to my knowledge," Coulson answered. "Fynes was in his stateroom six hours before we started. I can't make head nor tail of it."

"He had the papers, of course?"

"Sewed in the lining of his coat," Coulson muttered. "You read about that in tonight's papers. The lining was torn and the space empty. He had them all right when he left the steamer."

The young man looked around; the room was still empty. "I'm fresh at this," he said. "I got some information this afternoon, and the chief sent me over to see you on account of it. We had better not discuss possibilities, I suppose? The thing's too big. The chief's almost off his head. Is there any chance, do you think, Coulson, that this was an ordinary robbery? I am not sure that the special train wasn't a mistake."

"None whatever," Coulson declared.

"How do you know?" his companion asked quickly.

"Well, I've lied to those reporters and chaps," Coulson admitted—"lied with a purpose, of course, as you people can understand. The money found upon Fynes was every penny he had when he left Liverpool."

The young man set his teeth. "It's something to know this, at any rate," he declared. "You did right, Coulson, to put up that bluff. Now about the duplicates?"

"They are in my suit-case," Coulson answered, "and according to the way things are going I sha'n't be over-sorry to get rid of them. Will you take them with you?"

"Why, sure!" Vanderpole answered. "That's what I'm here for."

"You had better wait right here, then," Coulson said. "I'll fetch them."

He made his way up to his room, undid his dressing-bag, which was fastened only with an ordinary lock, and from between two shirts drew out a small folded packet, no bigger than an ordinary letter. It was a curious circumstance that he used only one hand for the search, and with the other gripped the butt of a small revolver. There was no one around, however, nor was he disturbed in any way. In a few minutes he returned to the smoking-room, where the young man was still waiting, and handed him the letter.

"Tell me," the latter asked, "have you been shadowed at all?"

"Not that I know of," Coulson answered.

"Men with quick instincts," Vanderpole continued, "can always tell when they are being watched. Have you felt anything of the sort?"

Coulson hesitated for one moment. "No," he said. "I had a caller whose manner I did not quite understand. She seemed to have something in her head about me."

"She! Was it a woman?" the young man asked quickly.

Coulson nodded. "A young lady," he said. "Miss Penelope Morse, she called herself."

Mr. Richard Vanderpole stood quite still for a moment. "Ah!" he said softly. "She might have been interested."

"Does the chief want me at all?" Coulson asked.

"No," Vanderpole answered. "Go about your business as usual. Leave here for Paris in, say ten days. There will probably be a letter for you at the Grand Hotel by that time."

They walked together toward the main

exit. The young man's face had lost some of its grimness. Once more his features wore that look of pleasant and genial good-fellowship which seems characteristic of his race after business hours.

"Say, Mr. Coulson," he declared, as they passed across the hall, "you and I must have a night together. This isn't New York, by any manner of means, or Paris, but there's some fun to be had here, in a quiet way. I'll 'phone you to-morrow or the day after."

"Sure!" Mr. Coulson declared. "I'd like it above all things."

"I must find a taxicab," the young man remarked. "I've a busy hour before me. I've got to go down and see the chief, who is dining somewhere in Kensington, and get back again to dine here at half-past seven in the restaurant."

"I guess you'll have to look sharp, then," Mr. Coulson remarked. "Do you see the time?"

Vanderpole glanced at the clock and whistled softly to himself. "Tell you what," he exclaimed, "I'll write a note to one of the friends I've got to meet, and leave it here. Boy," he added, turning to a page-boy, "get me a taxi as quick as you can."

The boy ran out into the Strand, and Vanderpole, sitting down at the table, wrote a few lines, which he sealed and addressed and handed to one of the reception clerks. Then he shook hands with Coulson and threw himself into a corner of the cab which was waiting.

"Drive down the Brompton Road," he said to the man. "I'll direct you later."

It was a quarter past seven when he left the hotel. At half-past, a policeman held up his hand and stopped the taxi, to the driver's great astonishment, as he was driving slowly across Melbourne Square, Kensington.

"What's the matter?" the man asked. "You can't say I was exceeding the speed limit."

The policeman scarcely noticed him. His head was already through the cab window. "Where did you take your fare up?" he asked quickly.

"Savoy Hotel," the man answered. "What's wrong with him?"

The policeman opened the door of the cab and stepped in. "Never you mind about that," he said. "Drive to the South Kensington police station as quick as you can."



The Party Line

A TALE OF TELEPHONIC EAVESDROPPING

By Bruno Lessing

Illustrated by C. E. Chambers



ALL the world loves a lover. Curiosity, thy name is woman. Eavesdroppers never hear good of themselves.

There you have all the philosophical reflections that fit this tale, and without more ado I shall proceed to tell you what happened in Brownsville. The Shiffrins were at supper when the telephone bell rang, and Mrs. Shiffrin, with greater alacrity than you would ever have thought she could display—for Mrs. Shiffrin was fat—hastened to take down the receiver.

"That wasn't for us," her husband said. "It rang four times, and our call is two rings."

But Mrs. Shiffrin put her finger to her lips and said "Sh!" and with a smile of seraphic content proceeded to listen. At exactly the same time the Rosensteins were at supper about three blocks down the same street, and they, too, heard the telephone bell ring. Mrs. Rosenstein upset a chair in her eagerness to answer, while her husband, in mild surprise, said:

"That wasn't for us. It rang four times, and our call is three."

Mrs. Rosenstein did not even deign to reply. She was listening at the telephone, and what she and Mrs. Shiffrin heard was this:

"Is that you, Sadie?"

"Hello, David."

"Do you love me as much as ever?"

"Aren't you terrible to talk like that over the telephone!"

"But do you?"

"Ye-es!"

"Then give me one kiss."

"Over the 'phone?"

"Sure! Here's a whole lot for you Ts! Ts! Ts! Ts! Now go ahead."

Long pause, then, "T—s!"

"You're the sweetest girl in the world."

"Say, Dave."

"Yes, sweetheart."

"I asked papa if he knew you—just in a casual sort of way, don't you know. I didn't let on about anything—I just wanted to know how he feels about you. What did you ever do to him?"

"Nothing. Why?"

"Oh, Dave, he'll never give his consent!"

"What did he say about me?"

"He didn't say anything; it was only the way he looked at me. Are you sure you never did anything—oh, good-by, Dave! I hear him coming down-stairs. Call me up tomorrow, will you?"

"Yes, darling; at the same time. I love——" But just then Sadie hung up the receiver, and the connection was broken.

Mrs. Rosenstein and Mrs. Shiffrin, three

blocks apart, each sighed blissfully, hung up the telephone receiver, and again sat down to supper.

"What is the matter?" asked Mr. Shifrin.

"Oh, it is so interesting," his wife replied. "Every night, just about this time, Davy Rosnofsky calls up Sadie Malbin on the telephone, and they have such a spoony conversation. I wouldn't miss it for anything."

Mr. Shifrin frowned. "Is it nice to listen to other people's conversation?" he asked. "How would you like anyone to listen to what you are saying?"

"Oh, I don't care who listens to what I say," said Mrs. Shifrin with a disdainful toss of her head. "But Sadie's father would be awfully mad if he knew what was going on. I wonder whether they'll get married."

The same conversation took place at the same time in the household of the Rosensteins. Both husbands, being learned in the Talmud, expressed their disapprobation and paid no further attention to the matter, for all Talmudists know that he who undertakes to regulate the foibles and weaknesses of a woman embarks upon a perilous sea. And neither Rosenstein nor Shifrin was a good sailor.

The following night the telephone bell again rang four times, and both Mrs. Shifrin and Mrs. Rosenstein hurried to the receiver.

"Is that you, dear?"

"Hello, Dave. Oh, I'm in terrible trouble!"

"What's the matter, darling? Tell me, quickly!"

"Papa wants me to marry that horrid Lowenthal just because he has lots of money, and—and—boo-hoo—I'm terribly unhappy!"

"Don't cry, dearest. Don't you worry about it at all. I'll break that Lowenthal's face. Can you come out to-night?"

"I'm afraid, David. Papa is so terribly suspicious."

"Just say you're going out to the square to listen to the music and I'll meet you there by accident."

"All right, dear, I'll do my best. If I don't come you'll know it's because I couldn't get out."

"Do you love me a lot, Sadie?"

"M-m-m—you bet! Good-by."

"Moe," said Mrs. Shifrin to her husband, "let's go out to the square to-night and listen to the music."

"Isidore," said Mrs. Rosenstein to her husband, "wouldn't you like to come out to the square to-night and get some fresh air? The band will be playing."

To this day neither Shifrin nor Rosenstein understands clearly why his wife, instead of sitting down upon the first vacant bench they came to, insisted upon dragging him around, into the thickest of the crowd, and pushing and circling about until they came to the farthest edge of the throng. And there, where the music could only be faintly heard, Mrs. Rosenstein and Mrs. Shifrin stood contented, unmindful of each other's presence, gazing steadily at a young man and a young woman who seemed to be entirely absorbed in each other.

Neither Mr. Shifrin nor Mr. Rosenstein had the slightest interest in the telephonic love affair of David Rosnofsky and Sadie Malbin. They had, both of them, done what little they could to discourage their wives in their eavesdropping habit and had refused to discuss the matter. But there is such a thing as unconscious or subconscious absorption. Before another week had passed both of them, without being aware of the fact, knew nearly every detail of the situation. One night, for instance, while Mr. Shifrin was reading the *Jewish Workingman* his wife, after a long session at the telephone, said to him,

"Davy gave Sadie a ring with a diamond in it."

"I thought they had quarreled and were never going to speak to each other again," remarked her husband.

"Oh, that was all patched up. Davy admitted he was in the wrong."

And Mrs. Rosenstein, interrupting her husband in a game of checkers with the rabbi, said,

"He took her to the theater last night."

"But I thought," said Mr. Rosenstein absent-mindedly, "that he said he had to work and couldn't take her."

Which merely goes to show that a husband, without the slightest interest in the gossipy prattle of his wife, somehow or other absorbs everything she says.

One night when the telephone bell rang four times Mrs. Shifrin and Mrs. Rosenstein overheard the following:

"There's no other way out of it, Sadie dear."

"But why can't you wait, Davy?"

"Wait? I've waited too long altogether. It's next Sunday night or never."

"You're so cruel."

"I'm not a bit cruel, Sadie. Didn't you say that if your father insisted on your mar-



MR. MALBIN'S FIST CAME DOWN UPON THE TABLE WITH A CRASH AND
"IT'S A LIE!" HE CRIED

rying that scoundrel you would give up everything and marry me?"

"But maybe papa will change his mind, dear!"

"He'll change his face and his feet and his head and his lungs and his liver first."

"Aren't you terrible, Dave!"

"Now I'll tell you what to do, girlie. Sunday night, at ten o'clock, I'll be waiting for you outside the house in a carriage. You take just what you need and no more and come out. I'll arrange all the rest. Now there's no use talking about it. I'll be there, and if you don't come out I'll know you don't love me. Good-by."

Mrs. Rosenstein gasped. Mrs. Shifrin gasped. And each hastened to her husband and proclaimed the startling news,

"They're going to elope next Sunday night at ten o'clock!"

"It is not nice to listen," was Mr. Shifrin's only comment. "I wish you would mind your own business," said Mr. Rosenstein to his spouse. And you would have been willing to swear that both of them immediately forgot the matter.

A few evenings later, however, Shifrin and Rosenstein happened to meet in Schonstein's café and played a game of chess. During

the game they chatted about everything that entered their heads, but not a word was said about the telephonic love affair and probably not a word would have been said had not Mr. Malbin, the father of Sadie, entered the café and sat down at their table to watch the game. Shifrin was losing, and all his mental faculties were concentrated upon the disposition of his men. But while he was thinking hard about chess his tongue ran on nimbly, answering Mr. Malbin's questions, hardly aware of what he was saying until—of a sudden—Mr. Malbin's fist came down upon the table with a crash and "It's a lie!" he cried. Shifrin started, looked up, forgot all about playing chess, and after quite a perceptible interval of time realized that he had said,

"I understand your girl Sadie is sweet on Davy Rosnofsky."

He now stared at Mr. Malbin's glaring countenance, collected his scattered wits, and was about to reply, when Rosenstein, feeling himself called upon to defend the integrity of his friend, said:

"Mr. Malbin, it is not a lie. Of course it is none of our business, but everybody knows the young people are in love with each other. Didn't he give her a diamond ring?"

The Party Line

"Didn't they meet in the square the other night?" asked Shifrin.

"Isn't it all arranged that they're going to elope on Sunday night?" said Rosenstein.

Mr. Malbin looked from one to the other, speechless with rage. Then, without a word, he rose and strode from the room.

"I'm sorry I said a word," said Shifrin meekly.

"So am I," said Rosenstein. "What do you do it for?"

"It just slipped out," explained Shifrin. "I really wasn't thinking when I spoke."

A light suddenly dawned upon Rosenstein. "Say," he said, "your telephone is on the same party line as ours. Does your wife listen, too?" Shifrin nodded.

"Well," said Rosenstein, "it's a silly business. But I guess we'd better not tell them what happened to-night." And Shifrin agreed.

On Sunday night Mrs. Shifrin, out for a late stroll, happened to meet Mrs. Rosenstein directly in front of Mr. Malbin's house. They paused to chat with each other. They discussed the weather, the new style in hats, the best place for marketing and the best treatment for influenza; but though, ever and anon, they cast a glance at the windows of Mr. Malbin's house, neither of them said a single word about what was uppermost in her mind. Presently a carriage drove up, and David Rosnofsky alighted and stood on the sidewalk looking up at one of the windows. Mrs. Shifrin and Mrs. Rosenstein watched him, as if spellbound. Their conversation ceased. David began to whistle softly. The window that he was watching was suddenly opened, and a drenching shower of water descended upon him, followed swiftly by a wooden pail that fell squarely upon his head. Then Mr. Malbin, grinning triumphantly, leaned out of the window.

"You little loafer!" he cried. "If I ever catch you around here again I will have you arrested."

Mrs. Rosenstein and Mrs. Shifrin had screamed when the pail fell upon David. Now they separated without saying a single word to each other and hurried home. When David reached home to nurse his bruised crown he found a note from Sadie that had been delivered a few minutes after he left his room.

"Do not come to-night," it ran. "Papa knows everything. Mr. Rosenstein and Mr. Shifrin told him and he is waiting with a pail of water to throw it on you when you come.

SADIE."

David went to Schonstein's café, where he found Shifrin and Rosenstein playing chess.

"Tell me all about it," he said, in a calm, low voice. The two men looked at him, and there was that in his countenance that sent a chill down their spines. Instinctively each clutched him by an arm.

"Believe me, I am innocent!" said Shifrin.

"I did not do it on purpose!" cried Rosenstein. "Listen and I will tell you everything."

David listened. When he learned that all his talks with Sadie had been overheard by the two women he flushed furiously. Then he said:

"You are a pair of old women. I will decide what I am going to do. I know I should give you both a good beating. But I will do it. But promise me one thing. I will forgive you."

"On my sacred word of honor!" exclaimed Shifrin. And, "On the Torah!" cried Rosenstein.

"Promise me that to-morrow night at ten o'clock you will both be in the square near the music-stand waiting for me and that you will not tell a living soul—not even your wives—where you are going."

They promised. Without the faintest idea of what they were to encounter they promised faithfully to keep the trust and to maintain absolute secrecy. The following night, at the usual time, the bell rang four times, and Mrs. Shifrin and Mrs. Rosenstein promptly took their places at the telephone.

"My heart is breaking, David!" they heard.

"Do not worry, sweetheart. All will come out right in the end. I missed your note by a few minutes, but you have nothing to blame yourself for. Can you come out to-night?"

"Oh, dear no. Papa is home and won't let me leave the house."

"Don't worry, dear. I'll call you up again in about an hour. By the way, I saw an awfully funny thing last night. Remember those two blonde actresses in the Yiddish theater who are boarding with the Cohens? They were out last night with Mr. Shifrin and Mr. Rosenstein, sitting in the square right under the electric light. What do you think of the old rascals?"

"Oh, David! Aren't they terrible! Why, they're both married."

"Yes, but when you think of their wives you really can't blame them so much. I

heard them ask the girls to meet them again to-night at the same place at ten o'clock."

I would like to make clear to you exactly how Mrs. Rosenstein and Mrs. Shifrin felt, but I cannot do it. There is a limit to every man's descriptive powers, and I have reached mine. Besides, I doubt if the language contains the assortment of words that would be required. At any rate, their first impulse was to fly at their husbands and denounce them, and, being women, their second thought was to resort to a roundabout course.

"You didn't tell me where you went last night," remarked Mrs. Shifrin with great self-control.

"Where I always go—to the café," answered her husband, without even looking up from his newspaper.

"I suppose you're going there to-night?"

"Yes—er—that is, no." Mr. Shifrin looked up at his wife. "I have an engagement to-night," he said, "and I promised to tell nobody about it. So don't ask any questions."

Mrs. Shifrin went into another room and began to cry softly. After all these years—she had been such a dutiful wife—to deceive her so, etc., etc. And in the meantime Mrs. Rosenstein, who had had her soft little cry first, decided to ask no questions but to learn for herself.

At ten o'clock Rosenstein and Shifrin were seated upon a bench close by the music-stand, looking at each other.

"What did he want us to come here for?" asked Rosenstein.

"Maybe we are going to be arrested or killed," suggested Shifrin. They waited, and then—out of the darkness emerged two female figures.

"Oh, you old, gray-haired wretches!" cried one.

"You spend your nights at the café. Bah!" exclaimed the other.

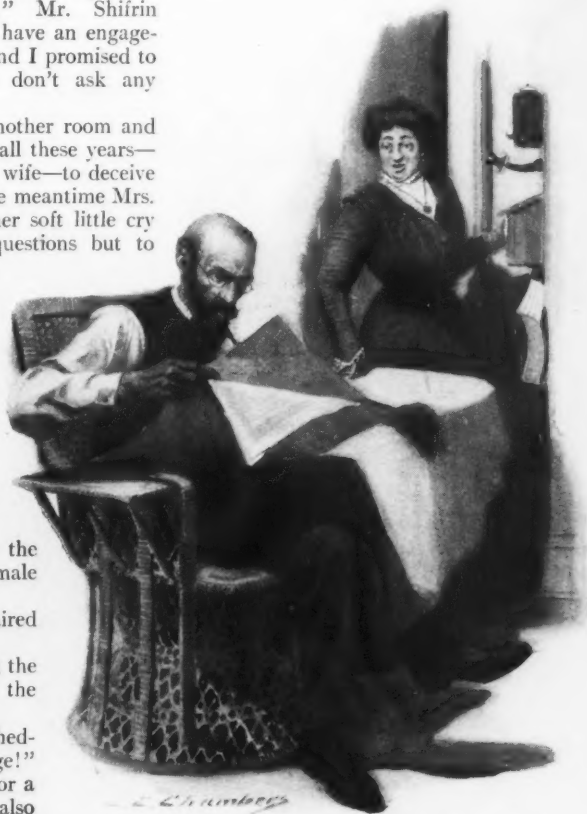
"Waiting for two bleached-blond actresses! At your age!" (You see how difficult it is for a woman to be blonde without also becoming bleached.)

And the next moment both women were in hysterics, while

their husbands, in hopeless amazement, looked from one to the other, waiting for a coherent explanation. Then came a messenger-boy.

"Iss here two mans vot iss Rosenstein unt Shifrin? I haf a letter."

"My dear friends," the letter ran, "I want to make an apology. I thought I saw you both with two ladies the other night, but I find I was mistaken. It was not you. It was two younger men, better looking, with a great deal more brains than you will ever have. Anyway I didn't tell it to anybody except Miss Malbin, and I told her to-day I was mistaken. So nobody will ever know. I only apologize because I am so noble and good that I would not even have a wrong thought about a man. Nobody else will ever know of it except some sneaking person who might by accident have been listening over the telephone. But nobody that I can think of would be so low down mean. Respectfully your friend,
DAVID ROSNOFSKY."



"YOU DIDN'T TELL ME WHERE YOU WENT LAST NIGHT," REMARKED MRS. SHIFRIN WITH GREAT SELF-CONTROL

The Party Line

Mrs. Rosenstein and Mrs. Shifrin were weeping bitterly upon their husbands' shoulders. Their spirits were crushed; there was nothing to say, nothing to think, nothing to do but weep. Their husbands attempted, mechanically, to soothe them, but I doubt if they went about it with any great enthusiasm, for Rosenstein says that every time he looked at Shifrin he found Shifrin winking at him. Then Mr. Malbin arrived, frowning and impatient.

"Well, what is it?" he demanded. "What do you want?"

They all looked at him.

"I don't want anything," said Shifrin, and Rosenstein echoed it.

"Didn't you just telephone me to meet you

here right away because it was a case of life and death?"

Shifrin and Rosenstein looked at each other blankly. "We didn't telephone anybody about anything. We don't use the telephone."

And then a light dawned upon Malbin, and without another word he turned upon his heels and ran, at full speed, all the way to his home. A note was pinned on the door. It ran:

DEAR FATHER-IN-LAW: I am sorry I had to do it, but in this world all is for the best. You hang around the house so much that I had to get you out by a trick. Well, Sadie and I will be married by this time and on our way to Niagara Falls. Better forgive us and telegraph us whatever you think you can spare. Your loving son-in-law,

DAVID.

P. S.—Sadie sends a kiss. Me too.

A NOTE WAS PINNED ON THE DOOR



England's Epoch-Making Budget

By Justin McGrath

Editor's Note.—The Lloyd-George budget marks an epoch in political economy. If the financial proposals of the British chancellor of the exchequer shall prevail, humanity throughout the civilized world is certain to be profoundly affected; for Lloyd-George's program, frankly avowed, is to put the burdens of government upon wealth, thus conferring direct benefits upon the indigent and assisting the less fortunate to a higher plane of living. He has declared that his budget means "implacable warfare" against poverty. Therefore the less fortunate members of society in every country have a great interest in the fight which Lloyd-George is waging. If he wins, there is little doubt that the new taxation scheme of Great Britain will be agitated in other countries, particularly in the United States, which is far behind Germany and France, as well as England, in the equalization of taxation burdens according to the ability of the different classes of citizens to bear them. Most reliable advices from England are that Mr. Lloyd-George's radical proposals are almost certain of adoption by Parliament.



NOT as the memory of man runneth have the revenue proposals of a minister of finance attracted such world-wide attention as has the budget which was submitted to the House of Commons April 29th by Mr. Lloyd-George, the British chancellor of the exchequer. And the reason for this world-wide appeal can be stated briefly: Mr. Lloyd-George's budget possesses the element of human interest—to borrow an expressive characterization from the language of newspaperdom.

Now the experience of mankind as to budgets has been that they are a dreary waste of ponderous facts and stupefying figures, with never an oasis of either sentiment or eloquence to gladden the heart or refresh the mind. Of course the human-interest element really has existed in every budget that was ever framed, but the ordinary individual's direct concern has been very much like the proverbial needle in the haystack: because, forsooth, for centuries past it has been the chief object of statesmen to hide from the ordinary citizen his personal part in bearing the burdens of government—this on the theory that what he didn't know about wouldn't hurt him very much. To this statesmanlike endeavor to preserve the

citizen's peace of mind while appropriating part of the contents of his pocketbook the whole system of indirect taxation owes its origin.

Probably nowhere in the world is the system of indirect taxation as much in vogue as in the United States. The average American citizen pays his taxes at the butcher's, the baker's, and the candlestick-maker's instead of at the office of the regular tax-collector, and is either ignorant of the fact that he is paying them at all or has a very hazy knowledge on the subject. The question of governmental revenues seems to him quite as far removed from the orbit of his being as the distant stars. Occasionally some financial phenomenon, like the Lloyd-George budget, blazes across the firmament of his benighted intelligence and gives him a glimmering of the mysteries; but the light is soon gone, and his interest in the subject fades as quickly. It is a matter for the Aldriches and the other financial astrologers to study over, not for him. And when Astrologer Aldrich tells him that, being an American, he was born under a lucky star and is certain to possess all the good things of the earth, he accepts that reading of his horoscope with a faith which is lessened not a whit by the fact that the beef trust has deprived him of meat for his table and the further fact that the prices of nearly everything

England's Epoch-Making Budget

necessary to the comfort of himself and his family have been advancing of late years out of all proportion to the increase in his wages.

The most remarkable phase of the Lloyd-George budget is its shocking directness. Mr. Lloyd-George, unlike the ordinary prestidigitator of finance, does not declare that he has no intention to deceive and immediately proceed to a performance which puts each member of the audience in a state of wonder as to how the trick was turned and of anxiety to know just what part of the exhibited proceeds came out of his pocket. No, Mr. Lloyd-George looks over his audience carefully, decides in his own mind just what he thinks each can afford to contribute, and makes bold to ask for it in such straightforward language that none can misunderstand. And, lest there should be any hesitancy in coming forward with contributions, he tells his astonished audience that unless the desired amount is raised it may be necessary to change the bill from John Bull maneuvering his *Dreadnoughts*, to the guttural disgust of the Germans, to Emperor William and his Teutonic hosts dropping their ballast of bombs upon the Englishman's home.

And now for Mr. Lloyd-George's proposals: The tax on unearned incomes will be increased from 5 to 5.8 per cent., and on earned incomes from 3.6 to 5 per cent. A rebate of \$50 is allowed to the middle-class taxpayer for each child under ten years of age. On all incomes in excess of \$25,000 a year a supertax of 2.4 per cent. will be imposed. On unearned incomes exceeding \$25,000 a year the income tax will be at the rate of 8.2 per cent. On earned incomes it will be at the rate of 7.4 per cent. There is to be a graduated increase in the inheritance tax, the new tax ranging from 4 per cent. on estates of \$25,000 to 15 per cent. on estates of \$5,000,000.

A proposed new tax is a tax on motor-cars, graded according to horse-power. This tax will range from \$10 for a six-horse-power car to \$200 for a car above sixty horse-power. There is also a tax of 4 cents a gallon on gasoline. Doctors' cars are to pay only half rate. The motor tax is expected to yield \$63,750,000 a year. Motor-cycles are to be taxed at a uniform rate of \$5. Motor-cabs, omnibuses, and commercial vehicles will have a rebate of half the tax.

The spirits and tobacco taxes are both increased, but the tax on beer remains the

same. Clubs are to pay 1.2 per cent. on all receipts from liquor.

The proposed land taxes are: 20 per cent. on the unearned increment of land values, based on the valuation to be taken at once; two-tenths per cent. on the capital value of undeveloped land and undeveloped minerals; two-tenths per cent. on mining royalties; ten per cent. reversion duty on the benefit accruing at the termination of a lease.

The stamp tax is increased from \$2.50 to \$5.

Tea, sugar, and flour are not taxed.

The revised death duties are as follows: over \$25,000, four per cent.; over \$50,000, five per cent.; over \$100,000, six per cent.; over \$200,000, seven per cent.; over \$350,000, eight per cent.; over \$500,000, nine per cent.; over \$750,000, ten per cent.; over \$1,000,000, eleven per cent.; over \$2,000,000, twelve per cent.; over \$3,000,000, thirteen per cent.; over \$4,000,000, fourteen per cent.; over \$5,000,000, fifteen per cent. Mr. Lloyd-George estimated that the revised death duties would yield an extra \$12,750,000.

These are Mr. Lloyd-George's chief tax proposals; but freeing the working classes from taxes on all they consume except "booze and baccy" is by no means the extent of the relief which the chancellor would extend to the toilers. He has several humanitarian schemes for their benefit which will be dwelt upon more in detail later. Undoubtedly it is a great democratic budget—the most forward step which ever has been taken by the financial minister of a great nation to place the burdens of government squarely upon the shoulders of those best able to bear them. A London Stock Exchange wag happily suggested the democratic principle upon which Mr. Lloyd-George formulated his scheme of taxation by circulating this tip on the day the budget proposals were made public, "Sell automobiles; buy baby-carriages."

The estimated expenditures of Great Britain for the ensuing fiscal year total \$820,760,000. The revenue on the existing basis of taxation is \$741,950,000. It is to cover the prospective deficit of \$78,810,000 that Mr. Lloyd-George proposes the increases in rates and new forms of taxation which have been outlined. The British tax which raised the greatest amount of revenue for the government last year was the income tax. The total collected from that source was \$169,650,000.



DAVID LLOYD-GEORGE (IN THE CENTER), CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER AND AUTHOR OF THE BUDGET, AND WINSTON CHURCHILL (ON HIS RIGHT), HIS CHIEF SUPPORTER IN PARLIAMENT

In his address to the House of Commons in presenting his budget, Mr. Lloyd-George said that "in spite of one of the worst years of bad trade which this country has experienced for many a year, the income tax has surpassed every prediction and realized nearly a million pounds in excess of the

budget estimate. Whatever may be said of our fiscal system, at least this may be said, that it stands the strain much better than any other system in times of trade depression."

The aggregate income upon which the income tax is payable increased in five years

from 1901-02 to 1906-07, from \$3,037,500,000 to \$3,200,000,000.

The rate of income tax under the present law is absolutely uniform upon all incomes in excess of \$10,000 a year. Mr. Lloyd-George now proposes a supertax upon large incomes. He proposes to limit the supertax to incomes exceeding \$25,000, but to levy it upon the amount by which such incomes exceed \$15,000, and at the rate of 2.4 per cent. upon the amount of excess. An income of \$25,005 will thus pay in supertax 2.4 per cent. on \$10,005. Sir H. Primrose, in his evidence before the Select Committee in 1906, estimated the number of persons in receipt of incomes over \$25,000 a year to be ten thousand and their aggregate income to be \$605,000,000. From this it will be seen that the amount of income liable to supertax would be approximately \$450,000,000.

In addition to the inheritance taxes—that is, taxes which are paid on the bulk of the estate—there are also what are known as the legacy or succession taxes. The tax on an estate of over \$5,000,000 which did not go to a lineal descendant would be ten per cent.; so that in such a case the estate would net the government twenty-five per cent. These succession duties were thus explained by Mr. Lloyd-George: "The rate of legacy and succession duties, where the beneficiary is a brother or sister, or a descendant of a brother or sister of the deceased, will be raised from three to five per cent., while the other legacy and succession duties, which at present vary from five to ten per cent., according to the degree or absence of relationship, will be charged at the uniform rate of ten per cent."

From what has been shown it must be clear that the predatory and other kinds of rich do not receive very much consideration at Mr. Lloyd-George's hands. Clearly, his idea is to tax wealth rather than indigence. But he goes farther than that. Not only does he lay the revenue burdens of government upon the backs best able to support them, but he offers something more substantial than relief from taxation to the poverty-stricken citizens of the nation. Hearken to his humane utterance and compare it with the unconcern of our own government about the welfare of a similar class of our citizens:

"Now I come to the consideration of the social problems which are urgently pressing for solution—problems affecting the lives of

the people. The solution of most, if not all, of these questions involves finance. What the government have to ask themselves is this: Can the whole subject of further social reform be postponed until the increasing demands made upon the national exchequer by the growth of armaments have ceased? Not merely can it be postponed, but ought it to be postponed? Is there the slightest hope that if we defer consideration of the matter we are likely within a generation to find any more favorable moment for attending to it? I confess that, as to that, I am rather pessimistic. And we have to ask ourselves this further question: If we put off dealing with these social sores are the evils which arise from them not likely to grow and to fester until finally the loss which the country sustains will be infinitely greater than any thing it would have to bear in paying the cost of an immediate remedy? There are hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children in this country now enduring hardships for which the sternest judge would not hold them responsible, hardships entirely due to circumstances over which they have not the slightest command—the fluctuations and changes of trade, or even of fashions, ill health, and the premature breakdown or death of the breadwinner. Owing to events of this kind, all of them beyond human control—at least beyond the control of the victims—thousands, and I am not sure I should be wrong if I said millions, are precipitated into a condition of acute distress and poverty. How many people there are of this kind in this wealthy land the figures of old-age pensions have thrown a very unpleasant light upon. Is it fair, is it just, is it humane, is it honorable, is it safe, to subject such a multitude of our poor fellow countrymen and countrywomen to continued endurance of these miseries until the nations have learned enough wisdom not to squander their resources on huge machines for the destruction of human life?"

Mr. Lloyd-George said he had found upon investigation that there are between two and three hundred thousand paupers over seventy years of age in Great Britain. Their pauperism disqualified them from the old-age pension of five shillings a week, and the chancellor said it would be too heavy a charge for the national exchequer to take over the whole burden of paying the full five shillings to all the deserving cases out of that number. But he thought the national government ought to

do something toward sustaining them. These paupers, Mr. Lloyd-George said, cost something like one and a half or two million pounds a year on the local rates of the country. He said that he and the president of the local government board had been negotiating with some of the leading representatives of local authorities with a view to seeing "whether we could not divide the charge between us." These negotiations, he stated, had taken a very hopeful turn.

When Bismarck was strengthening the foundations of the new German empire one of the first tasks he undertook was the organization of a scheme which insured the German workman and his family against the common accidents of life, such as breakdown in health or loss of employment due to industrial depression. That scheme is still in operation in Germany, and Mr. Lloyd-George said he considered it superb.

"Wherever I went in Germany," said he, "north or south, and whomever I met, whether it was an employer or a workman, a Conservative or a Liberal, a Socialist or a trade union leader, all of one accord spoke in the most laudatory terms of the excellent effects which have been achieved by this great system. There were several who wanted extensions; there was not one who wanted to go back on it. The employers admitted that, at first, they did not quite like the new burdens it cast upon them, but they now fully realized the advantages which even they derived from the expenditure, for it had raised the standard of the workmen throughout Germany, and,

by removing the element of anxiety and worry from their lives, it had improved their efficiency."

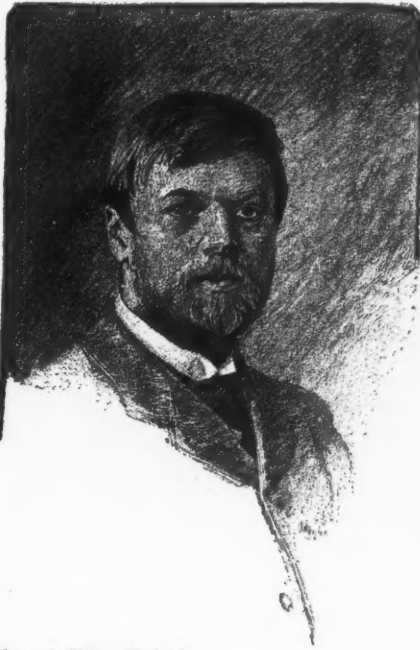
Mr. Lloyd-George said that the government was now giving careful consideration to the best methods for making provision for the unfortunate workmen of Great Britain, and that he hoped "to circulate papers on that point very soon." He said further that the government was pledged to deal on an extensive scale with the question of unemployment. One way of dealing with this problem will be the establishment by the

government of labor exchanges throughout the country. Justifying this measure, which is preliminary to the adoption of a scheme of unemployment insurance, the chancellor said,

"It is no part of the function of a government to create work, but it is an essential part of its business to see that the people are equipped to make the best of their own country, are permitted to make the best of their own country."

Probably none of Mr. Lloyd-George's proposals have aroused such powerful antagonism as those with respect to the taxation of land values. The tax on undeveloped land will be charged upon unbuilt-on land only, and all other land of which the capital value does not exceed \$250 an acre will be

exempted, as also any land exceeding that value with respect to which it can be shown to the satisfaction of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue that no part of the value is due to the capability of the land for use for building purposes. Under these provisions all land having a purely agricultural value



Drawn by William Oberhardt

THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND, WHO OWNS MORE
BRITISH SOIL (1,358,600 ACRES) THAN
ANY OTHER INDIVIDUAL

Undeveloped land has fallen under the condemnation of the chancellor, and the House of Lords, whose members' estates comprise so large a part of Great Britain, are decrying the budget as class legislation

will be exempt. Further exemptions will be made for gardens and pleasure-grounds not exceeding an acre in extent, and for parks, gardens, and spaces which are open to the public as of right, or to which reasonable access is granted to the public.

The taxation novelties in the budget have made its author, temporarily at least, the most interesting economist in the world. Lloyd-George is a man of interesting personality as well as interesting theories, and the story of the man is the key to his policies. He is a man of the people. He was left an orphan in infancy, and has had no social or external advantages to aid him in his long, hard climb to power. But he was fortunate in having an unusual sort of man for an uncle. This uncle, who was a shoemaker, had made himself a Latin and French scholar. Believing his nephew to be a lad with promise, he decided to make him a professional man. To that end he tutored the boy in Latin and French, and through what his uncle taught him and put him in the way of acquiring the young man was able to pass the examination for the bar. He became a solicitor at the age of twenty-one. During the early years of his practice in his native village he had a case which made him something of a local hero and extended his reputation to distant parts. An old quarryman before his death had expressed the wish to be buried in the churchyard by the side of his favorite daughter, and the vicar, resenting the service of a legal notice upon him, assigned a grave in a place set apart for suicides. The family and friends of the dead man were indignant, and their indignation was shared by the entire village. The furious family and villagers consulted Mr. Lloyd-George as to their rights, and he advised them to break down the wall, make their way through the churchyard, and bury the old man by the side of his daughter. They followed his advice, and legal proceedings ensued. The case, which attracted considerable attention throughout the country, finally came before Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, who decided that Mr. Lloyd-George's advice was sound and that the villagers were entirely within their rights in the action they took.

At twenty-seven Lloyd-George entered Parliament. He is now forty-five. He was one of the most unpopular men in England during the Boer War, but his opinions were never shaded because of their unpopularity.

Three years ago he was appointed president of the Board of Trade. His administration of that office was signalized by the settlement of the threatened railway strike, and the putting through of the Patents Act.

Lloyd-George is a slim man, of medium stature. He has rather long, black hair, which he brushes back from a pale, wide forehead. He has a very straight, firm mouth and a strong under jaw. His eyes are blue and, whether twinkling with mirth or flashing scorn, are always suggestive of a militant soul. He usually sits side by side on the Treasury bench with Mr. Winston Churchill, with whom he is on almost brotherly terms.

The political enemies of the chancellor are decrying his budget as socialistic and confiscatory. His own claim for it is that it is democratic and humanitarian. He declares frankly his belief that under the existing scheme of taxation in Great Britain an unequal share of the burdens of government falls upon those least able to bear them. And he proposes to shift the burden, making each man carry according to his capacity; that is, according to his means. Read this peroration to his budget speech, and you will get a perfectly clear idea of his purposes:

"This is a war budget! It is a budget for waging implacable warfare against poverty, and I cannot help hoping and believing that before this generation has passed away we shall have made a great advance toward the good time when poverty, with the wretchedness and squalor and human degradation which always follow in its camp, will be as remote from the people of this country as the wolves which once infested its forests."

"A war budget; a budget for waging implacable warfare against poverty!" Surely it is a "banner with a strange device" for a minister of finance to fling to the breeze. Mr. Lloyd-George is a courageous man. His challenge to privilege is couched in no uncertain terms. It is an order to capitulate the citadel.

That it will not be yielded without a struggle is evident from the hostility of such powerful men as Lord Rosebery and Earl Cawdor. Thus it seems probable that the electorate will be appealed to, when, if one may argue from the popular features of the budget, the chancellor will be sustained.



LYACUS WHITTLE GLOBE TROTTER

By Hugh Pendexter
Illustrations by Horace Taylor

How the longing to travel came to the Hobb's Corner grocer, and the trip around the world he planned at the rate of two cents a mile

door, on time to a tick, that the unusual happened. Contrary to all precedent some one entered by the front door. Doc and Mr. Hubbard shivered in nervous joy. As no villager would presume to face Mrs. Whittle in the store after nine o'clock the newcomer must be a stranger. This portended a bit of drama, and the two men summoned enough hardihood to halt in the shadows behind the whip-rack.

"She'll send him a-flukin', Ote," hoarsely whispered Doc.

"She's tuning up now," warned Mr. Hubbard, for Mrs. Whittle, stalking to the cash-drawer, was ominously reminding, "No more sales to-night, sir."

Despite this ultimatum the stranger lounged within the lamp's meager rays, where he held Lyacus's perturbed gaze closely. He was rough of dress, hard of face, and considerably soiled, yet his ragged hat was worn with a rakish grace that bespoke confidence, wide experience, and complete ease.

"No more sales—" Mrs. Whittle was beginning from the gloomy penumbra of the cheese-box and sugar-scoop, when the stranger peered boldly in her direction and paralyzed his hearers by obtruding,

"Say, dame, wot kind of a guy does you t'ink I be?" Then to the stony-faced Lyacus, "Say, Bo, t'run out a nickel's wurt of cheese, an' don't weigh yer flail wid it, neither."

And as Lyacus mechanically cut off a mighty wedge of cheese the stranger critically selected a handful of crackers, appropriated a thirty-five-cent can of sardines accom-

DOC STYPHEN and Ote Hubbard glanced warily at the clock and then yawned as though the hour were extremely late and they were commensurately weary. For twenty years this pantomime had been indulged in nightly, excepting Sundays, in Lyacus Whittle's store. The store-keeper's old cronies knew that Mrs. Whittle was scheduled to appear in the back door at eight forty-five o'clock. Five minutes later she would empty the contents of the cash-drawer into her apron, and nine of the clock, sharp, would find the lights out and Lyacus meekly following his spouse up-stairs.

"Good night, Lyacus," sighed Doc, who had halted in the very heart of a pleasing narrative.

"Evening to you, old neighbor," saluted Mr. Hubbard, rising reluctantly from his chair.

This form of parting never varied, and Lyacus, speaking by rule, replied: "Good night, fellers. Wish you'd stay longer."

It was at the conclusion of this ceremony and just as Mrs. Whittle stepped through the

panied by an opener, and seating himself on a goods-box good-naturedly condescended to tear out a few life pages. He had been kicked from a fast freight, the next train passed at ten o'clock; he would wait in the store till it was due.

And he did. For the first time in its history Whittle's store burned a lamp until after nine o'clock. What was equally unprecedented, Mrs. Whittle offered no objections. To Lyacus the situation was intoxicatingly delicious. He was actually listening to an all-world traveler, a man so familiar with metropolises as to give each a nickname. Once started, he rambled on rapidly, pleased, perhaps, with the unsophistication of his audience, or possibly enamored with the prospects of more sardines. His recital reached from coast to coast and nimbly jumped from ocean to ocean. He was at home everywhere. "An' here comes der choo-choo. Good night, ol' hoss." And with one wave of his grimy hand that included several boxes of sardines he was gone.

Thus it was that a lust for wider things, a hunger for travel, filtered into Hobb's Corner and found lodgment in Lyacus Whittle's breast. For the first time he recognized the true nature of the vague yearning which had irritated his inner self for years: he was tainted with the greed for seeing places.

A week passed before he was sufficiently courageous to whisper this discovery to his friends. The effect was tremendous. Doc examined his pulse, while Mr. Hubbard insisted on listening to his lungs.

"If he was only a drinking man I could figger it all out," regretted Doc.

But Lyacus persisted in declaring that he was a rover by nature. "Wait t'll I git my books on travel," he darkly said.

Shortly after this hint Doc Styphen began to receive much unusual mail. There were pamphlets, folders, time-tables, books of assorted tours, advertising all zones and peoples. It transpired that Lyacus had secretly written many American consular agents as well as transportation companies and had indulged in the amiable forgery of signing his friend's name.

"The little woman might suspect something," he explained and apologized as he relieved the amazed Doc of a picture of some scantily appareled natives living a life of ease at the edge of a purple sea, while freshly laundered tourists plucked all the fruit on the page.

Once the tide of seductive information began pouring in there was no stopping it. It seemed that every personally conducted tour on earth was pining for Lyacus Whittle's company, while railroads and steamship lines could not get along without him. Some sent blanks for him to fill out; some wrote chatty letters and invited inquiries. Some gravely took him by the arm, figuratively, and led him into a confidential corner and seriously discussed the advantages of the Nile over the Danube. These confidences and kindly attentions began to wear on Lyacus.

"These people really expect me to take a



FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ITS HISTORY
WHITTLE'S STORE BURNED A LAMP
UNTIL AFTER NINE O'CLOCK

trip," he lamented. "Danged if it ain't gitting serious. Seems almost as if I'd promised 'em I'd go somewhere. I'm ashamed to look the conductor of the up passenger-train in the face."

"By Judas, you've got to do it!" cried Mr. Hubbard, slapping his knee. "Here you've made these companies spend Lawd knows how much in postage. They've trusted you

and believed in you, and you've got to do it."

"Do what?" gasped Doc, his face flushing to a purple in the tensify of his expectations.

"Travel!" cried Mr. Hubbard. "If you don't you're just as bad as a man would be who came in here and made you spend four dollars' worth of time showing goods and then laughed and said he was only fooling and went out without buying nothing."

"Something in that," shivered Lyacus, beginning to feel faint over the suggestion.

"But the cost," whispered Doc, his eyes mechanically focusing on the cash-drawer.

"That is the keynote," sighed Lyacus. "My little woman is the saver of the family, and she keeps me rather short, you know."

Mr. Hubbard glanced apprehensively over his shoulder, and then timorously whispered: "Begin to-day and hold out

on her. Keep back some of the till-money."

"I've kept back ten cents of the egg-money already," confessed Lyacus in a fluttering voice. "Something seemed to tell me to begin saving."

"But where'll you go?" asked Doc, now thoroughly in sympathy with the conspiracy.

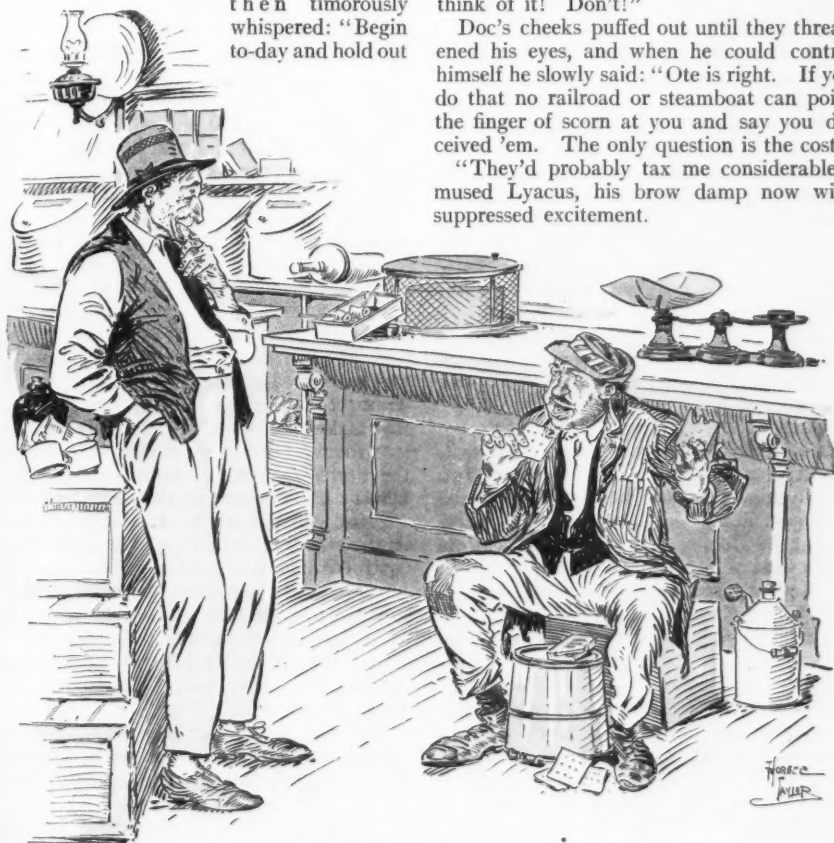
"I—I don't know," faltered Lyacus, tremulously patting some time-tables. "They've all been so kind to me I hate to pick one line and disapp'int the rest on 'em."

Mr. Hubbard struggled violently with a new thought for several seconds, and then exploded: "The only square thing to do is to go the whole hog. Treat 'em all alike. Jest kite clear round the world."

"Oh, Lawd!" choked Lyacus. "I dassent think of it! Don't!"

Doc's cheeks puffed out until they threatened his eyes, and when he could control himself he slowly said: "Ote is right. If you do that no railroad or steamboat can point the finger of scorn at you and say you deceived 'em. The only question is the cost."

"They'd probably tax me considerable," mused Lyacus, his brow damp now with suppressed excitement.



TO LYACUS THE SITUATION WAS INTOXICATINGLY DELICIOUS. HE WAS ACTUALLY LISTENING TO A MAN SO FAMILIAR WITH METROPOLISES AS TO GIVE EACH A NICKNAME

"Huh!" snorted Doc triumphantly. "I have it. I seen by a paper how the law fixes the cost of travel at two cents a mile."

"For going anywhere and everywhere?" eagerly asked Lyacus.

"I don't jest remember what it said, but of course that's it," replied Doc. "Two cents a mile everywhere. It wouldn't be fair to charge one price here and another in, well, say England."

"And if they did charge different prices folks would travel where it was cheapest," reminded Mr. Hubbard sagely. "The law must mean everywhere."

"It sounds reasonable," admitted Lyacus.

"And now, listen to me, men," cried Doc, after figuring desperately on the top of a cracker-barrel; "if my boy's g'ography ain't a liar it's twenty-five thousand miles around the earth. Great Scott! A man could skim all the way round for five hundred dollars."

"And that is measuring on the bulge," reminded Mr. Hubbard, preliminary to interposing a demurrer. "You've picked the fattest place on the globe. I want Ly to do it in good style, but being short of ready money, why not slip up north away from the equator a bit, where the earth is smaller?"

"Two cents a mile," excitedly muttered Lyacus, furtively examining his wallet. "H'm! I've got just fifty dollars and ten cents."

"Gimme a map," Doc sternly commanded, rising long enough to tip over an oil-can. "Gimme one I can figger out twenty-five hundred and five miles on."

Lyacus found one used in advertising soap, and the three heads were soon bowed over it.

"Strike a straight line due west at two cents a mile and you'd land in Walla Walla, or mebbe a few miles beyond it," gravely announced Doc, sticking a black-headed pin in the state of Washington.

"We was speaking of something with foreign in it," mildly reminded Lyacus.

"But you've got to git a start," defended Doc.

"Why not tag this blue streak down to the Barbados, some eighteen hundred and twenty nine miles, and have about seven hundred miles left to squander on interior?" eagerly suggested Mr. Hubbard.

"Don't you see, Ote, that ain't going round the world?" remonstrated Doc. "Besides, he'd lose too much ground in going up hill as he approached the equator."

"The figgers was writ so plain and it was

such easy figgering," apologized Mr. Hubbard.

"Kindly remember, Ote, there's got to be some system to this. I ain't going to jump off into space and pay two cents a mile without knowing where I'm due to fetch up," rebuked Lyacus.

Mr. Hubbard bowed humbly and meekly indicated a line extending eastward and suggested that that be followed.

"It's cable," coldly informed Doc. "Here's our line, the red one. Huh! We've got twenty-five hundred and five miles and not a danged inch more." And he laboriously studied the scale. Then he complained: "Dod rot it! We're just two hundred and forty-five miles shy of making the Azores."

"Lost at sea that distance from land," shuddered Mr. Hubbard.

"Wait a minute," whispered Lyacus, his voice shaking; and he stole to the cash-drawer. As he returned his hand gave forth a clinking sound, and he said: "If she knew it she'd skin me, but I won't be left in mid-ocean for the need of no four dollars and ninety cents. Kindly stick that pin in the Azores."

Gaining in new ambitions, Doc fondled another pin and sighed: "Oh, for twenty dollars! It would just take you to Gibraltar."

While regretting the necessity of stopping at the Azores that night Lyacus eagerly assured them that if he swapped horses on the morrow he would retain the twenty dollars boot he was to receive and in that way make "Old Gib," as he fondly styled it.

"Hooray!" softly shouted Doc, pounding the barrel. "Improve on that idea. Tell her you had to give twenty dollars boot, and I'll land you in Naples. It's good as done." And another pin was employed to invade Italy.

"It—it makes me feel nervous the way we hustle along so fast," murmured Lyacus, pressing his temples. "I don't remember seeing nothing of lay belle France. I'll be in the Orient before I know it. It's—it's almost like going round the world in a express package."

Doc might have taken offense had not Mr. Hubbard afforded a diversion by groaning loudly and ejaculating: "Oh, Lawd! What fools we be!"

"What d'ye mean?" choked Lyacus, instinctively shielding Naples with his hand.

"Feed," grimly replied Mr. Hubbard. "How 'n sin can you travel without eating?"

"The two cents a mile don't include my meals, then?" timidly asked Lyacus.

"Not 'less you're traveling in that express package you was bragging about," moodily replied Doc. "Well, if we must, we must. S'pose we call it a dollar a day for grub?"

Lyacus opposed this as being extravagant, but was finally won over. Some data on the back of the map gave ten days as the mail time between New York and Rome. Lyacus reminded them that he was not a letter, but the others insisted that he must plan for a swift trip. Figuring that five hundred miles had been lost for the sake of food, that distance was measured off west of Naples. Mr. Hubbard slowly announced that it would bring the traveler within swimming distance of Balearic. Lyacus remarked that the island was so small he did not believe there would be room for him to land. This incited Doc to regret that the western route had not been adhered to. Lyacus replied that as the Pacific Ocean was the main obstacle he preferred to surmount it on his way home.

Doc eyed him sternly and then accused: "You're hankering to spend the night in Rome. All right; I'll lend you ten dollars." The money was passed over, and Lyacus breathed in deep relief. A mild discussion of the City on Seven Hills was enjoyed.

Mrs. Whittle frowned that night on emptying the till. The receipts were far below normal. She remarked it to her husband, but he, hiding a pamphlet under the counter, declared he could give no explanation, not even if he were hurled from the Tarpeian rock. Nor did his Latinisms and bubbling temperament tend to cause her bent brows to relax as the evening wore thin.

On the morrow she was greatly disgruntled on learning the boot he had paid in a horse trade. He did not seem to sense her bitter criticism, but continued lost in abstraction until late afternoon, when he bought a quantity of butter from a farmer. A careless, voluble humor came over him now, and he whistled much in jumping a red and a black pin across Italy to Pescara. The red pin indicated a day's food and the black pin the hundred miles traveled.

"I believe you paid that man three dollars too much," snapped Mrs. Whittle. "I can't make it come right."

"Nonsense, my dear," he replied. "Just picture the blue waters of the Adriatic, bathed in the glorious——"

In sharp-voiced irritation she left him.



DOC STYPHEN BEGAN TO RECEIVE MUCH UNUSUAL MAIL

He did not heed her displeasure: the map was his master. The lust for completing its girdle with pins was ever upon him. Then when the girdle was completed he would take the path in the flesh. Ah, what sacrifices could he make to extend the snaky lines of red and black!

As if answering his silent query an ancient debtor now appeared and unexpectedly paid a bill of seven dollars. Whistling in shrill joy Lyacus nervously studied the scale and placed two pins in Alessio, Turkey, three hundred miles farther east.

"The boys will opine I'm hiking right along," he gloated. "Oh, for fourteen dollars more and I'd be in Constantinople, plus my fodder."

As anticipated, Mr. Hubbard and Doc were overjoyed that evening to learn of their comrade's noble progress. "By Judas, you'll be weighing anchor inside of a month at this clip!" cried Mr. Hubbard.

"Inside of two weeks if the store holds out," warmly corrected Doc. "If we could only make a big killing and scoot through India on the jump!"

"If Herm Tuttle comes in to-morrer and pays what he owes me I'll be cracking my heels in Ispahan, Persia," whispered Lyacus, his eyes gleaming. "I figger it twelve hundred miles and four dollars for grub—just twenty-eight dollars."

"Lyacus!" called his wife from the back door. "You give the Whitten boy a dollar for the washing."

She meant for him to pay from his pocket, and after doing so he groaned and attempted to measure fifty miles west of Alessio.

"It'll bring you in the surf," warned Mr. Hubbard. "Why not go on half rations for a day and stick there?"

"We'll find the real pull will come in Tibet," sighed Lyacus.

"Afghanistan," shortly corrected Doc, scowling at the map.

"Once he strikes the Pacific he's got to go through with it," reminded Mr. Hubbard.

"I won't count my bridges till they're hatched," bravely declared Lyacus. The wisdom of this was evidenced almost immediately, when he was called upon to pay nine dollars and fifty cents lodge dues. As his wife disapproved of all secret societies and little knew he was a charter member of the Amalgamated Order of Blue Warriors, there was nothing to do but groan and retreat the pins to Bologna.

"It'll be a tussle to git me out of Europe," lamented Lyacus, as they parted for the night. "And I'm gitting sick of Italy."

His fears took on the nature of a careful prophecy, as it proved exceedingly difficult to leave the shadow of the Alps. Once, by a dare-devil bit of trading he jumped to Berat and bade fair to make Mt. Olympus, when a neighbor's note, bearing his endorsement, went to protest, and he was beaten back to Milan. Slowly and painfully he crawled down the peninsula, not daring to take the sea because of the smallness of his gains. Dime by dime, mile by mile, he fought his path to Otranto, where he paused and drew a deep breath for the leap across the strait to Corfu.

The strain now began to affect his usually cheery manner. He became silent and moody and curtly reminded his two friends it was no joke to be strapped in Europe. "Let me pass the Bosphorus and I'll chirk up," he gruffly promised, filching fifty cents from the tobacco money. "Fourteen dollars would do it handsome."

Next day he received fifteen dollars from a commission merchant, it being an unsuspected balance in an apple deal. It was such a peculiar thing for a commission merchant to do that the trio gasped in awe as Lyacus drove a pin through Constantinople's midriff. An hour later an insolvent horse dashed through the store window and did twenty-five dollars' worth of damage, and Lyacus renewed his song of sorrow on finding himself in a chalet on the edge of Switzerland.

"Lawd!" gasped Mr. Hubbard. "If Doc and me had only realized how hard it is to run one of these danged tours we'd 'a' kept out of it."

"Please don't talk that way," begged Lyacus.

"We won't desert you in Switzerland," gloomily assured Doc, "but something big has got to be did to break this cussed spell. If you can git to Upper Burma I'll breathe easy. Ain't you got any jewelry you can sell?"

Lyacus shook out a sad negative, but was precluded from speaking by Mr. Hubbard's trembling voice whispering: "I have it! Burglars must break in and steal—h'm! lemme see. To Hongkong you need four thousand four hundred miles plus your fodder, or one hundred and ten dollars. From Hongkong to New York is ten thousand five hundred and ninety miles and thirty



"IF HERM TUTTLE COMES IN TO-MORRER AND PAYS WHAT HE OWES ME I'LL BE CRACKING MY HEELS IN ISPAHAN, PERSIA," WHISPERED LYACUS

days for the trip, or two hundred and forty-one dollars and eighty cents. The burglars must steal three hundred and fifty-one dollars and eighty cents to a penny."

"What burglars?" exclaimed Lyacus.

"The kind that will hand back the money next day," murmured Mr. Hubbard archly.

"The insurance company will pay me two hundred and sixty-five dollars and forty cents next week for the loss of my barn," muttered Lyacus.

"When'll you start?" nervously asked Mr. Hubbard, after the bold robbery of Whittle's store had ceased to be food for gossip.

"Early to-morrer, before she is awake," sighed Lyacus. "I'll pack my valise and leave it at Doc's to-night."

"We shall miss ye like sin," said Mr. Hubbard.

"Bring me home a sea-shell from the river Jordan," requested Doc.

"I'd rather have a bottle of the water," supplemented Mr. Hubbard. Lyacus, busy spanning the Pacific with a trestle of pins, nodded his head slowly.

The pale gray of early dawn was accusatory in its silence as Lyacus stole down-stairs, his shoes in his hand. He had only to procure his valise from Doc Styphen's porch and catch the early stage. Now that he was at the apex of his ambitions the old store somehow looked mighty inviting and home-like. He surveyed the old counter and ancient shelves lovingly; then he suddenly decided to leave a line for his wife. He had originally planned to write to her from New York, but now that did not seem enough. He was beginning to feel guilty at the deceit he had practised in stealing from himself to make out the passage money.

"Lycus," broke in a faint voice, and he turned from the counter and faced her.

"Lyacus," she repeated, now speaking in a whimper and drawing nearer to him.

As for years she had been a stranger to any form of tenderness he stared stupidly at her white figure and almost forgot his perturbation at her appearance.

"I could not let you go to work until I had confessed," she sobbed. "I could not let you begin another day till you knew all. When you got up to go to work—to work for me—I had to follow and tell you all. Brother John needed money to git him out of trouble, and I drew nearly six hundred dollars out of the bank and let him have it, and he has gone to Europe, and we'll probably never git the money back." She stood mute and drooping as if waiting for a sentence.

Lyacus leaned numbly against the counter and gazed vacantly at the cheese-box. His gathering emotions were varied. Their joint bank-account was nearly exhausted; she had deceived him.

"He is in Italy now," she dully continued, fearing the silence.

"Poor cuss," murmured Lyacus. "Does he send you any picter cards? Tell him to send some of Constantinople."

"You will forgive me?" she whispered.

He fully realized now that she was tensely

human; she could deceive as well as he. This was not the Mrs. Whittle he had planned to leave for a while.

"My dear," he mumbled, fumbling in his pockets and dislodging a pair of colored spectacles, to be worn in crossing the Alps, "I always felt your brother would cut up some day. Here's a little money I've been saving that will just about make up the deficit. Only don't do it again without telling me. We shouldn't have secrets from each other."

As Doc Styphen and Mr. Hubbard cautiously peered in the door and beheld Lyacus cheerily dusting the counter their amazement increased.

"Git caught?" hoarsely whispered Mr. Hubbard, while Doc slyly held up the valise and then concealed it behind his broad back.

Lyacus pointed a lean finger at the map, where an army of red and black pins was bunched on Hobb's Corner, and explained: "Not caught, but just got back. Great trip. Stormy across the Pacific. I'll show some nice picters of Italy in a day or so. Come in to-night and we'll talk it over. Oh, by the way, fellers, beginning to-night we keep open till eleven o'clock."

The Derelict

By Charles Buxton Going

ALONE, at last and forever, thou and I!

I am thine own, and thou my lord, O Sea.

Low in thy vast uplifting arms I lie;

Stripped of man-made bondage, I yield to thee.

No more driven by wills opposed to thine,

Forced to traverse thy moods and flout thy wrath;

The sea-wrack and the wind-track now are mine,

The wave-lift and the spindrift mark my path.

Gulf Stream and gale henceforth shall call me mate;

Swung by the rolling plunge and streaming lift,

Or surging dumb through the fog and ice, in wait

For groping ships that wail in the dark, I drift.

Yea, I am one with thee, my lord, to rove

Long, wild sea ways that none before have trod,

Heaving in silence, while strange stars above

Lift their mysterious eyes afar to God.



Some Storied Tapestries

A THUMBNAIL SKETCH OF THE FAMOUS BARDAC HANGINGS WHICH WERE RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN FOR THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK

By Perriton Maxwell

THAT three mere shreds of cloth, strangely figured, weirdly beautiful, and handed down to our work-wearied era by one of spendthrift leisure, should have recently been purchased at the price of a senator's soul is a fact that has awakened the wonder of the philistines. Quaint is the artistry and rich are the colorings of these story-telling fabrics—the tapestries of one Jean Fouquet, painter, designer, and gentleman of France in the year of grace 1450. Little is known of Fouquet, as little, indeed, as we know of his contemporary, the cutpurse poet, Villon; and like the latter, Fouquet, though of humble origin, was a born esthete. More, perhaps, than by any other means, historical or pictorial, do these tapestries give us an insight into the manners, the costumes, and the facial characteristics of a race and day almost as alien to our own as the hairy creatures of the Paleolithic period. These tapestries have just been placed

on public view in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, to which institution they were presented by J. Pierpont Morgan; and thereby hangs a tale.

Mr. Morgan, as the world knows, nurses a merry little habit of making costly art-gifts to the big museum in New York; it is his pet hobby, like Andrew Carnegie's hobby of presenting bookless libraries to indifferent cities and Mrs. Russell Sage's gentle generousities to the American heathen. For these tapestries of Fouquet our multi-connoisseur paid a trifle of seventy-five thousand dollars. It is great fun, this unearthing of pretty treasures and compelling the newspapers to comment on one's perspicacity and art knowledge. One longs to be a wealthy banker for the sheer joy of giving something to the Metropolitan Museum. But, let it be clearly understood, in presenting these rare old tapestries to the artistic treasure-house of Manhattan the donor has done a good day's work, for they are



Some Storied Tapestries



pictured history seen through the eyes of a poet.

Once the property of M. Sigismond Bardac, a noted collector and amateur of Paris, the tapestries first became widely familiar to art-lovers during the Exhibition of Primitives, held in the Louvre in 1904. Prior to that time they were known chiefly to a few connoisseurs. That they have passed through many hands and adorned the walls of many great chateaux is easy of

conjecture. Their travels and vicissitudes would make an engaging bit of literature. When they were openly shown in the Louvre they were the marvel of the art-world in the world's art-center, and the experts who have charge of the French state collections determined to buy these beautiful textiles for the perpetual delectation of the Latin Republic. Meanwhile M. Bardac had sold his precious weavings to a wealthy collector, and the committee of conservators of the national collections appealed to the Minister of Public Instruction for authorization to buy the tapestries from their new owner. It goes without saying that the price had gone up a louis or two.

A deal of French language and more of gesticulation were expended on the matter, but not a sou in the coin of the realm. Then came upon the scene a trustee of the Metropolitan Museum—none other, we suspect, than Mr. Morgan himself. With one hand upon his heart and the other on his

check-book he declared his desire to possess the Bardac relics. He had information of the delay in purchasing the tapestries for La Belle France; he asked the price, and his answer was a question, How much would monsieur and his colleagues of the Metropolitan pay for the incomparable masterpieces? Monsieur was frank enough to name a good, round figure, and monsieur was given an option on the tapestries. Monsieur le financier was on the point of drawing his check for them when M. Migeon, the conservator, managed to delay the simple transaction. Also monsieur le conservateur later permitted himself a burst of hysteria, biting his thumb at all

America and ended by writing a letter to Mr. Morgan, in which he coldly begged the latter to withhold all action until such time as the directors of the Louvre, where they properly belonged, could effect the purchase of the tapestries.

Graciously Mr. Morgan replied that M. Migeon and his associates need feel no further uneasiness in the matter, that neither the Metropolitan Museum nor himself personally would lift finger or pen to prevent the Louvre from acquiring the tapestries, and that monsieur le conservateur and the French government had all eternity in which to raise a fund to buy the superb rags. M. Migeon was deeply moved by this noble restraint and set forth to embrace his great opportunity. Some months later, in a tear-stained note to the Metropolitan, by way of Mr. Morgan's office, M. Migeon confessed his utter failure to raise sufficient money for the purchase of Fouquet's handiworks, and with



dramatic calm resigned all claims to them. The tapestries were promptly bought and shipped into this country. So much for their later history.

In groups representing grand dames and gentlemen of the period, standing among conventionalized rose-bushes and looking upon life with easy nonchalance, the figures are decidedly interesting in the infinite care with which the details of their costumes are drawn. These quaint but richly dressed ladies and courtiers belong to the second quarter of the fifteenth century. They are almost photographic in their realism, and the effect is vastly heightened by the wide alternating stripes of green, red, and white upon which they are posed. The hangings



found in the jurisdiction of the Parlement, owed this homage. They chose a day when there was an audience in the great chamber, and the peer who was presenting the baillie had all the chambers of the Parlement hung with flowers and sweet-smelling herbs before the audience. He gave a splendid breakfast to the presidents, councilors, clerks, and henchmen of the court; then he came into each chamber, having borne before him a great silver basin filled not only with bouquets of pinks, roses, and other flowers, either natural or made of silk, as many as there were officers, but also with as many crowns enhanced with his arms. After this homage he held audi-



ence in the great chamber, then the mass was said, the hautboys played and continued to play before the president during dinner. There was no subaltern officer down to him who wrote the register who did not receive his due of roses. The origin of this custom is unknown, but it existed not only at the Parlement of Paris, but also at all the other Parlements of the kingdom." For their human interest alone, some of these nobles and grand dames have been plucked from their rose-embowered backgrounds, so that one may the better study their trappings and their poise. It is plain that they are not pretty from the modern viewpoint, but then, standards of beauty are no more fixed than are standards of thought and custom.





Fate and a Cook

By
Percy Waxman
Drawings by
Adolph Treidler

personified. She was comfortable to look at—despite the willowy fashions. She dwelt comfortably. She enjoyed her very leisure leisurely, and her household had been comfortably looked after by Bridget, who knew Tom's gustatory inclinations so thoroughly that little effort had been necessary for Janet. Her domestic dominion had of her own desire become more and more nominal during Bridget's régime. Do you

wonder she was put out when her culinary treasure announced her matrimonial intentions?

"But, Bridget," she said, almost wailingly, "you really don't mean that you're going to leave us?" The crescendo of despair reached its climax at the word "us."

"An' shure, ma'am," was the amiable rejoinder, "it's nothin' else in the wurld but me Tim b'y that I'd be afther lavin' yez fur, but it's impatient fur me he is, afther waitin' these three years." Bridget's smile was almost coy as she twisted the end of her apron. Her mistress tried cajolery. She tried tears. She tried threats. She tried to make Bridget feel ungrateful, but all to no avail. Miss Bridget deftly shifted all responsibility for her action on to Mr. Timmy O'Brien's shoulders, and there the matter ended as far as she was concerned.

Janet Kennedy, feeling the effects of the unusual effort caused by her remonstrance, accepted the inevitable with an implied dissatisfaction. Then her troubles began. She had to find a new Bridget. She knew that

IT really all began through Janet Kennedy's cook leaving suddenly. Lombroso would probably call it something with four syllables ending in "itis," but the fact remains that the whole affair started when Bridget left to be married. She'd been with the Kennedys four years. No wonder the Kennedys had begun to look upon Bridget with an almost feudal pride. And now, right at the beginning of June, she must go and leave to be married.

Janet Kennedy disliked having her routine altered or jarred with even more than the usual feminine dislike of sudden change. During the past five years of her life she had reached a stage of comfortable lassitude to which Tom Kennedy had good-naturedly but ignorantly contributed. Janet was comfort

wouldn't be easy. And that made her think of Tom. Whenever things didn't seem easy to her she thought of Tom, and that usually meant asking him to relieve her of her burden. This time she wasn't so sure that it was quite the thing to press Tom into service. It was usually considered a woman's work to superintend such matters. But oh, dear, it was a bore! After considerable introspective controversy Janet decided to act. She visited what is euphemistically termed an "intelligence office." Janet didn't find much intelligence at the first office she visited, and after several vain efforts to secure even a temporary successor to her departing treasure she returned home much discouraged.

When Tom arrived home that evening he found her splendidly gowned and hatted ready to go out. Disguising whatever surprise he felt at seeing Janet so unusually ready, he asked her where she was going. Janet, in a somewhat circumlocutory fashion, explained Bridget's defection and then more graphically detailed her most tiresome day's servant-hunting and wound up by requesting the ever-gentle Tom to take her to some restaurant for dinner that night and she'd be sure and get a cook the next day. What man could show anger under such circumstances? Wasn't she all "dressed up" for him? And wasn't she ready and waiting? Tom whispered a few words in confidence to his shirt-front as he changed his collar, and that's all there was to it.

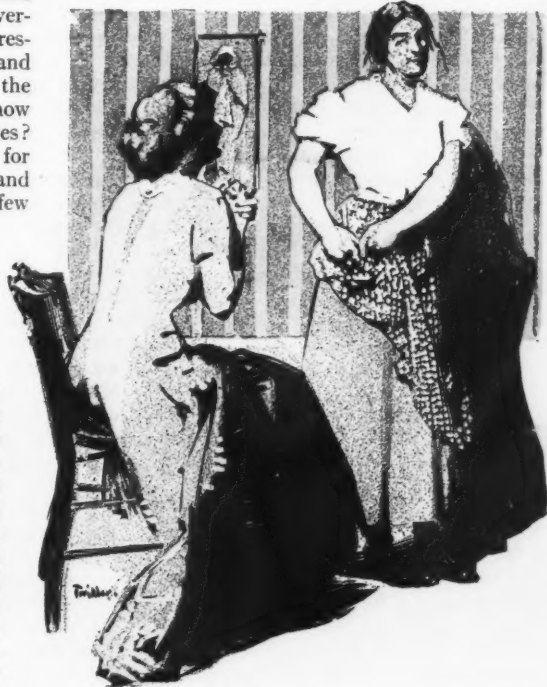
The next day Janet resolved to omit "intelligence offices," and visited the more desirable employment bureaus in the city, but again without success. She went to interview, but found herself interviewed by several ladies in several languages. Tom dined in a restaurant again that night.

Janet began studying the "Help Wanted" columns and found it less tiresome. One can send postals to those whose advertisements sound attractive, and that's easy. Sometimes they come, too. Janet received as many as four applicants in person out of fifteen who said

they'd call, but there wasn't a Bridget among the lot.

The amiable Tom began to show some signs of uneasiness. He didn't care about dining out every night after a hard day at the office, and he actually told Janet so. You don't want to hear the precise method of feminine self-justification she employed, but it kept Tom silent for another few days, when he again expressed some modicum of surprised dissatisfaction at his very undomestic state of domesticity.

Janet explained somewhat forcibly how unreasonable he was and what she had done to try to get a new cook and how she was wearing herself to a shadow for his comfort and how she— But you can guess all that, can't you? The main point in her monologue was just before her lacrimal glands began to work. She said between sobs: "If—you—think—you—can—d-d-d-o-o b-b-better—why—d-d-don't—y-you — d-do — it yourself? I'm s-s-sure—I've h-h-had—enough."



"BUT, BRIDGET," SHE SAID, ALMOST WAILINGLY, "YOU REALLY DON'T MEAN THAT YOU'RE GOING TO LEAVE US?"

After curbing his masculine desire to tear his hair at the sight of her tears, Tom held her in his arms, saying: "There, there, little woman; don't cry! I didn't mean anything. Of course you're upset and all that. It's been very tiring, I know. I'll have a shot at it myself to-morrow."

"Oh, will you, Tom dear?" Janet's grief was instantaneously healed by Tom's speech, and she smiled with eyes glistening with delight.

"Sure I will," said Tom, only too glad that she had stopped crying so easily. Most men are like Tom. They feel like giving a woman anything if she'll only stop crying. When she stops they feel like getting it back again. However, Janet promised to look through the papers and mark off all the likely sounding employment-wanted announcements and Tom could do the rest, which meant that Tom could do the work while Janet did the resting.

While Tom was busy in his office the next afternoon Janet 'phoned. "Hello, hello! Is that you, Tom?"

"Yes, dear."

"Oh, Tom," chirped Janet, "can you come home right away?"

"Why, what on earth's the matter?" said Tom, almost alarmed.

"Oh, nothing, nothing," said Janet; "but I've found one, a spl——"

"One what?" asked Tom, absolutely forgetting the problem raging in his home. Men are so forgetful.

"An advertisement. And," went on Janet excitedly, "it says to call at once or it will be too late."

"But, dear," argued Tom, "I can't leave my office now to go and call on a cook."

"It isn't a cook, Tom," cried Janet. "That's why you have to go now. Listen while I read the clipping."

There was a moment's delay while Janet fumbled for the clipping. Tom smiled a sea-green smile and waited.

"Hello!" the voice said.

"Yes, I'm waiting," replied Tom.

"Well, here it is," replied Janet, reading out the clipping: "A lady leaving town would like to place her cook. Has been in family five years. Reliable. Sober. Splendid cook. Call between four and six. Apartment 16, Asbury Apts. 74th St. There, Tom, doesn't that sound fine?"

"Seems all right to me, Janet. But—er," Tom hesitated, "why don't *you* go, dear? I'm frightfully busy."

"I'm not dressed, Tom," pleaded Janet, "and besides, you know our agreement—you said you'd do some of the work, too, Tom."

"Very well, then," said Tom resignedly. "I'll go. Good-by."

Five minutes after ringing off he was in the subway. Leaving it again at Seventy-second Street, the fashionable Asbury Apartments soon loomed in front of him, and he sent up his name to apartment sixteen.

"Mrs. Clements says to go right up, sir," said the elevator-boy, and Tom did so. A maid showed him into a well-furnished drawing-room, and in a few moments Mrs. Clements swished gently through the portières. She was a very handsome woman and not old, as Tom had expected. He didn't know why he expected it, but he did. As soon as the lady caught sight of her visitor up went her eyebrows, and she stopped dead.

"Tom Kennedy—of all people in the world!" was her greeting in surprised crescendo.

"Marcia Reynolds, by the gods of war!" cried Tom, no less surprised. "Well, of all the——"

"Not Marcia Reynolds any longer, Tom; but Marcia Clements." Mrs. Clements watched him closely as she gave the information.

"Marcia Clements?" repeated Tom. "Clements? Then I infer that you're married," as if a great new thought had suddenly dawned on him.

"Correct, Sherlock," and Mrs. Clements showed a row of mighty pretty teeth as she laughed.

Tom looked as if he'd have liked to ask a whole heap of questions regarding the lady's matrimonial affairs, but after one or two attempts to do so without seeming impolite he ceased. Then followed one of those interesting conversations in which every second sentence begins "and don't you remember?"

"I can't get over it—meeting you like this after all these years. Let me see, how many is it?" questioned Tom, but he looked as if he knew.

"Nearly four, you forgetful man." Mrs. Clements sighed gently. "It seems forty-four sometimes. You know I haven't seen you since Naples."

"Oh, Naples," Tom broke in with a reminiscient light on his face. "Do you remember," he went on excitedly, "that drive we took away out to Baja and Posilipo and



on to that old lake—er—what the mischief was its name?

You know, Marcia."

"Oh, do you mean Lago Fusarò?"

"Yes, that's the name. And do you remember the beggars that ran after our

carriage and how they pelted flowers at you and how they did scramble for the pennies we threw at them? And do you remember the old granny who carried that beautiful boy and how she howled when I asked her to sell him? Gee! what a day that was!" and Tom ran his hand through his hair as if it helped to recall the scene. "Was that four years ago, Marcia? It seems like yesterday to me."

"Yes, it's four years all right, Tom," said Mrs. Clements softly as she quite unnecessarily smoothed out a couple of folds in her skirt.

"Marcia," said Tom, "weren't we a couple of fools to let a small disagreement separate us?"

"Now, Tom, that's all over," interjected Marcia. "Don't let's get to harrowing up the past."

"But, Marcia," went on Tom in a very grieved tone, but again the lady interrupted.

"Tell me, Tom," and she smiled at the thought, "how did you come to be calling on me to-day? I hadn't the slightest idea you were in New York or even knew where I lived."

"Oh! Great Scott!" said Tom, for the first time remembering why he *had* called. Then he laughed.

"You seem to find considerable amusement in my question. Mayn't I know the joke?" Mrs. Clements smiled in that uncertain way women have when they don't quite see a joke.

"Well, the fact is," Tom explained between chuckles, "I didn't come to see you at all."

"What?" cried Mrs. Clements, still further confused.

"You see," Tom gurgled, "I called to see your cook."

"My cook!" gasped Mrs. Clements.

"Yes," said Tom, all grins, "I came in answer to your advertisement, never dreaming I'd see you, but since seeing you I'd absolutely forgotten everything else."

"Graceful as ever, I see, Tom," said Mrs. Clements. "So you came after my cook. Well, well, isn't that too funny for words? You sought my cook and—"

"Found you, Marcia," Tom interrupted almost fervently, "and you can't guess how glad I am to see you again after—"

"But let us stick to the business that has brought you here. You'll want to know all about Ellen—"

"Oh, that can wait, Marcia. I'm really in no hurry about that." Tom thought for an instant of what Janet would have said to that—but only for an instant. "You see, I can come and see you to-morrow or some other day about the cook, but to-day I'm so glad to see you again that—er—I have no mind for business." Tom looked at his companion's pretty, smiling face and felt how true his remark was. He was just about to follow it up with something equally brilliant when he suddenly heard a clock chime the half-hour. "For heaven's sake," he burst forth as he glanced at the clock, "Janet will have a fit if I don't get home. May I call to-morrow, Marcia, and see about the cook?"

"Very well, Tom," assented Mrs. Clements as he rose to go.

"Then about four to-morrow," said Tom as he picked up his hat. "And, Marcia," his voice again became ardent, "I can't tell you how glad I am to see you. You look just the same as when I last saw you, only—" he paused.

"Don't be afraid to say it, Tom. I know I'm older."

"That isn't what I meant," he answered with genuine emphasis. He colored like a school boy and said, approaching the door: "I meant you looked the same—only prettier. Good-by, Marcia. Four to-morrow."

Never



mind what Tom told Janet about his call. He promised her a new cook in a day or two; spoke of one or two difficulties in the way of her coming right away. Oh, yes, it would be all right in a day or two. In the meantime they could still dine at a restaurant or a hotel or anywhere as far as he was concerned. He didn't care where. Janet was very much surprised and, after the manner of her sex, wondered a little, but she said nothing. It merely meant less trouble for her.

The next evening Tom 'phoned he'd dine at the club. Same thing the evening after that, and the next. Said he was very busy whenever he didn't come home. He was, too. But he neglected to inform Janet that he 'phoned from Mrs. Clements' apartment. Janet still went cookless. Tom still gave explanations and bought her a new frock. Janet still wondered.

Meanwhile Tom seemed very, very busy and dined out very regularly. Incidentally Mrs. Clements had resolved not to leave the city, after all. That meant she was going to keep her cook. When Tom told Janet of this he advised her to go to a hotel at Lakewood for a few weeks, as he might have to leave town on important business.

Janet dutifully closed her apartment, left a maid in charge, and went off to enjoy some golf, never suspecting Tom's real intentions. Well, it just *has* to be told.

A few days after Janet left town she received a message from Tom, saying that he was going on a most eventful journey. He was going on his honeymoon with an old sweetheart named Marcia Clements.

Oh! did you know that Marcia Clements was a widow and that Janet Kennedy was Tom's sister?



JANET WENT TO INTERVIEW, BUT FOUND HERSELF INTERVIEWED BY SEVERAL LADIES IN SEVERAL LANGUAGES



THE SUGAR TRUST, A VERITABLE JUGGERNAUT,
CRUSHED OUT THE LIFE OF ITS COMPETITORS

The Rebate Conspiracy

By Charles P. Norcross

Editor's Note.—In this instalment of the story of the sugar trust the "Trail of the Hunger Tax" is followed into the worlds of high finance and of petty thievery. It is shown how the trust reduced the railroads to a condition of abject slavery, receiving concessions and cash rebates amounting to millions of dollars; it is related how many millions more were filched from the federal government by a contemptible system of short weighing unworthy of a common pickpocket; how the facts relating to this system of big and little thievery were discovered and brought to the attention of the Attorney-General; how indictments were brought against the trust and its subsidiary companies; how by the payment under fire of one lump sum of a million dollars the trust admitted its guilt and was compelled to begin the restitution of money stolen from the public over a long series of years. It is not a pretty story—this great trust standing indicted for grand and petty larceny; nor is it "muck-raking." It is merely a fact-story telling of the lawless and unscrupulous methods by which for many years the public has been victimized and which at the present moment are bringing the trust to an accounting before the federal courts of justice and the bar of public opinion.

IT was a chill winter afternoon. The sun glinted feebly through the long, old-fashioned windows of the converted offices of the Department of Justice, in Washington. The massive old brick building with its cheery fires and soft air of richness in appearance seemed remote indeed from the headquarters of the legal department of the government. Ira A. Place, counsel for the New York Central Railroad, was talking with William H. Moody, then attorney-general, now a justice of the United States Supreme Court. The case at issue was a suit the government contemplated undertaking against the New York Central

for alleged rebating, under the title of differentials, in the operation of an industrial railroad spur at Schenectady.

"I don't think," said Mr. Place, in effect, "that the government should place us in the light of lawbreakers. We are obeying not only the letter but the intent of the law."

It is a wonder that the Attorney-General was able to keep a straight face, for at that time he had in his possession most convincing proof of widespread rebating on the part of the Central in connection with refunds to the American Sugar Refining Company.

Late in December, 1905, a representative

The Rebate Conspiracy

of William Randolph Hearst and the newspapers he controls, but acting for the *New York American* especially, went to Washington with a mass of documents, memoranda, papers, and letters, dealing with the rebating by the sugar trust, among them a most conclusive letter written by F. L. Pomeroy, then freight agent of the New York Central, agreeing to refund five cents a hundred-weight on all shipments of sugar from New York to Detroit. The Attorney-General was advised exhaustively of the nature of the evidence submitted, and was so impressed by its apparent validity that he said he did not care to take up the matter further at the office, but wished to review the papers in a place where he would not be disturbed. An appointment was therefore made for the bearer of the incriminating documents to meet the Attorney-General and his first assistant, Milton D. Purdy, at Mr. Moody's home that evening. The conference lasted far into the night. At its conclusion the Attorney-General said:

"I believe that we have here the evidence which the government has vainly sought for years. It is the strongest, most complete, and the most comprehensive ever placed in our possession. The question now is whether Mr. Hearst will work with the government. I realize that by the publication of this evidence in his papers to-morrow he can score what is known in the newspaper world as a 'beat,' and there is no reason why he should not do so. The evidence he has secured is his to do with as he wishes. The government must look at it from a different standpoint than the newspapers assume. If we undertake to prosecute on this evidence much legal work will have to be done. The case must be buttressed. Sustaining data must be discovered. Evidence in corroboration

must be secured by subpoenaing books *duces tecum*. The cases must be prepared; the evidence must be submitted to a grand jury and indictments secured. To do this secrecy is imperative. If these facts become known to-morrow, before we can make a move every channel will be closed to us; books and papers will be destroyed; men will be spirited out of the country; our efforts will probably result in a fiasco. It is Mr. Hearst's duty as a citizen to subordinate his newspaper zeal to the welfare of all. Before I undertake anything I must know what he intends to do."

As a result of this talk with the Attorney-General, Mr. Hearst directed that all the evidence be placed in the hands of the Attorney-General; that his newspapers cooperate with the Department of Justice in every way; and that absolute secrecy prevail until the Attorney-General released the matter for publication. The conference with the Attorney-General was on Christmas eve, 1905. It was not until the fourth of the following March that a single fact was made public. Then the Attorney-General released the news to all papers with an acknowledgment of his indebtedness for the evidence and the announcement that he considered the act of refraining from publishing the news until the government had acted to be one of rare self-sacrifice and evidencing a high sense of public duty.

The evidence submitted was practically all of the same character, so that one case can be taken as indicative of all. In a previous article, dealing with the trust methods of crushing the beet-sugar industry by unfair methods of competition, it was told how the trust made use of rebates on its shipments to the wholesale grocery house of W. H. Edgar & Son in Detroit in beating the beet-sugar interests into line. Edgar & Son were taking four



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EX-ATTORNEY-GENERAL WILLIAM
H. MOODY

Practically all the indictments and fines against the sugar trust for rebating can be credited to this man and his colleagues

hundred car-loads of sugar a month. There were eighteen tons to a car, and the list freight-rate to Detroit was twenty-three cents a hundredweight. How much less than the legal rate the trust paid, and consequently the amount of its rebates on this one shipment, can be seen from the following letter to Lowell M. Palmer, traffic director of the sugar trust:

NEW YORK CENTRAL & HUDSON RIVER
RAILROAD COMPANY.

New York, April 26, 1904

Lowell M. Palmer, Esq.,
184 Front St., New York City.

Dear Sir: Referring to your letter of April 11th, and my conversation over the 'phone yesterday, the 25th inst., with your Mr. Riley, which I understand was repeated to you and verified, all in regard to sugar shipments for W. H. Edgar & Son:

This is to advise you that, taking effect immediately, we will undertake to handle Edgar's shipments for Detroit and such shipments as are to be forwarded from there to points on the Michigan Central at a rate of eighteen cents per one hundred pounds, New York to Detroit, all rail, shipments to be billed at tariff rates and *refund made by voucher*.

This arrangement is in consequence of the through rates via canal and lake and rail and lake put in by the Detroit & Cleveland Navigation Company in connection with the Michigan Central, Grand Trunk, Pere Marquette, and G. R. & I. roads, effective April 22, 1903, and which rates I understand have been renewed for the season of 1904.

This arrangement will cover shipments out of New York from both the American and Howell refineries, and will also apply from Yonkers, if shipments are made from that point. The question of Howell being advised of this private agreement with Edgar rests in abeyance until the writer can have a personal interview with you regarding the same.

As advised over the 'phone, I think it would be well to confine the arrangement to Edgar's traffic, as outlined above, leaving his traffic that is going to points on the G. T., P. M., and G. R. & I. roads to move via such lines as he may elect, with the understanding that when he can favor this company or the W. S. [West Shore] as far as haulage to Buffalo is concerned he will undertake to do so. Please advise if satisfactory and understood.

Yours truly,
(Signed) F. L. POMEROY.

Never was there clearer evidence of rebating. The government brought suit, and the battle in the courts began. The trusts hurried to the front with John E. Parsons and a battery of trust lawyers. The New York Central had high-priced attorneys. The evidence submitted involved every trunk line east of the Mississippi. It would take too much space to tell of all the court proceed-

ings, but summed up, as a result of these revelations the following indictments were found:

Party	No. of counts in indictments.	Possible maximum fine.
American S. R. Co.	19	\$380,000
Brooklyn Cooperage Co.	12	120,000
N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R.	21	420,000
C. Goodloe Edgar	14	280,000
Edwin Earle	14	280,000
Great Northern Ry.	2	40,000
Western Transit Co.	2	40,000
C. M. & St. P. Ry.	13	260,000
C. R. I. & P. Ry.	12	240,000
Central Vermont Ry.	7	140,000
		<hr/>
	Total	\$2,200,000
D., L. & W.	10	
N. Y., O. & W. Ry.	30	

Henry O. Havemeyer escaped because as an individual he had never been entangled, but his corporation was indicted on nineteen counts, and the Brooklyn Cooperage Company was indicted on an additional twelve counts. To date the following is the record of the progress of the suits. In some instances the corporations came in and pleaded guilty and were let off with a fine, and in others they fought it out to an end, but the record stands to date

Party.	No. of indictments	Fine.
American S. R. Co.	5	\$98,000
Brooklyn Cooperage Co.	1	70,000
C. Goodloe Edgar	2	6,000
Edwin Earle	2	6,000
N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R.	3	136,000
Great Northern Ry.	1	5,000
Western Transit Co.	1	10,000
C. M. & St. P. Ry.	1	20,000
C. R. I. & P. Ry.	1	20,000
Central Vermont Ry.	1	1,000
		<hr/>
	Total	\$372,000
D., L. & W. R. R.	1	Jury disagreed.
N. Y., O. & W. Ry.	1	Case never tried

Of the above parties all are known by their corporate names except Edwin Earle, who was identified with the firm of W. H. Edgar & Son. The Western Transit Company is the grain line of the New York Central on the Lakes.

The case against F. L. Pomeroy was quashed, as he died soon after the exposure, his end hastened, no doubt, by the revelation of his part in the rebating. His associates in the New York Central say that he died of

a broken heart. Such being the case, his was a pathetic death, for in all fairness it is but just to say that Mr. Pomeroy was never anything more than the acquiescent tool of men higher than himself. He never suggested any of the rebates, but simply carried out orders. A man some steps higher up the ladder, and one of Mr. Pomeroy's superiors, was close to the legal net when he also died, and the proceedings were dropped. This man was said to have worried himself to death.

As this case progressed many things were unearthed to show just how abjectly the railroads bowed to the sugar trust. One story may be told for its humor as well as its seriousness, as it shows the way the trust utilized the railroads to fight its battles, even where a rebate was not demanded.

Back in 1904 there was in Nashville, Tennessee, a grocery house known as the Cheek Wholesale Grocery Company. Cheek was one of the biggest men in his line in the South. He also roasted coffee and was building up quite a trade, but he got the idea into his head that he could build up trade more rapidly by giving some little souvenir with each or certain sacks of coffee. These souvenirs—spoons, cups, saucers, plates, etc.—proved quite captivating, and the business grew very fast. The trust was in the coffee business at that time, owing to its fight with Arbuckle and the ownership of the Woolson Spice Company. It viewed this growth with alarm, and began to plan to check it. This was not done by giving souvenirs to compete with those given by Cheek's company. That would have cost probably twenty-five thousand dollars a year, and the sugar trust worked along simpler, and especially cheaper, lines.

There was at that time a Southern Traffic Association. The trust appealed to the classification committee of this association to hold a meeting at Atlantic City and listen to protests. The trust's agents then argued that Cheek should not be allowed to ship his goods at the same freight-rates that the rest were enjoying, as he was carrying souvenirs and ought therefore to have another freight classification. The committee gravely withdrew Cheek's goods from the prevailing classification for such shipments and put them in another class where the rate was higher. This ruling did not become effective for six months, however, and when one of the traffic men was asked the cause of the delay he said jocosely:

"Oh! Cheek is a good fellow, and we want

to give him a chance to get out of the hole he is in. He won't try any funny business again."

It has been said in numerous papers, and the statement reiterated, that the sugar trust has long been immune from prosecution, and that nothing was done by the last administration. It is indeed true that for years it appeared to be immune, but it is unfair to say that the Roosevelt administration did nothing. In fact, it was the Roosevelt administration which first made a telling campaign against the trust. When the facts above cited were placed in the hands of Attorney-General Moody one of his first acts was to go to the White House and consult the President. Mr. Roosevelt heartily and enthusiastically urged prosecution. There was a delay of a few days because there was a change of district attorneys taking place in New York. General Burnett was about to go out, and Henry L. Stimson was to come in. Mr. Stimson took the oath of office February 1, 1906, and within an hour after that time he and Attorney-General Moody were closeted with others, going over the evidence. Practically all the indictments and fines against the railroads and the sugar trust for rebating can be credited to the Roosevelt administration, and to Attorney-General Moody and Mr. Stimson particularly.

It would be impossible even to outline all the methods employed by the trust to get freight rebates. The government made a careful study of all the evidence obtainable, but when it came to making a total the tabulators were all at sea. The game was worked from so many angles that it became a perfect maze. It must have run into hundreds of thousands of dollars a year. That the trust was not above stooping to the pettiest of tricks is proved by reference to just a few of its misdeeds.

The Brooklyn Cooperage Company is owned by the sugar trust. It manufactures the barrel staves and headings used by the trust in putting up sugar. These headings and staves are shipped to the refineries in bulk. Now the railroads have a peculiar form of tariff. Assuming that the freight-rate from Poplar Bluff, Missouri, was a dollar for a ton of staves for delivery at Boston, the rate for the same freight for export would be eighty-five cents, the difference to be applied toward the lighterage and labor charges in the harbor. The agents of the



THE RAILROADS THEMSELVES TRANSPORTED THE SUGAR FROM THE DOCKS TO THEIR TERMINALS, BUT ITS REGULAR LIGHTERAGE CHARGE OF THREE CENTS A HUNDREDWEIGHT WAS COLLECTED BY THE TRUST

The Rebate Conspiracy

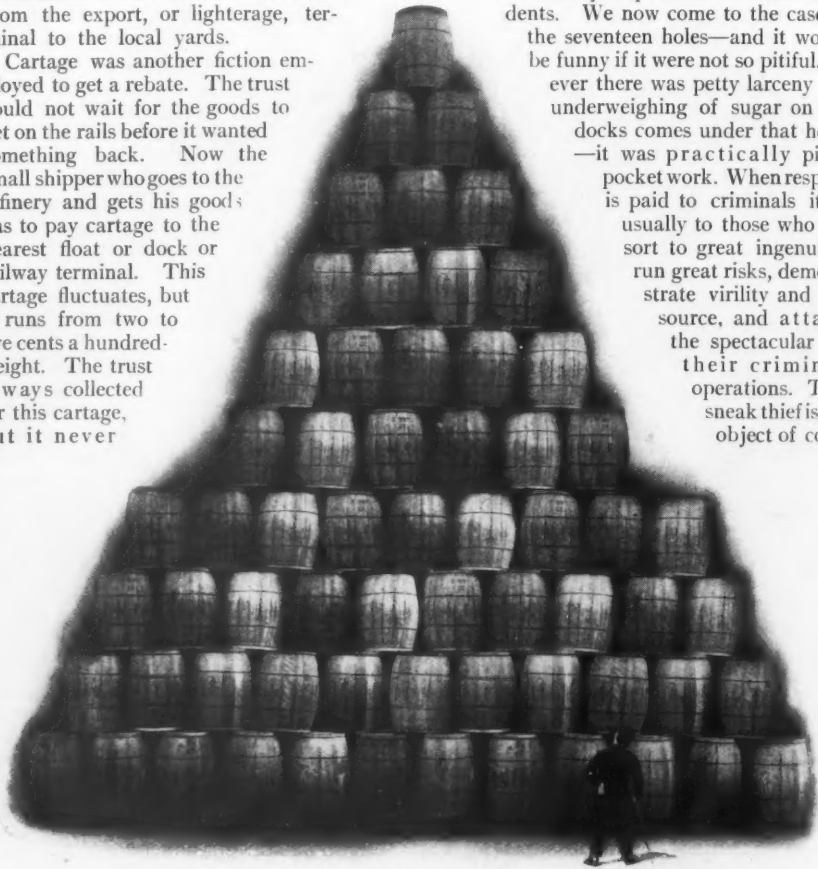
trust early learned of the divergence in tariff on goods for delivery in Boston and for export. As a result practically all the staves and headings shipped out of Poplar Bluff were gaily marked "For export," and traveled under that classification. When these cars reached Boston, New York, or any port where consigned, they were side-tracked and the material taken off and to the local plants of the cooperage company. In the manifests and way-bills of this kind of freight there would often appear penciled on the margin the word "Chloroform." This meant that the goods were not for export, but for local use. The word "chloroform" had a significance among all traffic men, and to chloroform a car meant to divert it from the export, or lighterage, terminal to the local yards.

Cartage was another fiction employed to get a rebate. The trust could not wait for the goods to get on the rails before it wanted something back. Now the small shipper who goes to the refinery and gets his goods has to pay cartage to the nearest float or dock or railway terminal. This cartage fluctuates, but it runs from two to five cents a hundred-weight. The trust always collected for this cartage, but it never

hauled a single pound. The little fellow met with a handicap right there.

This was the first step in the chain. Next came lighterage. Palmer's docks was the shipping-point for all sugar around New York. There was a lighterage charge, three cents a hundredweight in most instances, for transferring the sugar from the docks to the Jersey City terminals. This was charged against the railroads, but never did the trust do the work—or hardly ever. The railroads would send their own floats and lighters after the tonnage and then calmly watch the trust collect payment for work never done.

So much for the methods of rebating. The case is so plain that any further telling would be merely repetition of like incidents. We now come to the case of the seventeen holes—and it would be funny if it were not so pitiful. If ever there was petty larceny the underweighing of sugar on the docks comes under that head—it was practically pick-pocket work. When respect is paid to criminals it is usually to those who resort to great ingenuity, run great risks, demonstrate virility and resource, and attain the spectacular in their criminal operations. The sneak thief is an object of con-



IN A PERIOD OF APPROXIMATELY SIX YEARS THE SUGAR COMPANY IMPORTED SEVENTY-FIVE MILLION POUNDS OF SUGAR ON WHICH, BY AN INGENIOUS FRAUD, NOT A CENT OF DUTY WAS PAID

tempt, and yet in the dealings of the sugar trust with the government, whereby fraudulent weighing brought about evasion of paying duty, the methods were those of a sneak thief, and the trust should have been treated with no more than the respect due to a common pickpocket.

The greatest sugar-refinery in the world is stretched along the river front in Brooklyn. It is never open for inspection. Secret processes, not even patented, are hidden from the public eye. To these docks come ships from all the seven seas to discharge their cargoes of raw sugar. Every bag of sugar landed at these docks must pay a toll to the government of a little more than a cent and a half a pound. In a period of approximately six years the sugar company imported over these docks seventy-five million pounds of sugar on which, by an ingenious fraud, not a cent of duty was paid. In those years there were stolen from the government—and the word "stolen" is used advisedly—nearly one and a quarter millions of dollars in short duties.

John B. Stanchfield, attorney for the trust in the trial which ended in March, used these words, "The charge is that over a series of years the American Sugar Refining Company of New York has been systematically, in season and out of season, from 1901 down until the close of 1907, engaged in stealing from the United States." That was the charge, and Mr. Stanchfield well condensed it. The money so filched from the government has been repaid under a compromise agreement, but the story of the petty-larceny tactics on the docks in Brooklyn will always stand as a burning scar on the records of the sugar trust.

Richard Whalley, who from 1892 to 1902 had been employed on the sugar company's docks as company checker, visited the Treasury Department in Washington in the summer of 1907 and laid before the officers of

that department a most astounding story dealing with the alleged fraudulent weighing of sugar which came across these docks for import. He told of the utilization of a hidden spring for lessening the apparent weight of the drafts of sugar. He said that in the ten years he had been there he had, day in and day out, under the direction and with the knowledge of the company's dock superintendent, assisted in this scheme of fraudulent weighing. There are seventeen scale-houses on the docks. Some of these scales are used more frequently than others, as the cargo of each ship is weighed at the scale-house nearest her berth. It was shown later that nine-tenths of the sugar received at this refinery was weighed on five of the

scales. Seated behind each one of these scales in the days of the short-weighing were a government weigher and a checker for the company. When a draft from the ship was brought on to the scales the government weigher would adjust the weights before him until a balance was secured. He would then announce the weight, and it would be verified by the checker. According to Whalley's story, whenever a load of sugar was rolled on the scales, the company's checker would drop his left hand down and insert a

plug which communicated with a little spring inside the weighing-apparatus, the result being a marked reduction in the registered weight of the sugar upon the platform. One of these holes was at each one of the seventeen scales, so that no matter on which scale the sugar was weighed, not a sack was weighed honestly.

The government instructed Richard Parr, a special agent of the customs service, to work in conjunction with Whalley and another agent, James Brzezinski, to determine whether the fraud was still being carried on and to get evidence about it. Parr became convinced that there was something wrong about the invariable dropping of the



LOWELL M. PALMER, WHO, AS TRAFFIC DIRECTOR OF THE SUGAR TRUST, WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE REBATING



THE SHADOW OF THE SUGAR TRUST, GROWN TO ENORMOUS PROPORTIONS BY REASON OF ITS UNSCRUPULOUS GREED, LIES HEAVY UPON EVERY SUBORDINATE AND COMPETITIVE INDUSTRY IN THE LAND

left hand by the checker just as a load came on the scales. About ten o'clock on November 20th, Parr and Brzezinski went on the dock. Parr had instructed another government employee to stop the last three drafts of sugar that had been weighed on that scale when he entered a scale-house. Without any warning Parr suddenly pushed open the door of a scale-house and entered just as a load was being weighed. This fact should be remembered. Then he demanded that the last three drafts of sugar, which had been held up by his assistant, be reweighed. The result was important indeed. The draft which was weighed just after he entered the scale-house weighed exactly the same when reweighed, but of the other two drafts, one weighed fourteen pounds more than it had three minutes before and the other eighteen. It was very evident that Parr's presence in the scale-house had prevented the fraudulent weighing of the third draft, while the other two had been subject to the same short weighing that had been in progress for years.

Immediately an investigation was made of the lower left-hand corner of each scale, and in each one of the seventeen the small

hole that Whalley had reported was found. To some of the posts was found attached a small plug which was used to deflect the scale, while in others there were no plugs. It is a significant fact, however, that the holes on the five scales where nine-tenths of the weighing was done were much more worn than those on the other scales. The ship that was discharging its cargo at the time of this discovery was the *Strathyre*. It had started unloading on November 18th. The drafts unloaded the first two days averaged under a thousand pounds, but when Parr discovered and removed the spring the average weights took a sudden jump, and during the unloading of that cargo for the three remaining days the weights averaged about one thousand and fifty pounds. There is the whole story.

The company's dock superintendent, Oliver Spitzer, was absolute on the docks. A few minutes after the discovery of the spring, Spitzer met Parr, according to a statement made by Parr, and asked him to name his price to hush the matter up. "All you need to do," said Spitzer, "is to lose that iron," referring to the plug which worked the

spring and which Parr had appropriated. Spitzer was tried in Brooklyn for attempt at bribery on the accusation of Brzezinski, but was acquitted, owing very largely to statements made by Brzezinski at the trial which reversed his former charges. Brzezinski, who in the meantime had been dismissed from the government service and had not been called as a witness by either side, was flatly accused by Parr of having been reached and being guilty of perjury.

With this evidence the government started suit to recover the moneys of which it had been defrauded. Sixty-eight cargoes of sugar imported since the end of 1905, were selected as a basis for the suit, as it was a test case and the government wished to make its position impregnable. The case called for a forfeiture of one hundred and thirty-four thousand dollars. It was under the law which provides that where an article is smuggled the government may collect the value of that article as well as the duty thereon. The jury was out for one hour and brought in a verdict for the entire penalty the government asked for. Henry L. Stimson, representing the government, and Mr. John E. Parsons, general counsel of the sugar company, and Mr. John B. Stanchfield, the trial attorney, later came to an agreement whereby the trust refunded to the government one million dollars in settlement of all claims of the government against the sugar trust for fraudulent weighing at the docks. The smallness of this settlement is largely due to the fact that the statute of limitations rules against all cases of this kind prior to a period of three years from the date of action. It was indeed petty larceny in

the fact that the sugar trust was stealing one and one-half cents a pound from the government on a short weight of, say eighteen pounds on the draft, as was shown in the case of the *Strathgyle*, but in the aggregate the amount stolen was enormous.

The government learned of this fraudulent weighing on November 20, 1907, and within a month Henry O. Havemeyer died. It was said by his intimate associates that the discovery of this petty method of thievery, the absolute proof of it, and the pitiful criminality of it, bothered him more than anything else in his whole career. It is said he worried himself into the grave. He was not a well man at the time of the discovery, but it is said that this revelation hurried the end. He always denied any knowledge of what was going on at the docks and asserted that it was done without his knowledge by subordinate officials. But this is not believed by those who are in a position to judge. The company practically admitted its guilt in its restitution of one million dollars to the government. The system was undoubtedly instituted almost at the inception of the sugar trust and carried on without deviation until the day of its exposure.

The sugar trust's methods of sneak-thievery being thus exposed and nullified and the company itself held up to public obloquy, its period of immunity was seen to be at an end; but hardly had this case been settled and put aside than the facts became known about the stifling of the Pennsylvania Sugar Refinery, followed by the indictment of six of the trust's directors for conspiracy to suppress trade.

THE GREATEST SUGAR-REFINERY IN THE WORLD IS STRETCHED ALONG
THE RIVER FRONT IN BROOKLYN



The next, and concluding, instalment of this fact-story will deal with the throttling of the Pennsylvania Sugar Refining Company and the ruining of Adolph Segal, its founder, which resulted in the collapse of the Real Estate Trust Company, of Philadelphia, and the suicide of its president. This is one of the most convincing chapters of commercial outlawry ever laid bare to the public.

THE CASTLES

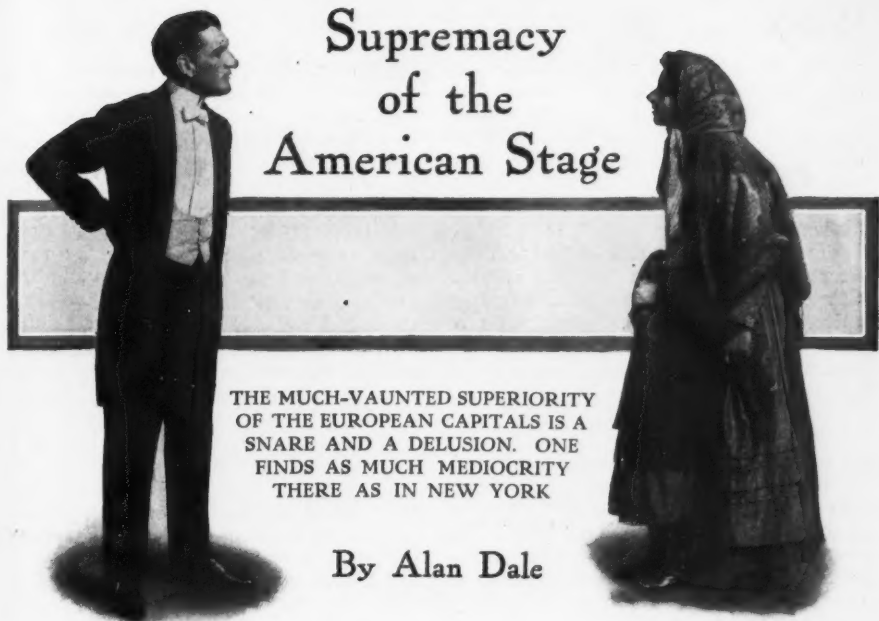


BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

Oh, wide-eyed, little dreamer, where is it you have been to-day?
What fair thing have you looked upon that all your world is gilding?
"My sister, in a strange land, far away and far away
Where high above the rosy cliffs I watched a castle building.
Oh, it rose the while I watched it, white spire and dome and tower,
Till the soaring birds fell back again before its wondrous height,
And all about its stately doors were roses yet to flower,
And I watched there till the little moon came sailing up the night."

On, woman with the wistful gaze, where is it you have been to-day?
What sad thing have you seen that leaves its sorrow in your eyes?
"My sister, in a strange land, far away and far away
Where prone among the poppy fields a ruined castle lies,
Crumbling to the sand it lies and poppies wreath around it,
A broken thing for suns to mock, for any rains to line.
Can you wonder that I turned, weeping that I found it,
I, who watched it building once and laughed to know it mine?"

Supremacy of the American Stage



THE MUCH-VAUNTED SUPERIORITY
OF THE EUROPEAN CAPITALS IS A
SNARE AND A DELUSION. ONE
FINDS AS MUCH MEDIOCRITY
THERE AS IN NEW YORK

By Alan Dale

SCENE FROM

"THE BRIDGE"

OH, it is good to plunge once more into the seething vortex of an ambitious New York season, after having endeavored to point all sorts of moral and adorn every species of tale by the productions of England, France, and Germany. You see, tradition has it that they do things very much better over there than we do them here, and I always find it very hard indeed to live up to tradition. But when I get back I am mighty glad to *be* back, and as for the high artistic value of foreign productions, I can merely say, "Pooh!"

I see a piece abroad that is scheduled for production in New York later on. I carefully note the way in which it is done, so that I can make odorous comparisons and be a bore (as everybody who institutes comparisons must assuredly be), and lo! I find that New York is usually way ahead in the matters of cast, setting, and presentation, and all the lovely instructive things that I had intended to say have to be left unsaid. This has happened so often that it can no longer be set down to coincidence or to the fact that I naturally feel more "at home" with the English language than with foreign ones. It has happened so often that now, when I see a foreign production, I know, in

my untraditional heart of hearts, that when it occurs in New York it will occur much more felicitously.

A tour of the foreign theaters is certainly an education. It teaches you unerringly that "little old New York" knows a thing or two, and that the much-vaunted artistic superiority of the European capitals is a snare and a delusion. In fact, the theaters of New York can hold their own with those of any country. Sometimes you do discover a city in which higher ideals appear to prevail—especially in Germany; but it is generally a city of few theaters. In Paris, Berlin, and London you find just as much rubbish as you find in New York, and it hits you in the eye just as ferociously.

As an instance of our own supremacy, let me point to "The Dollar Princess," which had been running for a whole year when I saw it in Berlin. All good Americans went to see it, so that when it was produced in New York they could sniff haughtily, and declare that they saw it done abroad and undone at home. It disappointed me very much indeed. The Berlin production was so niggardly that, even though one is supposed to attach scant importance to mere settings, the poverty of the thing got on one's

Supremacy of the American Stage

nerves. It seemed to me an awfully dull affair, and I am ashamed to say—yes, I *am* ashamed—that several of our most inferior musical shows, at which I had scoffed exceedingly, loomed up as distinctly worthy. I saw "The Dollar Princess" again in Munich, with a less economical outfit, but it made no appeal.

Then I went to the Knickerbocker Theater, on my return to this land, and saw Mr. Charles Frohman's dalliance with the elusive opera. It was not unduly elaborate or highly colored, but it had Berlin and Munich beaten to a frazzle. It had been doctored for the occasion in a very painstaking and conscientious way. If I were subscribing to tradition I could say that it had been "monkeyed with." New songs were introduced. One entire act was so completely changed that neither Berlin nor Munich could possibly have recognized it. But "The Dollar Princess" in New York was another and a wiser thing altogether, and though by no means merry or entertaining, it had a charm of its own that was lacking abroad.

Mr. Frohman cast the opera with very

great care. He imported some recognized artists from England, which seemed unnecessary, but proved to be entirely pardonable; he selected the prettiest girls that New York can produce—and you can't know how lovely they are until you have been in Germany and seen the frumps there—and he had bright, cheery, artistic settings and an atmosphere of delicacy and grace. Don't misunderstand me as asserting that "The Dollar Princess" is an interesting or an epoch-making work. It is nothing of the sort. It has some very rhythmic, jingly, and ear-tickling numbers by Leo Fall, and some waltzes that will set many fantastic toes adancing this winter, but on the whole "The Dollar Princess" doesn't live up to the colossal boom that preceded it. My point is that it is very much better done here than abroad, and that if New York had seen it as Berlin saw it, it would not have weathered out a week in our midst.

Mr. George Grossmith, Jr., of London, did "The Dollar Princess" into English, and reverently left the book just as sad as it was in German. But these adaptations are difficult



SCENE FROM THE COMEDY, "IS MATRIMONY A FAILURE?"



THOMAS THORNE, GRACE FILKINS, AND FREDERICK PERRY IN "AN AMERICAN WIDOW"

things to arrange. Humor, as I have often said, is largely a question of geography, and Mr. Grossmith, who is supposed to be funny at home, does not know how to be funny here. However, a musical show at which one is not obliged to grin is really rather a relief. The antics of the all-pervading comedian, let loose, are not inspiring. That there is no comedian of any consequence in "The Dollar Princess"—Mr. Will West was nipped in the bud—is by no means a bitter blow. The alleged laughter that these gentlemen detach is usually rather degrading, and nobody need repine at its absence. When there are more musical comedies without aggressive, pungent comedians, the musical show will have lost a good deal of the stigma that attaches to it nowadays.

I did not see "The Love Cure" in Germany, and I was really very pleased. I will confess that in the pursuit of a hectic duty I tried to find it, and should assuredly have inspected it had it come my way. But it didn't. Therefore I went to the New Amsterdam Theater with a perfectly blank mind. As a matter of fact, this is the best condition in which to see a show, although one is debarred from the luxury of the know-it-all attitude.

They certainly do know how to compose

very delightful music in Germany. That in "The Love Cure" is delicious. It hasn't that dreadful "written to order" quality that our own musical shows reveal. Edmund Fysler has something musical to say, some refrains to perpetrate, some graceful harmonies to elucidate. He does not suffer from the rag-time mind, or jolt us in the horrors of syncopation. "The Love Cure" is full of music, and its importation was a good thing. It has no brassy marches or ear-splitting choruses. It is the very refinement of melody, and one listens to it in subdued pleasure. Its producer, Mr. Henry W. Savage, is no believer in the potency of "metropolitan favorites," and he never pins his faith to an expensive cast. Usually he propels unknown people into our midst, and very often he has made discoveries. I suppose he also feels that these terribly selfish stars who head the casts of most musical productions ruin the proportions of comic opera. Everything has to be whittled down to fit them. They are too big and too greedy. Mr. Savage doesn't like 'em a bit.

But while I agree with him to some extent, and welcome new blood into the tired old veins of comic opera, it seemed to me that "The Love Cure" suffered from lack of authority. The leading rôle, for instance,

Supremacy of the American Stage

was sung by Miss Elgie Bowen. It was a very important and difficult rôle. It was that of a prima donna so beautiful that a meek society youth had fallen hopelessly in love with her, and it was her task, in the Nance Oldfield style, to disenchant him. Well, Miss Elgie Bowen did not look as though she would have to work very hard to disenchant anybody. Instead of a dazzling heart-breaker of magnetic beauty, we saw a most uninspiring-looking damsel. Miss Bowen sang nicely, and acted extremely well, but the part fell down. One really yearned for a "metropolitan favorite," with all her airs and graces. It was the same with the meek lad who played the leading masculine rôle, Mr. Craig Campbell. Young Campbell has really an awfully nice voice, but—ye gods!—what a stage presence for a hero! Such a pale, flaxen, little figure of a boy in this lordly part!

Mr. Savage spent his money on sumptuous scenery rather than on a picturesque cast. Sometimes this scheme has been found to work well. It didn't work well in "The Love Cure." Often the cast suggested an amateur performance, and this was incongruous enough in a setting that no amateur performance could possibly afford.

But in spite of all "The Love Cure" is an exceedingly good thing, and if they have any more like it in Germany—well, I hope that we shall get them in due course.

Why did I begin this chronicle with the musical shows when the call of the "serious" drama was keen and vociferous? I refuse to answer. Try to guess.

Mr. Israel Zangwill got to town with much heraldry. The brasses were wielded for him by ex-President Roosevelt, Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, Mayor Brand Whitlock, of Toledo, and other gentlemen of rank and distinction. And Mr. Israel Zangwill opened the new

Comedy Theater with his much-advertised play, "The Melting Pot." It really ought to be a great help to critics when such men as Roosevelt, Schiff, and Toledo's mayor jump in and do their work for them. These gentlemen are not at all modest about it. They do not diffidently express their opinion. No. They say right out, "A great play," "A virile work," and seem perfectly certain that they are right. It is awfully nice of them. I should have ten thousand fits if I were asked to do the work of

Roosevelt, Schiff, or the Toledo mayor. The ease with which they can do mine is marvelous. Here I have been pegging away, absorbing things during the better part of my life, and the voice of Roosevelt, who quietly slinks away to Africa (if you care to consider his slinking quiet) is dinned into my ears shouting, "A great play!"

However, I am not easily discouraged. I was born with some sort of a sense of humor, and it has helped me through various complications. When I went to see "The Melting Pot" at the Comedy Theater I did not close my eyes and go to sleep, just because Brand Whitlock, "the famous Toledo mayor," was announced to have remarked that it was "a real pleasure to see a play so virile and so inspiring." I kept awake, and

soon decided that he could have my share of it. Candidly, "The Melting Pot" is a heavy, dreary, presumptuous, and preachy affair, at which Mr. Zangwill himself would probably smile in happier moments. It deals with the usual vexed and unnecessary question of mixed marriages, but the Jewish hero is such an impudent young cad that his race isn't of much consequence. It is his manners that rile us. Think of a struggling young musician, living in poverty and East Side squalor, who gets the chance of a lifetime from a millionaire, who offers to produce his work for him. Picture this young



LOUISE RUTTER IN
"THE SINS OF SOCIETY"



CHARLES J. ROSS AND FRED FREAR IN "THE LOVE CURE"

idiot, who has read stories of this millionaire's extravagance, turning round and rending his patron by gratuitous insults hurled at his manner of living. Justice to the Hebrew! If this young "hero" had got his deserts he would have been ducked in a pond or

deported, as too brilliantly insane for these tepid climes.

"The Melting Pot" is so full of preach and of fine Zangwill writing that when its big scene arrived we were too weary to savor its tensity. This big scene is the discovery by the precious young hero that the girl he loves is the daughter of the wicked Russian baron who led the Kishinef massacre at which David lost his entire family. This might have been quite a stirring episode, but even in this dramatic moment Mr. Zangwill didn't know how to make his hero behave. The cub sits down in the center of the stage—always carefully chalk-marked off for this kind of hero—and emits an enormous speech of awe-inspiring quality. The poor girl grovels at his feet, but he is so delighted with his own voice that he goes prosing on, and on, and on, until you long to throw your

opera-glasses at him. You don't care one fig what his religion is. All you know is that he is a puppy, and that such a pleasant girl as Vera should get up and leave him to do his talking to the empty air.

The comedy of "The Melting Pot" elected to reproduce certain forms and ceremonies of orthodox Judaism that educated Hebrews—of whom Mr. Zangwill appears to take scant account—must deplore to see behind the footlights. There is much humor connected with the dietary laws. The lighting of the Sabbath candles is unhesitatingly shown, while a Hebrew prayer is uttered, and there is much detail that, to non-Hebrews, is assuredly worse than Greek. Mr. Zangwill did this before in

"The Children of the Ghetto," which, in spite of much managerial hullabaloo, failed dismally in New York, and then failed again, just as dismally, in London. "The Melting Pot" has finer qualities than "The Children of the Ghetto," but I wouldn't sit through it again if ex-President Roosevelt, Mayor Brand Whitlock, of Toledo, and Jacob H. Schiff laid a gold clock, apiece, at my feet.

Mr. Walker Whiteside, a comparative stranger to New York, played the horror of a hero with a certain amount of sincerity and an equally certain amount of monotony. Once or twice he



CRAIG CAMPBELL



SCENE FROM "THE DOLLAR PRINCESS"—VALLI VALLI AND E. J. CONNOLLY

"rose to the occasion"—which certainly didn't meet him halfway. Miss Chrystal Herne was the Gentile Russian of his heart, and quite a nice girl. But the Kishinef episode found her out. She fell dramatically, at the precise moment that she fell physically. A rôle that really hurt was that of an Irish cook, execrably played by Miss Nellie Butler—a common, vulgar rôle that made one squirm. Sheridan Block, Louise Muldener, and Leonora von Ottinger were useful members of this cast.

"The Melting Pot" was meant to teach things, I believe. Perhaps Mr. Roosevelt, when he comes marching home, will tell you what it was meant to teach. I wonder if it helped him at all in his African exploration.

Two extremely pleasant plays have intruded themselves upon us. One of them is "An American Widow" at the Hudson Theater; the other, "The Fortune Hunter" at the Gaiety. The former is the work of Mr. Kellett Chambers, who has given us a variation of "The Marriage of Kitty" theme—the story of a woman who weds a man temporarily in order to circumvent a will, and later on, by means of a divorce, marries permanently the man she has chosen. It is a most amusing theme, and the fact that it was used before doesn't really matter much. Originality is nice when one can get it, but it is not essential.

In "An American Widow" a very charming actress who has never yet quite "found" herself has achieved a substantial success as a comedienne. I refer to Miss Grace Filkins, who has been pretty for a good many years. How often have I written of her that "she looks as charming as ever"! I wonder if she was as tired of reading this as I was of writing it? Possibly not. No woman ever really despises being called charming, though sometimes she says she does. Miss Filkins has at last revealed her-

self as a comedy actress of most sterling quality, and I don't hesitate to say that she is one of the events of the new season. In "An American Widow" she was subtle, whimsical, delightful, and magnetic. I take off my hat to her. Thank goodness, I shall not again have to say, "She looks as charming as ever."

In "The Fortune Hunter," at the Gaiety Theater, it is young John Barrymore—Ethel's brother and Uncle John Drew's nephew—who comes to the front as a real star in this very simple and amusing play by Winchell Smith. Young

Barrymore shows that he has all his family's nice equipment of ease, good breeding, and intelligence. We are very fond of all his belongings. They are extremely worthy people, not a bit "great," but quite comforting. In this most modest of plays, Master Barrymore plays the part of a sporty young man who goes to a hayseed town to wed a hayseed heiress, and promptly falls in love with a girl who isn't an heiress at all. Everything in "The Fortune Hunter" happens on schedule time, and you know exactly what is going to occur after the curtain has been up for five minutes. There is no problem; there is no subtlety; there is no suspense. But the piece is light, cheerful, and agreeably written.



IDA CONQUEST, PLAYING IN
"THE REVELLERS"

Let me be Rooseveltian and Brand-Whitlockian about these other plays:

"Is Matrimony a Failure?"—capital farce, and a big success at the Belasco Theater.

"The Flag Lieutenant"—feeble English melodrama, soon snuffed out.

"Such a Little Queen"—verbose mush.

"The Revellers"—not worth discussing.

"The Bridge"—a tiresome labor drama.

"The Sins of Society"—marvelously framed English melodrama.

These comments, though sweet and short, certainly get there!



ESTHER LYONS AND MACLYN ARBUCKLE IN "THE CIRCUS MAN"



LOTTA FAUST, PLAYING IN
"THE MIDNIGHT SONS"



ELSIE FERGUSON, LEADING WOMAN
IN "SUCH A LITTLE QUEEN"





LILLIAN RUSSELL, PLAYING IN EDMUND DAY'S COMEDY,
"THE WIDOW'S MIGHT"



MARY RYAN, LEADING WOMAN WITH JOHN BARRYMORE IN
"THE FORTUNE HUNTER"



GERTRUDE COGHLAN AND SCENE WITH ROBERT EDESON IN
"THE NOBLE SPANIARD"



LOUISE DREW, AND LIONEL WALSH AND ADELAIDE ORTON IN A
SCENE FROM "THE FLORIST SHOP"



Photograph by Sarony

MARGARET ANGLIN AND SCENE FROM "THE AWAKENING OF HELENA RICHIE"

The Cash Intrigue

A RING OF SIX COMPLETE SHORT ROMANCES OF FINANCE

By George Randolph Chester

Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker

The Redemption

I



At midnight Phillip Kelvin, emperor of America, sat in the observation tower he had caused to be built upon the roof of the White House, watching, waiting. He remained so perfectly motionless and for so long a time, in the moonlight which swept into the dimness of the small, square room, that one might have thought him asleep, except for the glistening of the high lights upon his eyes, which were upturned fixedly to one bright star that hung above the dome of the Capitol. Even the sudden harsh clatter of a bell within the apartment did not disturb him from his statue-like rigidity. From a bench at the rear, however, a tall, broad-shouldered figure, which might have been a gigantic shadow from the even blackness of the clothes and the face and hands, arose and picked up the telephone from a little table in the corner. The shadowy figure turned to Kelvin quietly.

"It's General Rensselaer, suh," he said. "He wants to see yo'-all on very 'pawtant business."

"Tell them to let him come up," directed Kelvin without turning his head.

There seemed to be a subtle fascination in that star for him. In smiling jest he had once named it his "star of destiny," and though his reason denied him any superstition, still his fancy grappled firmly upon it, and night after night, when the skies were

clear, he gazed upon that star and hung upon it all his strategies and all his planning dreams, plans of such scope as to be all but monstrous, day-visions so vast that they verged upon absurdity, projects so illimitable as to be almost impious.

But why not? He had accomplished in succession all his spacious aims until now. Through the lucky finding of oil- and coal-fields he had made himself wealthy within five years, and had then allied himself with Henry Breed, the richest man in the world, whom he had helped to corner all the available cash in the United States. With this powerful lever he had wiped out of existence the New York Stock Exchange, and in that operation had gained control of the railroads. Consolidating them and using this mighty power as a political lever, he had made himself president, with a tractable House and Senate under him. Through legislation he had disintegrated the trusts and had deliberately thrown the entire country into chaos. In the meantime he had developed the small regular army into a mighty engine of destruction, and in a moment of universal uproar had thrown not only the rioting cities but the Republic itself under martial law. In the revolt following this he had proclaimed himself emperor. From ocean to ocean now, for seven days, there had existed a state of tense, taut strain. What violence, what carnage, what hideous saturnalia of bloodshed might break forth at any moment, no one knew; but in the meantime he, Phillip Kelvin, that but a few brief years before had possessed not a dollar and scarce a friend, was emperor. Emperor! Phillip the

First! What vast conquests might not yet lie before him!

His preparations for handling this present situation were excellently made. In or near every center of population were massed well-drilled soldiers, the picked men physically of all the great throng of the unemployed, able to quell any insurrection. There might be a revolt more or less systematized, but it could do very little against the systematic resistance that Kelvin had devised. He had planned wisely for a reorganization of social conditions, that he knew. He had issued proclamations that, if carried out, would render this chaos into order, and that most briefly, he was sure. Then, the country once more reorganized upon a self-sustaining basis, where every man had an equal chance for sustenance and moderate accumulation, the larger dreams might materialize, the real victories might begin.

The conquest and annexation of Canada and Mexico would come next, and co-extensive with this the building up of the largest navy in the world. Europe, that vast tissue of states bound by a flimsy figment called "the balance of power," could be disintegrated by a single shot; thrown into a turmoil of cross-purposes that would render its individual masses easy prey. With each new victory would come more strength, and his imperial progress might sweep on and on until the entire world, from pole to pole and from Occident to Orient, was bound together under his resistless sway, linked in a brotherhood of universal peace and prosperity and equality, with himself as the benign dictator! O star of destiny, what say you to that? The star, a keen silver point, beamed down but coldly upon him. There seemed to come a sudden chill upon the air, and he shivered slightly.

Crisply up the steps came Herbert Rensselaer. "How ghastly it is up here!" said he. "Why don't you have some light?"

"That is a peculiar question for the commander-in-chief of the imperial army to ask," replied Kelvin with a smile.

Rensselaer himself smiled. "It would make your whereabouts rather conspicuous," he admitted; "but under the circumstances it might be well to turn on the lights and leave them burning. We shall be away from here in a few minutes."

"Forest Lakes?" asked Kelvin with quick interest. "At last! We should have made that expedition a week ago."

"My organization was not perfect enough," Rensselaer objected. "But we are quite prepared now. At every half-mile between here and Forest Lakes, by the time we are moving, there will be stationed a detachment large enough for protection. Each detachment, as we come up to it, will close in and follow behind us. The main body is timed to arrive at the gate of Forest Lakes exactly at the time we do, and the following divisions will arrive at the time we are most likely to need reinforcements. I wish it were not necessary to take you there. You should be here where you can direct your campaign."

"I don't admire the trip myself," confessed Kelvin, "but outside of Henry Breed and his granddaughter, and possibly Doctor Zelphan, I am the only person in the world who knows the exact location of his vault and its billion and a half of cash. The greatest fear I have is that Breed may have changed the combination of his locks."

"I doubt if he was able to do so," returned Rensselaer. "He left here, upon the day of your proclamation, apparently in a state of almost complete paralysis, attended by Doctor Zelphan, my aunt, Jens Jensen, and Elsie White."

Phillip was silent a moment. "By Elsie White," he repeated. "It is queer that she went along."

Herbert shrugged his shoulders. "Breed always liked her. It was Lillian who drove her away, and when Lillian left with the threat to join George Blagg, Breed turned to Elsie like a child and insisted that she should not leave him."

Kelvin winced, and a great longing came upon him. He, too, would have liked to turn to Elsie White "like a child," but he was forever too late. His time for that was past. He shook off the feeling of momentary weakness that had come over him, but Rensselaer presently revived it. He, too, was looking out upon the silent city, and the same chill in the air that had seemed to affect Kelvin came to him so that he drew his military cloak closer about him.

"Everything seems dead," he suddenly exclaimed. "It is getting on my nerves, this thing of waiting and waiting. Seven days ago, at exactly twelve o'clock, noon, George Blagg's army of a million was to pour out of the ground, from New York to San Francisco and from Duluth to New Orleans, a wild, ferocious horde that was to

sweep all law and all order before it, to grind it into dust, and to leave it but a red memory. We were prepared at that hour. Every regiment of our army stood at arms and ready. Since then we have been waiting, waiting, waiting, all at that high tension, and nothing has happened. Nothing!"

He had scarcely finished speaking when a bell in some steeple near them tolled out a long, strident note, then another; then it began a rapid clanging, and a distant factory whistle joined it. Both men sprang to their feet, their hands gripping the window sill, and leaned far out. Another bell, of a sharper tone, and one of a deeper, took up the clamor. Another whistle, two, a dozen, broke in with their deafening noise. It seemed that of a sudden every bell and every whistle in the city had been given frantic life. From the streets there arose, first, separate, individual shouts, then scattered cheers, then, as they of the under kennels awoke and rushed upon the pavement, a perfect babel of shrill cries. There was something terrific in those voices of the streets. "There was in them a note of savage triumph, of lust let free, of all the hatred possible to the human breast, intensified by demoniac fury long pent up, multiplied a hundred thousand fold by numbers. Into the pandemonium of sounds there suddenly injected a new and a more sinister one, the sharp crack of rifles and then measured volley after volley! Shrieks and groans and shrill screams of anguish rose to the little observatory tower with startling distinctness; and in each human cry, whether of anger or agony, there was a damning accusation of Kelvin, though one that fell on deaf ears so far as pity or remorse was concerned. Kelvin's philanthropy was a cold and an ethical one, and in it there was no capacity for human sympathy with suffering.

"Well," said he with a sigh, "it has come."

Rensselaer's eyes were glistening. "I regret to leave it, even for a day," he declared. "This is the moment I have longed for all my life; but Pellman will be able to manage things here. I could not be everywhere, and I have good generals at every station, I know. Think, Kelvin, what this means! If Blagg's threats are right, and this seems to prove them, at this identical moment this same hell has broken loose in every city in the United States."

The telephone bell behind them rang

sharply. Sam was already upon his feet, standing poised, a great human beast, all the savagery in him strangely stirring. He sprang to answer the telephone.

"All right, suh," said he, and turned to Kelvin. "Everything is ready. They ah waitin' foh yo'."

"Tell them we will be right down," directed Kelvin.

As they turned to go a roseate glow mounted the sky behind the dome of the Capitol. They paused a moment and watched it turn to carmine.

"Fire!" announced Kelvin grimly. "I had counted this as a part of the cost, but I hope the destruction will not be great."

Their eyes rested upon a strange scene when they came down to the outer door. From the porte-cochère to the carriage gate were solid lines of soldiers, four deep upon either side. Outside in the street the entire block was thronged with men in khaki, standing about a hollow square of fourteen automobiles, while at the ends of the block, upon the cross-streets, there surged masses of people, frantic and howling, not yet formed into the terrible unity of purpose that was to come. Kelvin stepped into a closed automobile with Rensselaer and Sam and two of his most dependable guards, and with Peavy, ashen gray and protesting, up by the chauffeur. Kelvin had no sooner stepped in than Peavy jumped from his place and ran back to the porte-cochère.

"Indeed Ah cain' go, Mistah Kelvin," he declared, listening with terror to the vengeful voice of the mob. "Ah ain' well."

Sam immediately jumped out after him. "Git back in yo' place!" he commanded.

"Now yo'-all go 'way from me, Sam!" cried Peavy. "Ah ain' got no time to projec' 'roun' wid yo'! Ah ain' well, Ah tells yo'!"

"Git back in yo' place!" repeated Sam.

"Ah suah cain' do it," protested Peavy. "Mah God, man, Ah ain' well, Ah tells yo'! Ah'm scaihed sick!"

The sharp voice of Kelvin came from the auto. "Leave him there, Sam. We don't want him. He will be worse than useless to us."

"All right, suh, Ah'll leave him heah, then. Jes' one minute."

There was the wail as of a lost soul from Peavy as Sam suddenly sprang upon him and, gripping his powerful fingers around Peavy's neck, bore him to the ground. He

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knelt over him for just a moment while Peavy's legs struggled convulsively. Then he gave a sudden jerking pressure of all his weight upon those gigantic hands, arose and jumped up by the chauffeur; and Peavy lay still where Sam had left him.

Kelvin uttered no word of protest to Sam, but he turned to Herbert with a return of that chill feeling which had twice before oppressed him this night. "A bad omen," he said.

Herbert laughed lightly. "There will be a thousand bad omens before we are through with this," he predicted; "but I think that even Peavy would have been safe in this flying wedge of ours."

The automobile rolled out into the street and took its place in the center of the hollow square. Both before and behind it were six automobiles, three abreast, and one was upon either side. Each of these was a seven-passenger car, and in the tonneau of each rested, upon a tripod, its sweep above the head of the chauffeur, a cylinder of shining brass; behind each cylinder stood a stalwart soldier in khaki, and two others sat upon the seat; each soldier was further accoutered with rifles and small arms, and thus, surrounded by fourteen Gatling guns and spare men to man them, the fifteenth automobile, which contained Kelvin, took command of the expedition. There was a shrill whistle from Rensselaer, the soldiers fell away from before the autos, and the strange battery sprang forward.

Upon the cross-street at the end of the block the people quickly gave way, but out from an intersecting avenue two blocks beyond, a fanatical mob, shouting and cursing, turned and bore straight toward them. Guns could be seen on shoulders, and torches, already the sign and signal of lawlessness, as they had been in a thousand uprisings since the centuries began, were flaunted. From the forward automobile there came a sharp crackling, a succession of staccato snaps like the ripping of shingles from a roof. The running mob stopped, it fell back, it scattered like chaff, and in an instant more the autos, keeping evenly abreast, bumped and jerked over a pavement strewn with sickeningly soft impediments. Wherever a throng seemed to bar the way in the streets one of the Gatlings snapped out a rolling word of warning. A few went down, but when the autos arrived there was not a soul to offer them hindrance

nor to reach with an accidental shot the sacred body of the emperor. So through the city and out into the country they swept, to roads where they could go but two abreast and sometimes but single file; but always Kelvin was in the center, and never was there any interference. A half-mile north-east of the city the headlights flared on a detachment in unmistakable khaki on both sides of the road, and these saluted and cheered as the imperial escort swept by, and closing in behind marched at double-quick.

II

IN a thousand gory spots the beasts of hate were loosed at once, and the places in which they chose to glut their rage were the cities; the cities, where vice had congregated, where crime had sought and found its fellows, where poverty had festered, where a deadly miasmatic blight had settled upon all life, all thought, all social intercourse. The ringing of that first deep-toned bell in Washington had been simultaneous with the clang of the same grim death-watch from east to west and from north to south. George Blagg's own hand had pressed the wireless key which had sent the message flashing in every direction across pulsating space. Eager fanatics received it, and wherever it was transmitted there came the almost instantaneous pealing of bells from church and fire and school towers, and the answering shriek of factory whistles; then the voices of the frantic horde and the volleys of guns and the shrieks of the wounded and the reddening of night skies. In every city large enough to have fostered these unnatural districts, out from tenements where the sustenance of life was a matter of crusts and luxury was spelled by a pail of beer, swarmed an ill-clad, unkempt, underfed horde to avenge the follies of society upon itself. The horror of it was that they did not attack the soldiery direct, as Blagg had planned, but the better nourished citizens; for Blagg's original secret organization, bound together with some sense of philanthropic motive, was now augmented by a wild, disordered herd of the criminally inclined, who, seeing that law and order were swept away, turned to mad license.

Out into the residence districts they swept in packs like starving wolves, their faces contorted to devilish caricatures of the Supreme Likeness, and sickening scenes of

horror ensued. Wherever a proud home reared itself, a monument to the industry or the wit or the greed of some man, there were murder and pillage and rapine, all ending in the torch; and when the mob swept on they left behind them but a leaping blaze to light their way. The authorities were worse than powerless. As fast as a fresh center of disturbance was reported and a detachment sent there to quell it, the horror broke out anew in some other, distant field; and with sickening regularity police or soldiers arrived only in time to find the mob dispersed to regather at some other gluttonous feast, and a hopeless fire in progress. An all-seeing eye, sweeping that night across the North American continent, would have found the land reddened by these many pyres, which lighted a redness still more terrible, for not only men and women were put to death in this maniacal orgy of reprisal, but children and babes were slaughtered as they ran shrieking from warm beds, and with oaths tossed into the fire by blackened-faced monsters after the work of destruction had been completed. No night in all the history of the world had paralleled this; no blood-lust was ever so hideously satiated; no carnage was ever so widespread, for this one smeared a continent with blood.

While this raving debauchery was taking place three separate concourses crept, under cover of the night, one from the north and one from the south and one from the east, convergent upon Forest Lakes, where the prize coveted of each army, over a billion and a half dollars in solid cash, lay hidden beneath Henry Breed's library. The first of these concourses, the one from the north, had crept silently forward all night long. Many of its members had marched now for five successive nights, sleeping in the barns of friendly farmers by day, and arising the next night with one or more recruits. They had avoided the villages, taking the least détours around them that they might; but ahead of them, to each village,



"A GIFT FROM ARISTOCRACY TO EQUALITY AND FRATERNITY!" SHE CRIED, TOSSING THE JEWELS INTO THE AIR

they had sent one of their number, and when he rejoined them on the other side there marched behind him a goodly company. These bore no trace of uniform, but each man carried over his shoulder his rifle or his shotgun. Some had belts for ammunition, and others carried their pockets full. They were grim, stern men, sane human beings of the country districts, who had not been caught in the maelstrom of the social upheaval, men who had happily dwelt out of its fevered circles, men whose eyes and minds were clear to see the right and the wrong of things and to know the great Justice that broods over all. They came on steadily and firmly, and their ranks

constantly grew. As each detachment joined them a stern voice called: "Halt! Who comes?" and then into the challenger's ear was whispered by each new adherent of the ranks, "Liberty and the Republic!"

Nearer, upon the road from the east, was a far different army that, like a giant, nervous snake, came jerking along the dark road at much greater speed. It was composed of undersized men, for the most part, ranging from bloated-faced and bleary-eyed youth to bloated-faced and bleary-eyed middle age, and there were bedraggled women, far more fiendish of visage than the men. They danced, many of them, as they marched, and always they sang, sang the blood-maddening Marseillaise, sang it in cracked and jangling tones, with throats that were hoarse from shrieking and voices that were husky from dissipation; and never, even in the days when the tricolor received its baptism of blood, was the Marseillaise a more terrible song than on this night. Many of the singers carried torches, made from whatever inflammable substances they could find upon the way, and replenished as often as burned out. They made no détours, but swept past farmhouses and through villages in brazen insolence, and their passing was like a scourge, especially in the villages, where they broke open bakeries and meat-shops, groceries and saloons, gorging themselves with what they wanted and wasting what they did not, offsetting expostulation with blows and resistance with murder, and passing on with ribald uproar that could have been equaled only by the din of the damned. Men in their beds heard and paled, and women and children whimpered in fear, and woe betide any who came in their path; for by and by they maimed and killed in mere wanton sport. They were drunken with the carnage that was to come, drunken with the license that was to be theirs, drunken with the loosing of all their most evil passions; and they that rode at their head were more drunken than any of them.

In a carriage drawn by two gray horses taken by force from a bewildered farmer there rode tall, gaunt George Blagg, and by his side sat Lillian Breed, her gown, once a rich creation of red silk, soiled and tattered, the jaunty hat she had once worn replaced by a gay-colored silk kerchief that she had knotted about her black hair; under her eyes were dark rings, but the eyes themselves gleamed with an excitement that was de-

moniacal, and her cheeks were aflame with an unnatural fire. Beautiful even in her dishevelment, she was the incarnation of the riotous spirit that had maddened all their following, and she it was who, when any period of silence fell for a moment upon the twisting serpent of humanity behind her, raised her voice in the wild song of the Marseillaise. Each time, as that hymn of destruction was caught up by those directly about her and swept back along the trailing concourse to its unseen wake, she would laugh aloud in hysterical glee, and, sinking once more beside her consort, would clasp him in a wild embrace and shower mad kisses upon him, kisses which he returned with her own tigerish gusto; and those that danced ahead of the carriage and around it set up shouts of approval.

Nearer still, upon the road from the south, but waiting, there bivouacked a grim company in khaki, men who rested upon a hillside, with their guns close by them, in orderly formation, ready to spring to their feet at attention upon the word. In the road, silent sentries patrolled. A half-mile farther back a smaller detachment bivouacked; at a half-mile farther, still another, and so on clear to Washington. These, too, were men of the city type, but they were the more stalwart ones, the ones who had best survived bad air and ill nourishment and ill condition. They were the sturdier class of the unemployed workmen.

And so these three sorts of humanity centered toward Forest Lakes; the virile workmen of the cities; the rat-like undermen; the grim and stern stalwarts of the farms and villages—they in whom still lived the spirit of the Constitution, of the Revolution, of the Union!

III

THROUGH the dark woods at Forest Lakes there came hurrying, from the northern boundary of the estate, an active figure which, avoiding the center of the drives where the starlight might reveal him, kept in the shadows of the trees; yet, when it became necessary to traverse open spaces, he crossed them boldly, making his way steadily toward the big gray stone house. Occasionally, in the denser shadows, he stopped to listen. On the clear night air his quick ears seemed to catch a sound like a distant murmur of human voices, and yet, when he

stopped, either the vagaries of the wind swept that distant sound away or his strained imagination had deceived him.

He had wondered somewhat that no guard had stopped him. He knew that before Kelvin had proclaimed himself emperor, he had taken away with him Breed's five hundred picked mountaineers, but he knew also that a dozen or so of them had been left, flint-like men who would much rather shoot first and inquire afterward in these troubled times. Indeed, Breed himself had once boasted that certain trespassers had been shot and buried and heard no more of. He was congratulating himself upon his good fortune in escaping these men when, as he rounded the corner of the house, two of them, at the front door in the shadow of the porch, stepped forward with leveled guns.

"Throw up your hands! Come in the light!" commanded the one nearest him, and flashed the glow of an electric pocket lantern in his direction.

The newcomer did as he was bidden and walked directly toward the bull's-eye.

"Stop!" ordered the spokesman. He held the glow steadily upon the man's face. "Looks a little like the description," said he to the other guard.

"Uh-huh," drawled the other reluctantly.

"Are you Sumner Rollins?" asked the spokesman.

"Yes," replied Rollins, relieved, and began to lower his hands.

"Hold up your hands! Wait a minute."

Rollins instantly raised his hands again, feeling rather ridiculous, while the guard stepped to the door and rang the bell. Instantly the door opened and Elsie White stood revealed in the flood of light.

"Come in, Mr. Rollins," she cheerily invited. "I have been waiting for you these three nights."

"Waiting for me!" he exclaimed, as he strode up and took both her hands in his own. "I don't see how that could be. I have been trying for a week to get word to you, but could find no way. I knew that with the telegraph control in the hands of Blagg no message was safe. How did you find out that I was coming?"

"I don't know," replied Elsie, dropping her eyes as she gently disengaged her hands and closed the door. "I just seemed to know it. I felt so sure of it that I gave all the outside men orders to watch for you.

You see," and now she looked up at him frankly, "I knew you were aware of our danger."

The light of joy leaped into his eyes. Once more he caught at her hands, and she blushed as she drew them behind her.

"They are waiting for you," she said. "I think the danger is growing very near. There are armed soldiers just about a mile south of the gate."

"I thought I heard a murmur of voices as I came through the woods from the north," said Rollins, puzzled again, "but the sound seemed to come from the east, and it seemed to me, too, that an orderly night march of disciplined men would not betray itself in that way."

Elsie had opened the door of the library, and the tableau that met Rollins's gaze was so startling that he stopped transfixed. Behind the long library table at the far end of the room, in a high-backed chair, sat old Henry Breed, a richly jeweled crown upon his jerkily nodding head, a robe of ermine and carmine upon his emaciated form, a diamond-tipped scepter in his hand. At one end of the table sat Jens Jensen, looking particularly boyish with his straw-colored hair and his straw-colored eyebrows and his round pink face, and at the other end Doctor Zelphan, peering through his thick spectacles at Rollins and grinning through his bushy red beard, while Mrs. Rensselaer, as composed as if at the reception of a social rival, sat aloof in a corner, thinking her own thoughts.

"Welcome to our court," cackled Breed. "Welcome to our court. What plenipotentiary have we here?" and his head nodded so violently that the heavy crown jerked off and fell upon the table.

Doctor Zelphan calmly caught it as it was about to roll to the floor, carefully pushed out a dent that had been made in the soft gold, and restored the crown to Breed, who, after many bobbing attempts, set it again upon his head.

"I shall examine the envoy's credentials and present him to your Majesty in due time and form," sonorously announced Zelphan, with an evident enjoyment of the mockery that Rollins, in his shocked abhorrence, could not understand.

"Quite right," agreed Breed. "Quite right. Let all things be done in due form," and, apparently resolved not to interfere with proper observances, he drew his old,

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well-worn Bible to him, opened it, and, though his eyes were too dim to see the words, bent over the pages and began to mumble to himself garbled quotations of which vengeance was the chief burden.

"I am the prime minister," Zelphan stated with burlesque gravity, rising and shaking hands with Rollins. "Our friend Jens here is the lord high chamberlain. Mrs. Rensselaer is the first lady in waiting. If you behave yourself, Rollins, we'll make you a duke or an earl or something. Pick out your title. Anything you please."

Rollins smiled thinly, but he could not take his eyes nor his mind from the appalling wreck of Henry Breed, the richest man the world had ever known, or perhaps ever would know, the man who, starting without a dollar, had, in the course of an ordinary lifetime, compassed half the wealth of the nation for his own use, and through that half controlled the balance of it. And he was come to this end!

Jensen roused Rollins to immediate business. "What is the news?" he asked abruptly.

Rollins turned to him with relief. "I have a force of more than fifteen hundred good, solid men who will be here inside of half an hour to protect the vaults. I am quite sure that an attack will be made upon them to-night. I have been collecting my forces for a week against this moment, and watching Kelvin through the spy of whom you told me. When they got the Gatlings into the garage to-day I knew the time was growing very short. We made a forced march to-night, making a straight cut to get here. Had we gone a trifle out of our road we could have had three more detachments with us, but we would have lost two or three hours. We might not have been here until daylight."

"They have Gatlings, you say?" asked Jensen, troubled.

"Fourteen of them, from the government arsenal, mounted in automobiles. If my men get here in time I want to ambush the expedition from behind the wall, and have my sharpshooters puncture their tires and pick off their gunners. If I can deploy half a mile of my squirrel-hunters along the road, the automobiles cannot go so fast but that we can stop every one of them, and disarm them. Kelvin is to be among them. If we can capture him the whole problem is solved."

"But they have Gatlings," protested Jensen.

"We have ambush and strategy," insisted Rollins, confidently. "If only my forces can arrive in time!"

"You have done wonders," said Jensen admiringly. "How have you managed it? I thought we were helpless."

Rollins shrugged his shoulders. "Kelvin had one enemy he could not throttle, and that was the American press, which, after all, is the stanch foundation upon which our liberty has been founded and upheld. Upon the instant of his proclamation Kelvin had a censor ready to take charge of every newspaper office in the United States. He might as well have put infants there. In some cases the censors were intimidated, in others they were hoodwinked, in others they were bound and gagged, and in some places killed. The majority of the papers came out with precisely the things any good American would expect them to say under the circumstances. The soldiers were kept busy confiscating papers and closing up newspaper plants, but as fast as they closed one up the paper was issued from some other source, on borrowed presses and in borrowed offices. Several papers that ostensibly obeyed Kelvin's proclamation, and issued censored journals thoroughly acceptable to him, were at the same time printing the incendiary organs of their rivals and aiding in their dissemination. The eastern newspapers issued my call to arms on the very first day, and though the telegraph was closed to us, within two days the appeal was being printed in Chicago and St. Louis, spreading farther west every day since the proclamation. In every village and every country settlement men are arming; the sort of men who always respond to the call of patriotism, who know when their country and their homes are in danger, and who are willing to die to defend them. Jensen, you can't whip men like that! So long as they exist in this country it will be, without jingoism but in glorious fact, the home of the brave and the land of the free!"

Zelphan, whose whole bearing until now had been like the flippancy of an overgrown, mischievous schoolboy, smiled and nodded his head approvingly. "It is the existence of such men as these followers of yours, and yourself, Rollins, that reconciles me to America," he admitted. "I have damned you as a whole more than once, as being a

race of people who are plunging themselves into nerve-bankruptcy; but, after all, there is something in the fundamentals of this country different from any other nation; there is a healthiness in the body politic which, if nature be given a chance, can throw off all its cancers. America needs just some such eruption as this to clear her blood and let the healthy molecules like you and Jensen here get to work. I'm very fond of Jensen since I have come to know him," and the doctor dropped a broad red hand upon Jensen's shoulder, whereat Jensen's face assumed a stony stare in which there was no apparent gleam of intelligence. "Jensen was fortunate enough to earn the scholarship grade entitling him to be supported by Breed through his college career,

and in the end passed such examinations that he was given immediate employment in Mr. Breed's

own service. By all this Jens conceived himself bound in simple loyalty! Strange, isn't it?"

"I know," nodded Rollins with appreciation, and with a kindly glance at Jens. "Breed gave him to me for my secretary, and he was a spy on all my acts."

"He was more than that," went on the doctor, laughing, and still regarding Jens with a curious smile. "He was passed on to Kelvin when Phillip the First became president, and when Jens found that Kelvin actually meant to declare himself emperor, to the exclusion of Breed and everybody else, he set up a system of spies of his own and helped Blagg place the bomb that was intended to blow Kelvin out of his throne. All this, mind you, in spite of the fact that he does not quite approve of everything that has been done by our royal friend back here, and that he does not believe any one man should control so much cash."

"Cash!" suddenly broke in the shrill voice of Breed, and the crown bumped from his glistening bald head upon the table in front of him and rolled to the floor. "Cash!" and his wrinkled old face wizened into an expression of desperate intentness. "The greatest force in all the world. The power that can totter thrones and disrupt govern-

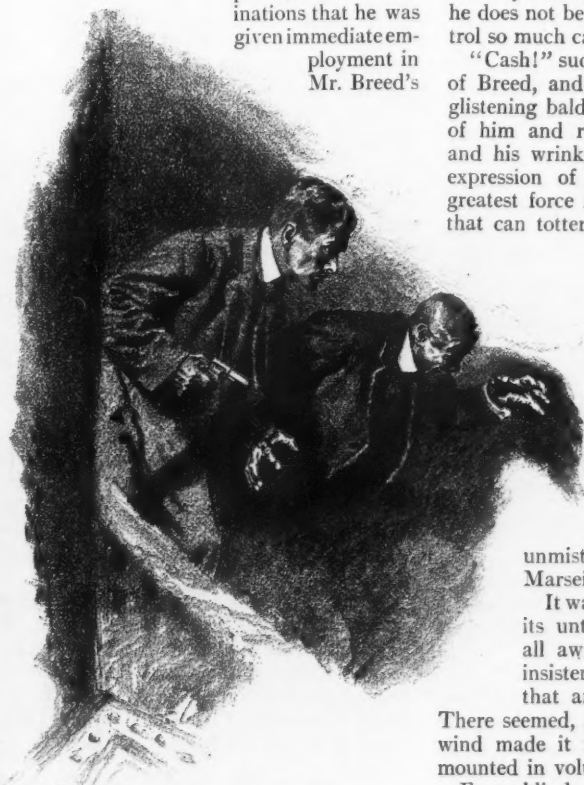
ments; that can cause wars and support them and end them; that can build cities and devastate them. Cash! The life-blood of commerce; the great social dynamo; the golden lever of Archimedes! Cash!" His voice rose in a shrill crescendo, but before its quaverings had ceased there came another sound much more startling—the

unmistakable, never-to-be-forgotten Marseillaise!

It was not musical, that song, with its untuned voices and its melody all awry, but there was an exultant insistence upon the measured rhythm that arrested the instant attention.

There seemed, as it approached, as gusts of wind made it more sharply audible, as it mounted in volume, a demoniacal fury in it.

Every blind, including the heavy curtains behind the glass at the doors, had been drawn. Now Jensen suddenly snapped a button that threw the library in darkness, and, going



SAM LED THE WAY, UNARMED EXCEPT FOR THE FORMIDABLE WEAPONS WITH WHICH NATURE HAD PROVIDED HIM

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to one of the windows looking out upon the front driveway, opened a blind. The flare of torches could be seen between the trees. There came a loud cheer, impregnated with the same fury as the song, and then the blows of rails and logs upon the heavy iron gates, a fusillade of shots from the rifles of the guards, screams of agony and answering shots.

"Too late," groaned Rollins. "It is not Kelvin's army but Blagg's. God help us now!"

A piercing scream, as if it might have been that of a cat in mortal anguish, came from the end of the room where Henry Breed had sat nodding and mumbling and mowing in his pitiful pomp. "Cash!" he shrieked. "My cash!"

There was a metallic crash and then another mad cheer: the gates had given way. Then the mob came pouring on. The high-pitched voice of a woman suddenly broke again into the frenzied song, and a shouting chorus, out of all semblance of tune but with wonderful rhythm, caught it up. A torch darted into the open around the far bend. Rollins, who was unconsciously reaching back for his pistol, found his fingers caught in a soft hand, and felt a gentle pull. He obeyed the tugging immediately and allowed himself to be led. Outside the door, in the dim light of the hall, Elsie White, still leading the way toward the rear of the building, looked up at him with terror-widened eyes.

"This way," she urged. "I must hide you. They will kill you first of all."

"My men!" he protested. "They should be approaching the grounds by this time, and now I must lead them by a different way."

"Don't go," she begged of him. "If they see you crossing the open spaces they will chase you and shoot you as they would a wild animal."

"I cannot help it," he answered. "I must go."

He raced on through to the kitchen hall, but he did not let go of her hand; and now it was he who led. He reached the rear door and threw it open.

"Come," he said simply.

She looked up at him a moment and then gently stepped out beside him, closing the door after her. He paused to gather her in his arms with sudden mastery, and for just that moment she laid her head in surrender upon his shoulder. He lifted her head gently, stooped down and kissed her full upon the warm red lips, and then took her hand again.

"It looks like desertion," said he, "but we can do no good here."

He struck out with her along the path, but she pulled against his direction.

"This way," she insisted; "straight back from the house to the garden and around past the kennels. Then we can be under cover all the way."

He looked down at her critically. Fortunately her dress was dark. They raced away into the shelter of the dark shrubbery, a path that he would not have dared to choose in his haste; but Elsie, who was familiar with every foot of the ground, bent her head and raced just ahead of him, guiding him, by many devious little turns and twists, into a screen of impenetrable blackness.

In the room they had quitted the voice of Jens Jensen, cool and collected, inquired,

"How shall we prepare to die, standing or crouching?" He drew down the blind, and, making his way to the other side of the room, once more turned the switch button.

Doctor Zelphan, standing where he had been, looked swiftly about the room. They two were the only occupants.

"It seems," he said with a short laugh, "that the others have already made their choice. The majority rules, and I shall follow. Only the young insist on dying gaudily. For myself, I have still to finish my book."

He moved rapidly across the room to the hall as he spoke. The menacing Marseillaise, now but a roaring series of accented shouts, was quite near. Two sharp, resounding shots echoed just outside the hall door.

"The guards!" exclaimed Zelphan. "They are still at the door. There is a part of your America, the part that I love. What wonderful material for my book. Come! If we must die let us die crouching," and without waiting he raced up the stairs, heading toward the attic.

Jensen hesitated a moment. Two more shots rang out, followed by howls of hate, and then a fusillade of bullets spattered against the walls, crashed through the glass, and imbedded themselves with soft thuds in the heavy woodwork of the doors. Jensen hesitated no longer, but followed the doctor.

IV

THE doors offered but a brief resistance, after the two guards had been beaten down

and torn and snarled over, and then the dust-blackened mob came bursting in, at their head Lillian Breed, the incarnation of wild atavic gipsyhood, the incarnation of hell-apprenticed beauty, the incarnation of all the evil things that are red, her cheeks aflame to vie with the carmine of the knotted kerchief in her black hair, her ruby-tinted gown slashed and ribboned and frayed, and one rounded arm, upon which was a slight flesh-wound and a trickle of shining crimson, hanging entirely without the torn sleeve. Her eyes were flaming, and her scarlet lips were parted in a mocking laugh.

"Welcome to our home!" she cried, half turning to the rabble and throwing aloft her right arm, the bare one with the red trickle upon it, and, thrusting her left arm beneath that of George Blagg, she wheeled with him into the library, while their followers poured after them like rats and swarmed through the house.

There was an almost instant breaking of china and rending of draperies, with the shrill laughter of mad women above all, sounds of vandal devastation and destruction at which Lillian only laughed aloud.

"Help yourselves, my good friends," she shouted. "The house is yours and all that it contains, even to its unwelcoming masters, if you can find them."

In the library Blagg jumped upon the very table which Breed had so lately quitted, and clapped his hands for silence. "Order there!" he shouted, and stamped heavily with his nail-studded heel upon the polished mahogany of the table-top.

"Who orders order?" roared a half-drunken tinner who had already secured a decanter from the dining-room and now crowded into the door. His face was blackened with powder smoke; over his left eye there was a broad patch of darkened dry blood; his thick lips were parted in a ribald grin. He raised the decanter to his lips and took a long pull of the liquor. "Who orders order?" he repeated, shoving his way forward into the room. "Orders are for slaves! I defy orders! To hell with orders!"

A lean little man with eyes as sharp as steel needles, with a pointed nose and a pointed chin and curiously overhanging brow and long, thin arms, suddenly whipped a knife from his belt and stabbed the tinner in the throat. He fell without a groan. Those around him only laughed, but order was obtained.

"This is business in the name of liberty and equality," declared Blagg. "Hold yourselves in restraint. Remember that we came here to get a billion and a half dollars for the cause. Every one of you must help us to carry it from here, and remember that we have all sworn to kill the first man who tries to make away with any of it or to appropriate a dollar to his own use. After we have established equality and fraternity, then every man may do as he likes, but to-night we must act for the common weal. Come forward as your names are called. Meyers!" The lean little man who had stabbed the tinner pressed forward to the table. "Trellis!" A stoop-shouldered man with a dished-in face joined Meyers. "White!" The father of Elsie White, gray and fat and with the light of foolish zealotry in his eyes, pushed eagerly to the front. "Gilman! Owens! Hibbard! Schultz! Garvin! Boyer!"

They came to him as he called until he had named a score of names.

"That is all for now," he directed. "The rest of you wait here in your detachments of tens until you are called from below."

Lillian had stood at the side of the fireplace, her hand upon the knob of the little door which led into Henry Breed's retiring-room, used only for noontime naps. Now Blagg jumped down from the table to her side, and together they threw open the door. A shrill laugh from Lillian immediately ensued.

"Why, look who's here!" she cried. "If it isn't my dear old friend, Mrs. Rensselaer."

Mrs. Rensselaer stepped back from her vain attempts to bolt the door, and with her hand resting easily upon the foot of Breed's couch looked quietly at Lillian, waiting. With her gray hair and her neat gown and her calm dignity she overawed Lillian for a moment, and then anger came as a natural reaction.

"Why, how delightful," said Lillian with mock suavity. "Mrs. Rensselaer, you must come out and let me introduce you to some of my friends. Ladies!" she called. "I am going to turn Mrs. Rensselaer over to the reception committee."

The women, hideous travesties of their sex in all their grim frowns and defeminizing excitement, grinned and pressed forward.

"This is Mrs. Rensselaer," continued Lillian, dragging forth her many years' companion. "She is the last lady of one of our very, very oldest families. None of her ancestry has worked since America was a nation.

Her nephew is General Rensselaer, who is commander-in-chief of the army of Emperor Kelvin, Phillip the First. I know you will enjoy her society."

Her mocking laugh seemed enough hint as she thrust Mrs. Rensselaer into the library. A brazen woman, fat and gross, and with hideous lips burned dark as with a fever, caught Mrs. Rensselaer by the hand and jerked her forward. A mere slip of a girl, thin and formless, but whose face already bore the unmistakable traces of living death, laughed a shrill laugh, and with a soiled cap that had once been a boy's, slapped Mrs. Rensselaer across the face.

Flushing red with the indignity, Mrs. Rensselaer turned to Lillian, but she had neither time for protest nor need of it, for Lillian, obeying another of the sudden impulses to which in the past week she had wholly given herself, changed her attitude completely and with blazing eyes rushed between Mrs. Rensselaer and her tormentors.

"That will do!" she cried. "Mrs. Rensselaer was my friend for a great many years and treated me more patiently than I deserved. She is my guest now and must be respected as such. Mrs. Rensselaer, sit here," and she seated her one-time social tutor and sponsor behind the library table, in the chair that Breed had lately vacated. "Whitney! Caspar! Williams! Harvey! Perth! Green! stand around this table and protect her from any further insults, in my name. As for you—" She turned to the young woman who had slapped Mrs. Rensselaer. Her eyes narrowed and grew cold as she confronted the girl. She walked closer to her, gazing steadily and cruelly into the pale gray eyes that now widened with consternation. Suddenly giving way to her unbridled whim she picked out two of the other men and pushed the girl with sudden violence into their arms. "Take her out and throw her in the lake," she directed.

The men, laughing cruelly, seized hold of her and began dragging her toward the door.

"But I can't swim!" shrieked the girl.

"That's why I'm having you thrown in the lake," said Lillian coolly. "The rest of you will take note by this that Mrs. Rensselaer is to be protected."

She started back toward the door of the smaller room. The girl, struggling against the two who had her in charge, suddenly burst into a stream of vituperative profanity,

so vicious and so foul that even Lillian, inured as the past week had made her to language of the sort, shuddered and ran from the room. She paused in the door to look at Mrs. Rensselaer, and for a moment wonder and admiration for that woman's pride and poise, even in the face of this trying position, came over her. There was something in the pride of birth, something in the influence of a long line of honored ancestry, a gift, intangible and inexplicable, but none the less real, over which she, like thousands of others descended of coarser clay, have marveled since society emerged from its swaddling clothes; and when she discovered awe of it in herself, like all her kind, she resented it.

"I must have your rings and your brooch, I think, Mrs. Rensselaer," said she, and swiftly going behind the table she disengaged the diamond cluster from Mrs. Rensselaer's throat and stripped the rings from the unresisting fingers. Even as she did this her mood changed again, and she whispered, "It is the best thing for you." Taking the jewels in her hand she cried, "A gift from aristocracy to equality and fraternity!" and she tossed them into the air.

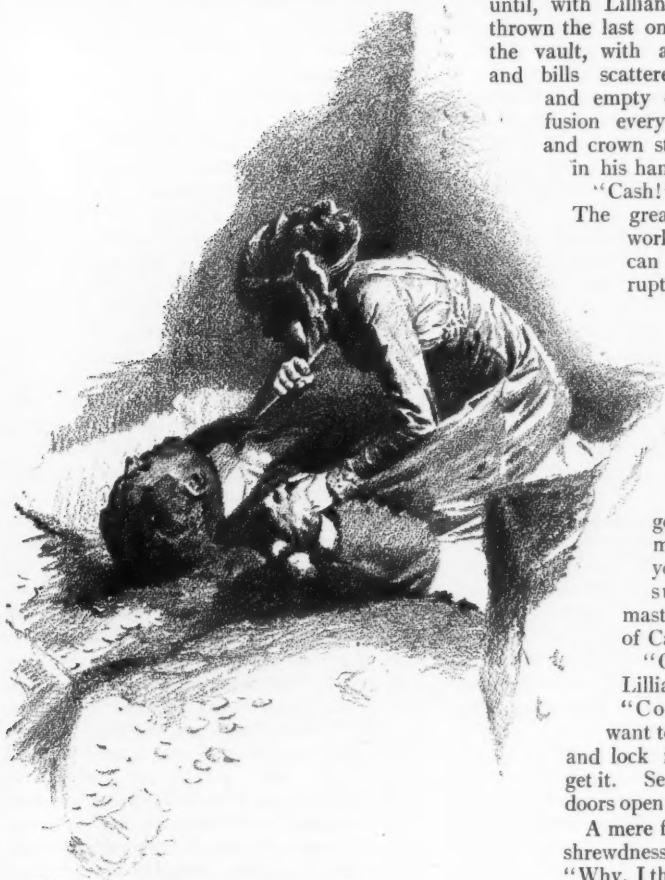
A hundred hands reached for them as they came down, and a clamor of excited voices told how popular that action had been. Lillian glanced at the scramble with her lip curled for a second in scorn, then she turned to Blagg briskly.

"Come on," she said, "we have work to do," and, followed by Blagg and his score of picked men, she hurried through the little rear room.

They found the closet door open and its rear wall pushed back, revealing the narrow secret staircase which led two flights downward to the huge vault below the library cellar. Single file they hurriedly descended this, Lillian at the head, and turned into the wide cemented vestibule, where an electric light was already burning. Lillian dropped down before the combination knob and turned it carefully backward and forward, several times.

"I feared so," she said to Blagg, who knelt beside her. "The combination has been changed."

Blagg took the knob in his long, sensitive fingers, and, not looking at it, bent his ear closely to it, while Lillian laid her bare arm loosely across his shoulders, and turned slowly and gently; he stopped and turned backward, slowly and gently; he stopped and



—PIERRE
BARCKLER—

"HAD YOU PUT ME AT YOUR SIDE AS YOUR EMPRESS, IN THIS SIGN WE WOULD HAVE CONQUERED THE WORLD; BUT YOU REPUDIATED ME, AND IN THIS SIGN YOU DIE!"

turned forward and backward and forward again, with deft sureness of touch and hearing, and then smiled as he gave the ring of the door a clutch and pulled. The door came open.

"It's a good thing that I practised those long hours every night on that sample knob in my room up-stairs," he said as he went in to the next one.

He did not wait for Lillian to try this, but depended again upon his own touch and hearing. Slowly, but with remarkable skill, he worked his way through the four iron doors

until, with Lillian by his side, he had thrown the last one open; and there, in the vault, with a great pile of gold and bills scattered thickly about him and empty drawers lying in confusion everywhere, with his robe and crown still on and his scepter in his hand, stood Henry Breed.

"Cash!" he cried. "Cash! The greatest force in all the world. The power that can totter thrones and disrupt governments; that can

cause wars and support them and end them; that can build cities and devastate them! Cash! The life-blood of commerce, the great social dynamo; the golden lever of Archimedes! Cash! Salute your master, Cash, loyal subjects, and your master's master, the King of Cash!"

"Grandfather!" said Lillian, hurrying to him.

"Come with me. We want to put this money away and lock it up so no one can get it. See, you have left all the doors open!"

A mere fleeting trace of his old shrewdness came into his eyes. "Why, I thought I closed them," he quavered. "Yes, yes, we must hurry and put it back," and stooping, his crown rolling among the money in the process, he began to gather up the bills.

The babel of voices from the upper part of the house, as some one opened the door of the little room back of the library, came sharply down to them. At the sound he straightened up, and his dim old eyes grew wide.

"Hush! They are coming!" he said. "They sha'n't have it!" he suddenly screamed. "It's mine! Mine! Every dollar of it!"

He rushed toward the door to close it, but he stumbled and fell upon the floor, and lay quite still.

"Come here, two of you fellows," called Lillian briskly, back to business once more.

"Pick him up and carry him into the little corner at the side of the stairway, where it is light and cool. I think he has only fainted. George, you might as well begin."

As soon as Henry Breed was carried out there was room for the full score of men in the big vault, and Blagg called them all in by name, each one, as he came forward, loosing two long, brown sacks from about his middle.

"Gather up the money from the floor first," Blagg directed, "then take the drawers systematically, beginning at the bottom and working up."

Eagerly the men began filling their sacks, with many exclamations of animal gratification as the silken feel of the paper and the metallic touch of the metal glided through their fingers.

V

IN that deep vault sounds from without were but silences, except as they burst down when the door was opened from above. There was plenty of it to hear, however, for there was mad revelry throughout all the house. The gentlemen and ladies of equality and fraternity had, first of all, hunted out the stores of food and liquor. These despatched, amid much shouting and quarreling, they swarmed over the house like rats, seeking what they might pilfer or destroy. A fire could have gutted the place no worse. Next, the madness to hunt and bring to bay and kill came upon them, and now the very nature of their bodies changed. They searched with almost whining eagerness in every nook and cranny large enough to conceal human life. They did not find Doctor Zelphan, but they did find Jens, and when he realized that concealment was no longer possible he stepped out and faced them, and fought and died standing, as he had preferred.

Had he remained concealed for but a few brief moments he might have lived, for there came suddenly upon the big gray house a new and terrible sound, borne by swift, shadowy engines that swept upward along the wide curving driveway, almost noiseless, except for a rush and a whir, until, out of the purring silence, they burst upon the rabble outside with a sharp rattling hailstorm of leaden death.

Kelvin and his squad of flying Gatlings had arrived, and close behind him trotted the detachment that had been bivouacked nearest

the gates. He had come upon those outside stragglers so swiftly that there had been no time to escape his engines of instantaneous destruction, which, sweeping from side to side, mowed down men as if they had been weeds. Stalwart men in khaki sprang upon the steps. There were a few survivors, and these, in their panic, the footmen took care of, while other stalwarts carried a Gatling up and planted it in the very doorway, pouring its deadly blight back into the hall. They set it up next at the library door, and swept that room as bare and clear of living humanity as if a flood had washed it out, while the men in khaki swarmed through the house, pursuing the followers of Blagg into bloody corners and exterminating them as if they had been vermin. A detachment, with Rensselaer and Kelvin in the lead, stepped over the ghostly, huddled heaps in the library, hurried back through the little room, and poured down the narrow secret stairway. As they had swept through the library Rensselaer had caught a brief glimpse of a gray-haired woman in a black silk gown, with her head upon her folded arms, sitting at the table, but the picture was confused with others of its riddled and useless kind, and he hurried on ahead.

Kelvin had promised himself to be in the lead as they went down the stairway, but as he turned into the closet entrance a huge black form thrust itself in before him, and Sam, the long scar upon his left cheek grown livid and his huge mouth distended in a grin that displayed his yellow teeth, and crooning, actually crooning, one of those wild melodies of the old plantation days, led the way, unarmed except for the formidable weapons with which nature had provided him.

There had been shouts before this, so no new shouts disturbed the workers in the vault. What little noise the Gatlings had made had sounded but like a sprinkle of rain upon leaves, and the greedy garnerers of Breed's golden harvest were taken by complete surprise. They turned from their tasks as the men in khaki streamed in upon them, but their weapons had been laid aside, and they had only bags of money with which to fight; and these were too heavy!

Sam was shouting aloud. An irresistible demon, he clutched one thin throat in his mighty hands and cracked it and threw the limp, resistless body aside and sprang for another, and the second man to fall before his savage onslaught was Ben White.

Blagg, with a mighty oath, sprang for Kelvin, who had entered just behind Sam, but one of Rensselaer's lieutenants was quick enough to intercept him. Blagg blindly fought off this man. He had eyes only for Kelvin, just for Kelvin! In a moment the place was a purgatory of weaving, straining forms; but through all his struggle with his own adversary, Blagg never took his eyes from Kelvin. Finally, with his arms clasped about the middle of the lieutenant, he gradually bent his assailant backward, and in the act managed to draw the lieutenant's pistol from its holster. In place of turning it upon his own antagonist, he leveled it over the man's shoulder straight at Kelvin.

It was Sam who, shouting in a fever of savage joy, saw that motion and sprang to wrest the pistol from Blagg. He succeeded only in placing his body between the pistol and his master, and with his big hands upon the shoulders of the two struggling men in front of him, he received in his own breast the three bullets that the firearm yet contained. Then, his work done, he fell heavily to the floor, and upon his face was fixed forever that same sardonic grin which displayed all his snarling yellow teeth.

Kelvin, spent with his own efforts, stood erect to breathe for a moment, and in that moment a needle-sharp dagger was thrust into his side. He tottered and fell, and above him knelt Lillian Breed, while before his eyes she held the dagger.

"See!" she cried. "This was your emblem of triumph! This was the sign in which you were to conquer. This was the instrument that twice threatened you and twice failed; but the third time it wins. Kelvin, you made but one mistake. Had you put me at your side as your empress, in this sign," and she held the dagger point upward, "we would have conquered the world; but you repudiated me, and in this sign you die!"

Kelvin turned his face wearily away. The gesture maddened her, and in her fury she would have raised the dagger again to smite him with it, but one of the throng of soldiers who were still pouring in struck it from her hand and overpowered her and bound her arms behind her, as those of Blagg had already been bound. Except for these two, not one of the despoilers in the vault was able to do damage, and Rensselaer, unscathed, looked down upon Phillip with tears moistening his eyes. He choked them back as, he thought, became a soldier.

"Take him out carefully, boys," he said; "but get him into the air, quickly!"

He himself took Phillip's shoulders, and carefully, gently, they bore him up the narrow stairway and through the shambles that had once been a library. As they passed through that room Rensselaer's eyes happened to rest again upon that motionless, gray-haired woman at the library table, and as he recognized her he turned sick and faint and almost dropped his burden.

"Here," he told one of his men, "help carry him. I cannot."

He almost stumbled into the outer air, and the men followed him with Kelvin. Covering him to the breast with a sheet hastily snatched from Breed's couch, they laid the first and last Emperor of America flat upon the porch at the edge of the steps, where the cooling breeze might blow upon his brow, and the brightest star in the sky, his "star of destiny," might beam down mockingly upon him. There was no foe at hand, for all the present foe had been despatched, and the soldiers turned as with one impulse toward the spot where the leader they had followed lay pale and rigid under the yellow porch light; and this yellow light was, in a moment more, augmented by a saffron glare that flared out, as the roof, from a fire started by the recent vandals in the attic, broke into a blaze.

"Charge!" came a sudden sharp voice from the shrubbery.

Startled, Rensselaer saw a host of men with fixed bayonets suddenly spring out of the dark shrubbery at the northwest side of the building and come tearing down upon them, braving a hand-to-hand conflict immediately upon their sudden discovery in the broad light.

"Left face! Present arms!" came the sharp command of Rensselaer. The word "Fire" was just trembling upon his lips when he recognized the advancing leader, rushing with drawn saber and pistol at the side of the first line in the column.

"Halt! For God's sake, halt!" he cried, jumping down from the porch before his men and facing the oncoming ranks, waving the white sheet that he had snatched from across Kelvin. "A truce! For God's sake, Rollins, halt your men! This madness is all over! Kelvin is dead!"

Within but a few feet of what must otherwise have been a desperate struggle, the advancing column was checked, and Rollins

heard briefly from the sickened Rensselaer what had happened. He strode up the steps and stood before Kelvin with bared head.

"Only mistaken," he said in benediction and forgiveness. Then he turned to his own followers and those of Rensselaer. "As President of the United States, vice Kelvin, I have become your chief commanding officer," he told them. "Kelvin is dead, but the Republic still lives. Blagg and his consort will die this morning, and with them the rebellion is broken. There will be fighting yet, some little, and turmoil and hardship before peace is restored to us, and some restrictive legislation, to be carefully and wisely considered, must be made to keep down such appalling accumulations of wealth as may threaten our liberty and our republic; but, gentlemen, through it all the Constitution of the United States still is sacred and supreme, and there," his voice took on a sudden ring of exultation, "waves its everlasting emblem!"

One grizzled old veteran of Sumner Rollins's ranks had brought with him, so tightly folded that it might have been taken as a pike, a tattered old American flag that had gone through the war of the North and the South, and had now flung its war-stained stars and stripes to their gaze. There was a cheer, but only a feeble one. After all the turmoil and its solemn ending, the sight of this almost forgotten banner proved too much for ribald cheering, and instead, the men, almost with one accord, took off their hats, and moisture stood in their eyes.

A strange figure appeared among them. Old Henry Breed, still clad in his mockery of royal raiment, staggered to the door. In his fall and through all that succeeded it, his hands had convulsively gripped upon money, and he still held it, green and orange, in his fingers.

"Cash!" his shrill old voice quavered as he flaunted it in the air. "Cash! The greatest force in all the world! The power that can totter thrones and disrupt governments; that can cause wars and support them and end

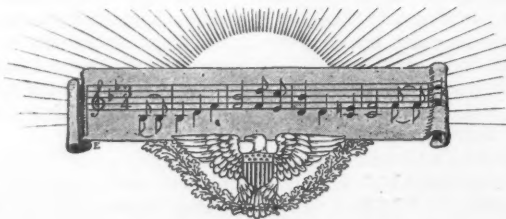
them; that can build cities and devastate them; that can crush all life and destroy all happiness and debauch all honor! Cash! The life-blood of commerce; the great social dynamo; the golden lever of Archimedes! Cash!"

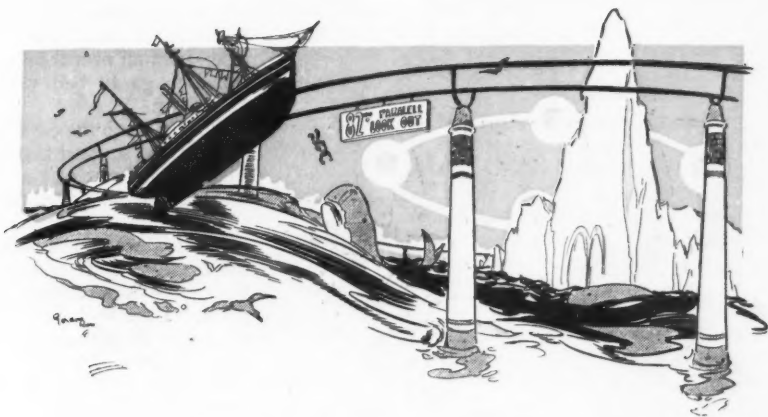
He stopped to laugh shrilly, and allowed a soldier to seat him in a chair where he drooled off into a gibbering mumbling. As he left the doorway his place was taken by Doctor Zelphan, his cap on his head, his twinkling eyes gleaming through his thick spectacles and his red beard pointed straight out. Both hands were filled with shawl-strapped packages of his precious manuscript. It was all he had cared to save from the flames. He looked down at Breed a moment in contemplative pity.

"He will die, the way he is now," said he. "His once remarkable brain is mere mush. He was a wonderful study, a most wonderful study, and the nearest approach to absolute monarchy of any resident of this globe. In the meantime, gentlemen, America has had her orgasm, and her nerves will be quieter now. I bid you good day. I am going to Switzerland," and he strode down the drive and around the trees at the bend.

Running around the corner came Elsie White, who had been bidden to stay back in safety, but who could not, and Rollins drew her to his side. The wind, blowing away some fleecy clouds, revealed in the east the first rosy glow of coming day, and the same grim old veteran who had brought with him the war-stained battle-flag broke in trembling accents into a song that cleared the still quivering air of the fevered Marseillaise; that was caught up by a mighty chorus of newly freed men; that was at once the requiescat of Kelvin, a benediction, and the promise of a new birth for the Republic he had almost throttled:

Oh, say can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last
gleaming?





SUNDAY WE BUMPED INTO THE 82D PARALLEL

A New Angle on the Old Pole

Edited by Wallace Irwin

From the MS. by G. Washington Blobb

Illustrated by Gordon Ross

Editor's Note.—The following startling record, hermetically sealed in a ketchup-bottle, was found floating off the coast of Coney Island by Prof. Boskerino, an eminent sword-swallower, whose word has never been doubted in scientific circles. The bottle, which was opened in the presence of six reliable press-agents and Madame Tulu, the celebrated palmist, is said to have borne the scars of many icebergs and long arctic travel. As additional proof of the genuineness of its contents, the bottle bore the convincing label, "Tomato Ketchup, 97% Pure, Contains no Benzoate of Soda or other Artificial Preservatives."

I THOUGHT I would write up what I done into some sort of a Dairy and drop same into the Artick Sea in hopes it would float to Hackensack, N. J., where my cousin Fred works in a garage. Folks ain't going to believe this here. That's the saddest thing about the Explorer business. You risk your life sewed up in a bearskin rug in a latitude where raw dog is a luxury and the theemometer thinks it's sun-struck when it climbs as high as zero, and what happens to you when you arrives home and tells same to friends? "Where you been?" they inquires suspicious. "North Pole," you responds. "Show it to us," says

friends. "Can't—it melted," you says. "Splash!" says friends, and the next you know your name's in the papers as the biggest liar since Anny Nias.

My name is G. Washington Blobb of Jersey City. Having been raised proper, I didn't intend to go to the Pole and mix in the scandalous doings of Commander Sleary and Dr. Snook. It was all a mistake, or I should of still been working for father at Hoboken—Pa's a burglar. You see it was just like this. In June, 1907, I set sail for Mexico in the *Zulu Belle*. Our captain was Algernon Greene, a reformed broker. Our cargo was 10,000 cases of "Blobb's Arabian Shoe Pol-

A New Angle on the Old Pole



SNAG-UP-TRASH, THE KING OF THE ESKIMOS, ET UP A DOZEN BOXES OF MY ARABIAN POLISH BEFORE I COULD FIND HEART TO STOP HIM

ish," of which I was inventor. It was my intention to dump my stock in the land of the dark-eyed *Stingoritas* where cash is plenty and brains scarce.

They told me that Capt. Greene, our commander, was a nice man when sober. I dunno. I never seen him that way. We was scarce past Sandy Hook before he got so entranced on rum cocktails that he cut up sumpen terrible. When he went to bed he wouldn't get up, and when he got up he wouldn't go to bed.

The first week out I says to our mate, Alec Jones, an ex-clergyman of Yonkers, "Alec," I says, "I see land. Can it be the coast of Florida?"

"Nix," said Alec, "that's Labrador."

"Labrador!" I says. "I thought we was bound for Mexico."

"We was," says he, "but we'll probably end up at the North Pole. That's just a little habit of the captain's," says he.

That remark worried me; for, sure enough,

we was heading due North. It got so cold that the steam-pipes frizz all over the ship and I had to go to bed with my mittens on.

Sunday we bumped into the 82d Parallel so hard that Capt. Algernon fell out of his trance into the sea and was never heard of more.

Monday we seen a collection of cute little bears standing on their hind legs about freezing point. I aims at one with a gun, but Alec rushes up and says, "Cheese it! them's human inhabitants!" And sure they was! They was the natives of the island. The males was called Eskimoses and the females Eskimisses. I jumped onto a chunk of ice and began showing 'em my Arabian Polish—and say, it made a BIG hit! Snag-up-Trash, the King of the Eskimoses, crawled out of his igloos and took a can. First he smelled of it, then he tasted it. He smacked his lips and rolled up his eyes. An expression of heavenly bliss stole over his savage feechers and he hollered, "Jack-pot-hooly-mup!" which means, "Everything is good that

comes in cans." And he et up a dozen boxes of my Arabian Polish before I could find heart to stop him.

When I asked him if there was any more white men thereabouts he pointed North and said, "Heap gum-drop; big nail talk." So I knowed the camps of Snook and Sleary, them famous Pole Chasers, must be near.

I've often read how them fancy explorers starts for the Pole like petted and coddled beauties with all the luxuries of civilization, including a pianola, a coon valet, a French cook, and a ice-bustin' boat that looks inside like the Venetian room of the Waldorf-Astoria. But I wasn't prepared for the scene of stylish splendor that met my gaze when I arrived at Tintack, Greenland, with my faithful Eskimoses, Week-End-Bob and Jam-Bill.

In the middle of the village stood a palatial struncture what looked like a Carnegie Library all cut out of ice and snow. The surrounding

hummocks was mowed and patted down by a landscape gardener so that they resembled lawns and flower-beds. Tame penguins was sporting in the front yard. A gravel walk, lined with walrus teeth, led up to the door, over which was the follering sign in gold letters:

THE SLEARY-SNOOK FREEZE-OUT CLUB.
Home for Tired Explorers.

A Eskimo butler with patent-leather pumps and a white tie opened the front door and asked me for a card. I told him I had left the deck to home; so he let me in without no further questions. The room I entered was sure magnificent. Many first-class barrooms in N. Y. City ain't fixed so grand.

In a sunny end of this stylish compartment I heard the sound of human voices and the click-click of two or three typewriters. And there, on opposite sides of a hot oil-stove, sat them distinguished Discoverers dictating to stenographers. Commander Sleary was becomingly dressed in a suit of mink-skin pajamas trimmed in eider-down and ruffled at the collar. Dr. Snook wore a frock-coat of seal-skin with a ermine boa and mittens of silver fox. His socks was lavender.

Dr. Snook began pacing up and down a-thinking what to say next; but Sleary had an inspiration and says to his stenographer:

"Our sufferings now become something terrible. My colored porter, Matt Hanson, F. R. G. S., trudged faithfully along, still carrying my umbrella and dress-suit case. I left Captain Bartlett drinking tea on the 87th Parallel with instructions to sit on it till I came back. At the 89th Parallel I stopped and let Hanson brush my hat and coat. I then tipped him 50c. and told him to go back to Boston and wait for me. He refused and insisted upon accompanying me to the Pole. What could I do? Colored servants are so fussy in these high latitudes——"

Here Commander Sleary stopped to think. And at the same moment Dr. Snook got an idea and started in with *his* stenographer:

"Seventy-five miles a day was our average walk. As I had left my watch at home and had lent my sextant to Harry Whitney, I never knew where we were or what time it was. But I gathered from the weather that we were pretty far North. I kept careful account of everything in my note-book, but I dropped this in a blowhole, so I can't remember what happened. A purple haze covered everything."

Here Dr. Snook ran out of thoughts, so he lit a cigaret. I seen it was a good time for me to butt in.

"Gents," I says, "if yous guys has discovered the North Pole, why don't you come back to America and tell home folks about it?"

"Who says we discovered the North Pole?" says Snook and Sleary in unison together.

"Didn't I just hear you a-talking to your stenographers about it?" I enquires.

"Oho!" laffs Commander Sleary, "them's not facts we was talking. Them's lectures."

"But wouldn't it be more sort of proper-like to go to the Pole first and write about it afterwards?" I asks ignorantly.

"That's the old-fashioned way," says Sleary, "but in this age of science and progress it's considered better form to write up your article before



ON OPPOSITE SIDES OF A HOT OIL-STOVE SAT THEM DISTINGUISHED DISCOVERERS DICTATING TO STENOGRAPHERS

your expedition commences. Then, if nothing happens, you've at least got a good story for the magazines."

"It makes travel lots more exciting," says Dr. Snook.

Snook and Sleary was fighting nearly all the time I seen 'em. One morning Sleary came to a point in his lecture where he said,

"It now became a grilling, gruelling, grinding tramp over endless seas of broken ice——"

"You're another!" yells Dr. Snook irritably. "The Pole, as every Explorer knows, is only a short walk from land."

"Short walks makes long lectures," says Sleary sarcastic-like.

"Oh, gum-drops!" says Snook sweetly. "Are you proprietor of the Artick Circle as well as owner of the Pole?"

"I've got nearer the Pole than you have," snaps Sleary.

"Oh, no, you ain't!" says Dr. Snook, bringing out the manuscript of his new book. "I got past 100,000 words already."

"Gents, please," I says, "I'm only a butt-in from Jersey; but I sure never expected to find such a hot time in the Artick! Why don't you boys go out and *discover* the Pole instead of setting here rag-chawing?"

"I can't this week," says Sleary, "because I got a magazine article to finish up."

"It looks like rain, too," says Snook, glancing out of the window.

"Of all the irritating Bushwickers, that man Snook's the worst!" growls Sleary. "Not content with stealing my Pole he swipes my dogs."

"Who crept into my igloos and removed 6 tons of chewing tallow and a barrel of gum-drops?" yells Dr. Snook.

"You're a short and ugly——"

"You're a deliberate and malicious——"

And so it went on like a W. C. T. U. Caucus for 5 solid weeks, till I almost wisht I was back in Jersey City. At last, one bright pleasant morning—the theemometer then standing 211 below zero—I called my faithful guides, and says, "Boys, what you say *we* go out and discover that Daffy Old Pole?"

"Chick-maglook-pushaway," they answers, meaning, "For 50c. we would do anything."

So Jam-Bill loaned me a pair of bear-skin pajamas and Week-End brought a dog-sled drawn by Fido and Rover, the cutest canine team North of Albany; and carrying a bucket of paint, 8 pounds of lard and a spoon to eat it with, we snuck forth early in the morning while them two Explorers was still in bed.

With our feet gliding smoothly over the chillblains we pointed straight for the Refrigerated Silence. The cold was sumpen fierce. I tried to sing. The song frizz in my throat. I tried to sneeze. The sneeze frizz in my nose.

Finally it got so darn uncomfortable that I says to my Eskimoses, I says, "Boys, don't you think we've about reached the Pole?"

"We think it very likely, sir," says Jam and Week-End like the perfectly trained guides they were.

"About where do you think the Pole would be at?" I asks.

"I am standing on the very spot," says Jam-Bill and frizz solid as he spoke.

So me and Week-End, with great presence of mind, cut the long wooden tongue off our sled and this we painted with stripes so it looked like a barber's pole. We planted this in the ice next to where Jam-Bill stood froze solid. Then on a slip of paper I wrote in large, pretty letters,

NORTH POLE

DISCOVERED BY ADAM & EVE

A. D. 1492

That "1492" didn't seem a very appropriate date to mix up with Adam & Eve, but then it was the year that Columbus discovered America and it only seemed natural he should of discovered the Pole along with the rest of the country.

After thawing out Jam-Bill we killed Fido and Rover and enjoyed a light breakfast. Then we started back.

Arriving at ten o'clock next morning we found Snook and Sleary a-setting by the hot stove looking very suspicious.

"Where you been?" they asks simontaneously.

"Oh, nowheres," I answers just careless.

"We've only strolled out and discovered the North Pole, that's all."

"What proof you got?" they snaps.

"Only the word of my two intelligent Eskimoses," I answers.

"A Eskimo's word ain't worth a Tammany election promise!" they growls together. And the rest of the morning they was so peevish they wouldn't speak to me.

Next morning, just as the Artick sun was arising over the Western hills, I was awoke from my slumbers by a voice speaking under my window. It was Commander Sleary talking to Week-End-Bob.

"Boy," says Sleary, "would you mind showing me to the North Pole?"

"For 65c. I would do anything," replies Week-End in the liquid language of his tribe. So, without another word, the Eskimo and the Commander and his Artick poodles disappeared in the direction of the Refrigerated Silence.

About a minute later I heard a voice on the other side of the house. Squinting out I seen Dr. Snook in earnest conversation with Jam-Bill.

"Noble savage," says Dr. Snook alluringly, "what will you take to guide me to the top of the world?"

"For 75c. I would stop at nothing," says Jam-Bill. So in another forty seconds Dr. Snook and *his* dogs and *his* expedition set off licketty-split in the direction of Nature's Eternal Ice-Box.

And I just set there laffing myself to death. I wasn't jealous of no explorers. Who wants the old Pole? It's a cheap Pole, anyhow. But I couldn't restrain my curiosity. In a jiffy I pulled on a pair of Artick overshoes and hiked off on the trail of those two desperate adventurers. Finally I came in sight of the Pole I had painted so careful, and there I hid behind a glacier. Snook and Sleary had just got there at the same moment. Sleary was driving the Pole full of nails and yelling: "Go way! I was here first!" Snook was stuffing some papers marked "proofs" into a brass tube and hanging it to the Pole. When this was done they stood and glared at each other. They'd 'a' had a free fight, I guess, but it was so cold they hated to take their hands out of their pockets.

"I'll tell Teddy Roosevelt of this!" says Sleary finally.

"Who cares?" says Snook. "I'll tell the King of Denmark."

Driv to desperation by this taunt Sleary grabbed the Pole and started to run away with it. Snook gave a yelp like a wolf that's stung, and in another minute they was a-rolling over the snow trying to massacre each other with chunks of ice. I couldn't stand by and see a great geographical question settled in that way, so I jumped in like a referee at a dog-fight.

"Gents," I says, "the discovery of the Pole has ended in a dead heat. Such questions can only be settled by tossing up a nickel. Heads or tails—the guy what calls it gets a half day's start to Civilization." So I pulled a nickel from my pocket and twirled it over the North Pole.

"Heads!" yells Sleary. "Tails!" yells Snook. And the coin fell tails up.

So Dr. Snook, without another word, hitched up his bow-wows and started ki-yipping in the general direction of Public Opinion. Sleary, as sulky as a sick walrus, hung around till exactly 2 p. m. by the North Star, then *he* buckled up and scooted away in the same direction that Snook had went. He was way behind; but he was hitting up a awful lick. And that was the last I ever seen of either of 'em.

Well, as I set here surrounded by my Eskimo friends I often wonder which one, Snook or Sleary, got to civilization first with his story? Did their names get into the papers? Did folks pay any attention to 'em when they came home? And when they tells their adventures to Chautauquas and Carnegie Lyceums, do they give *me* any credit for showing them to the Pole? I doubt it.

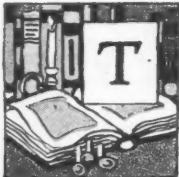


"I'LL TELL TEDDY ROOSEVELT OF THIS," SAYS SLEARY. "WHO CARES?" SAYS DR. SNOOK. "I'LL TELL THE KING OF DENMARK"



Little Brother

By Avery Abbott



HE occupant of the white bed in No. 27 lay gazing through the door which she had asked to have left a trifle ajar. Such glimpses of life and movement as that narrow outlook afforded helped to make the world seem actual and normal and less like a hospital delusion. Occasionally a nurse went stepping briskly past, her blue and white skirts moving with a clean rustle and the dishes clinking pleasantly upon the tray she carried.

The woman closed her eyes, but the next moment she turned her ear off the pillow to listen. A faint thud-thud-thud was coming down the rubber-carpeted corridor. It grew more distinct, and the woman's colorless lips began to smile faintly. At a soft tap on the door she threw out one of her thin arms in a gesture of welcome.

"Well, Ivan," she said, "I have been wondering whether you were going to forget me this morning."

Very small, even for his ten years, he seemed at once frail and strong with a nervous vitality. His wide brown eyes had a veiled softness, and in the pallor of his face his mouth was brightly crimson. The head was proudly set upon the thin body, and his features were quite free from that drawn look which so often accompanies bodily defect, though the left leg of his little knee-breeches was pinned up below the thigh, empty. He relaxed now upon his crutches, leaning against the door-jamb and smiling with a glimmer of white teeth, while his freed hand took a violin from under his arm.

"Yes'm," he answered. "I've been pretty

near all around this morning. I stayed a long time in the ward. In there they like somethin' lively, such as dance music and hymn tunes. Lots o' hymn tunes is real cheerful if you play 'em that way."

The woman laughed. "You little pagan," she said.

"Yes'm," acquiesced Ivan blithely. "Shall I play you the 'Intermezzo' this morning?"

"Whatever you wish, Ivan, and as long as you will," the invalid replied, slipping a white hand under her head, that she might see him the better.

Raising the violin to his shoulder, the boy let the bow murmur along the strings as if it were remembering, then it swung into the melody. He played by instinct rather than training, but with a freedom of bowing and a certain flying lightness that might have been striven for in vain by many a veteran performer. He did not stop at the end of the composition, but wandered off upon a whimsical string of modulations running into a sort of elfish improvisation, and presently he plunged into the strains of a Hungarian rhapsody. But after a few measures he faltered and broke short off. A trifle pale but laughing, he let the bow-arm drop straight at his side.

"Seems like I never will get used to these old sticks, and I just can't play sitting down. I'm awful glad, you bet, that I can play at all! You wouldn't have thought I could when they brought me here, my shoulder was that smashed." He slid down into a near-by chair and regarded his friend with a hopeful smile.

"Of course you will get used to them," she reassured him. "That will take care of itself with time. What are you going to do when they let you leave the hospital?"

"Well, I got to go back to dad first. He's only my stepdad, but I ain't got anybody else, only brother Jim, and he ain't my real

brother. If dad will ever let me have any of the money we take, maybe I could get some lessons when we stay a while in a place."

"And then?" asked his listener.

"Oh, then I'll be getting a *real* start. I got to have some lessons some way if I'm going to be a big—a real, big player, and that's what I'm going to be." His voice had the note that comes of something more than certainty. Finally he turned his dreaming gaze upon his friend.

"Once," he said, in a hushed voice, "I heard Ysaye!"

There was a pause, in which the woman wisely did not speak.

"Yes, dad took us. 'Way up in the gallery. I didn't know—I didn't never have no idea fiddlin' could be like that. I made up my mind then. But that was before——" He looked down at the little, pinned-up trouser-leg, and a flicker of pain, such as he rarely showed, twitched across his face.

"Do you s'pose—course it don't hurt the playin'; but if I was a real player I'd have to be on a stage before lots of people." A slow crimson was creeping over his face, and his eyes were fastened upon the eyes of his friend with a shrinking fixity. "Do you s'pose, if I could play wonderful well, they wouldn't mind looking at me? Do you s'pose I could make 'em forget about—my leg?"

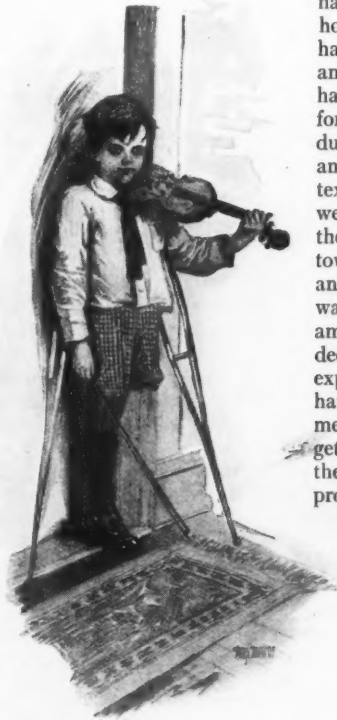
It was not for nothing that the woman upon the bed had passed through the alembic of suffering. When Ivan left her room a half-hour later there was a shining in his face which made even his busy friends, the nurses, give him a second glance. He swung down the corridor between his crutches, and when he reached a window that looked far out over the city he slid up on the sill and sat there a long time.

It seemed to him now that he could not wait much longer for his stepfather to send for him. That individual had promised to do so,

but there was no telling where the varying fortunes of the strolling troupe had led him by this time, and it was extremely doubtful whether, out of the scattering small change reaped from street concerts, he could save enough, and save it long enough, to pay the boy's railway fare. Besides, the man had just one quality which could be reckoned upon with absolute certainty, and that was a perfectly consistent unreliability. All of this Ivan understood, and he had been quite used to fending for himself; indeed, if anyone had taken thought for him when the touring-car came so suddenly around the corner and scattered the little band of street-players, he might not have been caught under its mangling wheels. But he bore nobody any grudge for the accident, though it made the outside world look quite a different thing when he thought of venturing forth alone.

His anxieties were not unshared. Various expedients in regard to him had been discussed in the hospital, but his stepfather had agreed to send for him, and at last, when even Ivan had almost given up looking for it, the letter came. Most dubious it was in appearance and most doubtful in context; but two facts about it were certain: it contained the name of a not distant town and it did not contain any money. However, there was a general impression among those who tried to decipher the message that it expressed a willingness to have Ivan come to the aforementioned place if he could get there. So the money for the journey was easily and promptly provided, and not only the money, but a suit of clothes and even a small, new purse with some extra coins for emergency.

On the morning of his departure Ivan went gaily from bed to bed and room to room to bid each one good-by. He was flushed and laughing when he waved his hand at the



Drawings by Harry Linnell

"SEEMS LIKE I NEVER WILL GET USED TO THESE OLD STICKS, AND I JUST CAN'T PLAY SITTING DOWN"

door of No. 27. The woman upon the bed laughed, too, joyously, and called good-by again as the little crutches thumped down the hall. Then she turned her face the other way and cried; she was going to be so very lonesome. Yet at heart she was a dauntless spirit, and her strength had vivified the boy. It was not to dad that he was going, not to the street-playing and the purposeless wandering life; the roaring train was carrying him to the future of his dreams.

Before the end of his half-day's journey he was leaning back against the red plush cushions, with his belongings beside him and a shade of fatigue upon his face. He brightened up, however, when the brakeman called the name of his station and came almost immediately to help him off. It was one of the smaller towns on the line, and Ivan looked confidently for his stepfather among the few people upon the platform. A letter had been sent from the hospital, giving the time of his arrival; so of course

his father would be there. Dad was a little late, that was all. The boy took a precautionary glance into the women's waiting-room, made his way through the dingy apartment for men, and stopped outside the door which opened upon the street. He would wait here.

The three dusty hacks of the town rattled away triumphantly, with one passenger apiece. The lurching yellow bus rolled off with two occupants. Ivan watched a man whose supple, white hands employed themselves nervously with a walking-stick as he strode away from the station. The early afternoon sun was hot, and the man pushed back his soft, gray hat, and wiped his forehead with a white handkerchief. Ivan, looking after him, thought how strong and confident his step was.

Then the boy remembered a parcel of lunch which one of the nurses had wrapped up with his bundle, and he thought it might be good for a gone chunk that seemed to be growing inside him. So he seated himself on the doorstep, and ate one of his sandwiches, but it did not appear to help much.

An occasional pedestrian went by on the opposite side of the street.

Now and then some one passed in or out of the door where he sat, and a few, noticing his crutches, glanced down at him. Ivan moved as far out on the corner of the step as he could and sat still, looking along the street where his father might at any moment come into view. He was about to start around the station on a tour of inquiry when the baggageman, whiling away the time between trains, sauntered into view and came to an interrogatory halt before the boy.

"Waitin' for somebody?" he observed.

"For my father," answered Ivan eagerly. "You ain't seen anybody inquiren' for me, have you? Him and Dubois and Kosdercka and my brother Jim, they've got a string band. May-



"YOU AIN'T SEEN ANYBODY INQUIRIN' FOR ME, HAVE YOU?"



"I'D 'A' THOUGHT DAD WOULD 'A' LEFT SOME WORD FOR ME—I'D 'A' THOUGHT HE WOULD OF"

be you heard 'em since they was playin' here."

"I believe they was— Why, sure! They left this mornin'."

"Left?"

"Yep, boarded the train. They had two pieces o' baggage, trunk and a grip. Checked 'em to Deerport."

"Gone away?" the boy asked, for this technical information was confusing.

"Yep, gone! You sure your father was lookin' for you?"

"Oh, I know he was. He wrote." The boy was trying to make his tone confident.

The baggageman puckered his mouth in a noiseless whistle. For want of more positive comfort he suggested: "Hadn't you better go inside? Seats in there."

"I'd rather wait here. If there's any mistake," Ivan did not wish openly to doubt his informant, "I might miss him."

The early spring sunshine was paling into a topaz west and the air was growing cool when Ivan set his crutches under his arms and pulled himself stiffly upright, bracing his tired back against the wall. After resting so a few moments he reached down for his violin, and laying it against his shoulder, leaned his cheek upon it. Finally he drew the bow across the strings, and he and the violin began talking together.

The woman in No. 27 was keeping her eyes closed and lying very still. Not that she was sleepy at that hour of the morning, but because she courted the oblivion which sleep would bring. Finally she knew that she was approaching the borderland of sleep, for she felt herself touching the faint edge of a dream, a dream too pleasant to let go—the small thud-thud of little crutches coming down the corridor. She fancied she was still dreaming when there was a touch upon the door, and then the sense of a human presence compelled her eyelids open.

"Why, Ivan!" she said.

"Yes'm," the boy answered, struggling to keep his lips firm. "I—thought maybe you'd like to have me play somethin' for you this mornin'."

"I should love it!" said the woman, and asked no questions.

But Ivan did not open his violin case. Instead he sat down in the chair by the bed and after pondering a moment spoke again:

"They must have got broke and had to skip. I guess that was it. But I'd 'a' thought dad would 'a' left some word for me—I'd 'a' thought he would of. He was only my stepdad, though."

He looked at the woman as if in excuse; then quickly, to hide his quivering lips, he bent down to take out his violin.

Practical Mirandy

By Elizabeth M. Gilmer

HONEY, did you ever notice dat de better a thing sounds de wuss hit wuks out? Hit's a mighty curious peculiarity, but dat's de difference betwixt de way things ought to happen an' de way dey does happen. Yessum, dat's so, an' hit's got so dat when I hears anythin' dat sounds so nice an' lakly an' natchul dat hit seems lak hit is bound to be true, whedder hit is or not, right den an' dar is where I begins to sheer off, 'caze I done took notice dat most of dese pretty ideas kinder balks an' buck-jumps when you tries to put 'em into practice.

Yessum, I's done had my 'speriance monkeyin' wid things dat sounded des as easy as rollin' off a greased log when you hear tell of 'em, an' dat was as hard as havin' yo' eye-teeth pulled when you come to doin' 'em, an' hit's sort of shook my faith in theories.

I ain't 'sputin' dat dey's all right for preachers an' lecturers an' dem what makes dere livin' by flingin' words around, but jest plain, ordinary, ev'ry-day sort of folks lak I is, dat ain't got nothin' to do but to wuk for a livin', ain't got no business a-prodjickin' wid 'em. Dat dey ain't. Dey is too dangerous.

Ain't I buy a mellojum on de instalment plan 'caze a man figured hit out to me how I can pay for hit widout ever missin' de money or knowin' dat I is a-doin' of hit? Ain't I tried to follow de advice of dat ole maid what narrated to us at de Mothers' Club about how we hadn't ought to whip our chillen, but govern dem by de law of love an' kindness, an' dat say ef we never speaks harshly to de little angels dat dey'll always be good, an' polite, an' gentle, an'

obedient? An' ain't Ike an' me, what's been united in de holy bonds of matrimony for thuty years, almost land in de divorsh court becaze he was a-tryin' to act up to de words of dat lady dat writes in de newspaper, an' says dat de way to keep marriage from bein' a failure is for husbands and wives to treat each odder after marriage lak dey did befo'?

Now I axes you ef all of dem theories don't sound lak dey was all wool an' a yard wide an' wouldn't shrink in de washin', an' ef you couldn't put yo' faith in 'em lak you does in de Good Book? To be sho' dey does, but what come of all dat smooth talk?

Ain't I still takin' in washin' to pay for dat mellojum? Ain't I had to wear out a bed-slat an' bust a rollin'-pin on dem chillen befo' I gets 'em back whar dere was any livin' in de house wid 'em? Ain't I still a-lookin' at Ike slantwise, an' a-wonderin' if he ain't got a oneasy conscience dat made him dat confectionery all of a sudden to me, becaze hit ain't natchul for a married man to hand out dat kind of talk to his wife?

'Tain't dat I is a doubtin' Thomas, but I is got my suspicions, an' when dey comes

a-prognosticatin' to me wid dere new-fangled ideas about how you could bring on de millennium ef only you followed dere prescription, I des sets still in my chair an' fans myself, becaze I knows dat somewhar or an-odder down de road dere theories is gwine to hit some little hard fact, an' bust up. Yessum, de theories would be all right ef dere warn't no facts, but when de two runs up ag'inst each odder dere sho'ly is a smash-up, an' when hit's over hit ain't de fact dat's hurt.

Now dere's dat mother business. Hit certainly did sound good to me de fust time I went to one of dere meetin's an' heered about de new way of



Drawing by E. W. Kemble

LITTLE TEDDY ROOSTERFELT WAS A-KICKIN'
ABOUT WHAT HE HAD TO EAT

raisin' chillen by de law of love an' kindness. De speaker was one of dese heah stringy ole pullets dat didn't look lak 'she had had any pussional experience, but de way she promulgated de doctrin' sho'ly was upliftin'. Dere jest warn't nothin', comin' or goin', backwards or forrards, dat she didn't know about raisin' chillen.

She told about de higher nature of chillen, an' how you must never say "must" to a chile, an' how you would break hits proud spirit ef you whipped a chile, till my eyes fairly bulged out, 'caze I done been wrastlin' wid de chile proposition for thuty years, an' I done found out dat de

only way I's ever been able to reach my chillen's finer feelin's is wid de hard end of a shingle.

An' den de speaker, who suttinly must have been de seventh daughter of a seventh daughter, she was so wise, told us dat de way to keep a chile from disobeyin' you was never to tell hit to do anythin', but jest kind of insinuate dat you'd take hit as a favor ef hit would do what you wanted hit to do ef hit felt lak doin' dat way, anyway. Furdermo' she 'lows dat de way to act when a chile sassed you was to set hit a good example by answerin' back polite instead of knockin' hit over wid a stick of stove-wood, which is de way I's proned manners into my chillen—an' dere ain't nary a one of dem dat dast hand me any back talk.

Well, I went home des sloshin' over wid dem lovely new theories about how to raise chillen, an' ef you'll believe me, hit warn't three days befo' May Jane was a-sassin' me to my face, an' Thomas Jefferson Abr'am Lincoln was a-stayin' out at night, an' little Teddy Roosterfelt was a-kickin' about what he had to eat, an' dere was de wust lot of little devils in dat house dat you ever seed, an' den I see dat whilst dat theory about raisin' chillen by love sounded mighty good, hit didn't wuk servigerous enough on de constitution of real healthy chillen, an' den



DE SPEAKER WAS ONE OF DESE HEAH STRINGY OLE PULLETS

I waded into 'em wid a bed-slat.

Co'se dat lady speechifyer was mighty wise, an' I ain't 'sputin' what she said about moral suasion in raisin' chillen. I s'pec's hit's des de thing for dese heah weak-eyed, puny little chillen what answers to de name of Percy an' ain't got enough spirit to do nothin' but set still an' keep clean an' mind ev'rybody dat speaks to 'em. But when you comes to raisin' one of dese heah pot-licker an' b'iled-greens chillen, what ain't never been sick a day in hits life an' is full of probishness, I's tyin' my faith to a hickory switch instead of moral influences. Yessum, when a chile's good de law of

kindness is good enough for him, but when he's bad you wants to turn him across yo' knee an' argify wid him wid de fust thing dat comes handy.

An' you can't put no mo' faith in dem theories about how to be happy dough married dan you can in de advice about how to raise chillen. Hit sounds mighty nice and plausible while folks tells dem what's been married for years dat de way to keep dere husband or wife in love wid 'em is to act kinder skittish an' coquettish, lak folks does when dey is courtin'.

Me, I had enough sense not to take any stock in dat doctrine, but Ike, he is a believer. Dere ain't nothin' dat he can't swallow ef hit is told him by a man in a black coat wid a stove-pipe hat an' a oily voice, or ef he reads hit in de newspaper. Dat's de reason dat I knowed dat trouble warn't far off when Ike comes home de odder night wid a sort of far-away look on his face, an' begins castin' sheep's eyes at me whilst I was a-cookin' de supper.

I never let on dat I notice anythin', howsomever, an' he didn't say nothin' ontel de dishes was washed up, an' den he called me in de odder room, an' jumps out from behind de do', an' gives me a smackin' kiss right on de mouth.

"Huh," says I, "you needn't think dat



IKE FLUNG HISSELF ON DE FLO' ON HIS KNEES, AN' BEGUN KISSIN' DE HEM OF MY DRESS. "ANGEL FACE! DARLING! HONEY BIRD!" HE SORTER MOANED

you can git around me dat way, an' borrow any money, 'caze I done save up dat fo' dollars to buy little Teddy Roosterfelt a new suit of clothes, an' hit goes into clothes an' not into de crap game, an' dat's de word wid de bark on hit."

"Oh, Mirandy," says he, in a hurt voice, "how can you talk dat way to me when I was jest actin' lak I did in de days when I was a-courtin' you?"

Wid dat he sets down on de sofa an' pulls me down beside him, an' rollin' his eyes up he says as he squeeze my hand,

"Dis little soft hand shall know no harder wuk dan smoothin' my fevered brow, or nestlin' in my own when de day's wuk is over."

"Well," spon's I, "ef I don't disremember, dat hand is done mo' washin', an' scrubbin', an' wrastlin' de pots an' pans dan hit has nestlin' in de thuty years since we was married."

But Ike went on lak he was in a tranch an' didn't hear me. "Hit shall be de aim of my life," says he, "to protect you from ev'ry harsh wind dat blows, an' guard your woman's weakness wid my man's strength."

"Whar's dat bucket of coal I axed you to fetch up dis mornin', an' you 'low dat I's jest as able to do hit as you is?" I axed him, but Ike flung hisself on de flo' on his knees, an' begun kissin' de hem of my dress.

"Angel face! Darling! Honey bird!" he sorter moaned, lak he had a misery in his chist. "You are de only woman I ever loved, de only one I shall ever love."

"All de same," says I, "I's got my suspicions about who give May Jane Jones dat flower bonnet," and wid dat I begins to back towards de do'.

"Whar you gwine?" says Ike.

"I's gwine for de doctor," spon's I, "for you sho'ly has gone out of yo' head," but Ike 'splains to me den dat he's been readin' in de paper about how a man ought to talk de same kind of love talk to his wife dat he did to his sweetheart when he was a-courtin' her.

"Shoo," says I, "dere ain't no man can hand out de same brand of soft soap to his wife dat he did to his sweetheart. Dere's too many facts in de way."

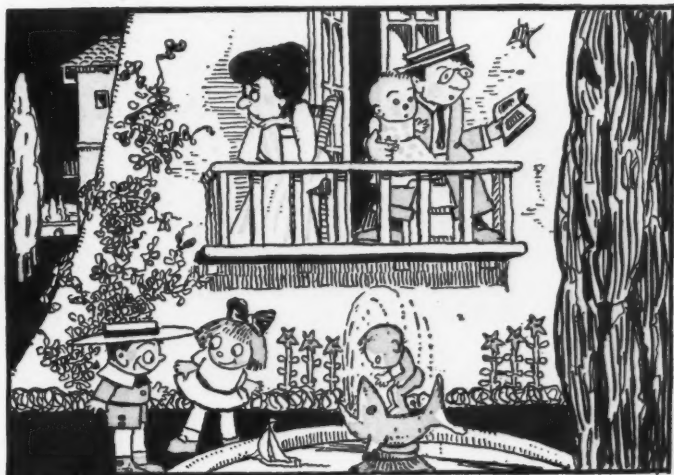
"I don't know how it was," spon's Ike, mighty cast down in his mind; "dat advice sounded lak hit would wuk lak a house afire, but when I tried to put hit into practice hit did seem to sorter slip a cog."

"Don't you mind, ole man," I says. "Dat's de way wid all dem theories. Dey looks mighty fine, but dey always slips up on you when you need 'em most."

An' dat's de reason dat I don't trust nothin' dat sounds too fair.

The Bungalow

By Childe Harold



I

The Charlemagne McFaddens dwelt in an imposing pile
Of brick and plaster, fashioned in the early Mission style.



II

And in this house were Mission chairs, by which they set great store,
Whose mission 'twas to keep them all from sitting on the floor.



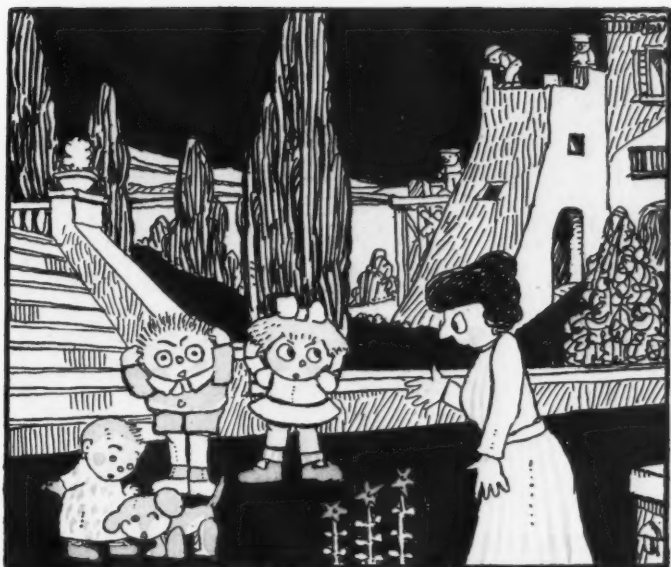
III

They also owned some Mission hens that furnished them with eggs,
And eke a little Mission dog with quaintly Gothic legs.



IV

So in their early Mission house they dwelt contented—very,
Till Uncle John got jaundice and became a missionary.



V

Then in despair they tore their hair and turned to higher things,
And to their early Mission house they added Mission wings.



VI

Alas, for wings and higher things! Alas! Alackaday!
Equipped with wings, their Mission house, it promptly flew away!



VII

Now Ma McFadden might have wept, and said a lot of things,
But all she said was, "Charlemagne, you should have clipped its wings."



VIII

And Charlemagne replied, "My dear, I bungled, as you know,
By building high, so next time I will build a bungalow."



Have you heard this?



"When Omer smote 'is bloomini lyre
 Hed 'eard men sing by land an' sea;
 An' what he thought 'e might require
 'E went an' took—the same as me!"

EDITOR'S NOTE.—We do not claim that these stories are new, but we have laughed over them, and so we pass them on to you. If you know of any that you think would cause a laugh send them in. We shall gladly pay for available ones.

A LITTLE boy bustled into a grocery-store one day with a memorandum in his hand.

"Hello, Mr. Smith," he said. "I want thirteen pounds of coffee at thirty-two cents."

"Very good," said the grocer, and he noted down the sale, and put his clerk to packing the coffee. "Anything else, Charlie?"

"Yes. Twenty-seven pounds of sugar at nine cents."

"The loaf, eh? And what else?"

"Seven and a half pounds of bacon at twenty cents."

"That's the Arrow brand. Go on."

"Five pounds of tea at ninety cents; eleven and a half quarts of molasses at eight cents a pint; two eight-pound hams at twenty-one and a quarter cents, and five dozen jars of pickled walnuts at twenty-four cents a jar."

The clerk bustled about, and the grocer made out the bill.

"It's a big order," he said. "Did your mother tell you to pay for it, or is it to be charged?"

"My mother," said the boy, as he pocketed the neat, accurate bill, "has nothing to do with this business. It is my arithmetic lesson, and I had to get it done somehow."

A year ago a manufacturer hired a boy. For months there was nothing noticeable about the boy except that he never took his eyes off the machine he was running. A few weeks ago the manufacturer looked up from his work to see the boy standing



beside his desk.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Want me pay raised."

"What are you getting?"

"T'ree dollars a week."

"Well, how much do you think you are worth?"

"Four dollars."

"You think so, do you?"

"Yessir, an' I've been t'inkin' so for t'ree weeks, but I've been so blamed busy I ain't had time to speak to you about it."

The boy got the raise.

It was at a railway eating-station. The man from Montana was hungry and in a hurry. "Please pass me them pertaters, mister," he said, addressing the elegant gentleman from Boston, who sat next him.

The Bostonian slowly focused his gold eye-glasses on the man from Montana. "Did you think that I was one of the waiters?" he asked icily.

The others held their knives and forks suspended in mid-air, expecting to see the man from Montana shrivel up, but no such phenomenon took place. He turned and beckoned

to the nearest waiter. "George, come here, please."

"What is it, sir?" asked "George."

"I want to apologize to you, that's all. You see, I mistook this here party for you, but I hope you won't be offended. Now pass me them pertaters, and we'll go on with the round-up."



The grumbler entered a drug-store for the purpose of 'phoning to a friend, and finding that he had no nickel to drop into the slot, he approached the clerk, a very young and disagreeable-looking person. Throwing down a dime, he said, "Give me two fives, please."

The boy took the dime and looked at the grumbler hard. "W'at is it ye want?" he asked—"two nickels?"

Then the grumbler boiled over.

"I want what I asked for, you narrow-brained bonehead," said he. "Two fives—two five-cent pieces. You didn't imagine I expected to get two five-dollar bills, did you? Because you are accustomed to referring to the coin in question as a 'nickel' does not signify that it is not a five or that you have any right to correct me in supercilious tones. You are like the druggist who told me he had no 'kwi-nine' but had 'kwee-nene' or like the art-ware dealer who caught me up on 'vace' and emphasized 'vawse.' I asked for two fives—two five-cent nickels. Is that plain enough for you, you nincompoop?"

"Now, if you are all done," said the boy when the grumbler stopped for breath, "I'd like to have you

Have You Heard This?

know that this is a postal station as well as a drug-store. About half the sales I make at this desk are stamps. I ain't a mind-reader, you know, and I've got no way of telling whether 'two fives' means two nickels or two five-cent stamps. Have I, you lobster?"

And the lobster had to admit that he hadn't.

"Tommy, why don't you play with Frank any more?" asked Tommy's mother, who noticed that he was cultivating the acquaintance of a new boy on the block. "I thought you were such good chums."

"We was," replied Tommy superciliously, "but he's a mollycoddle. He paid t' git into the ball-grounds."

The college collector of antiques stopped off at Bacon Ridge.

"Good day, sir," he said, addressing the post-master. "I am collecting old-fashioned articles and would like to know if I could find anything like that in this hamlet. Say antique mugs, for instance."

Uncle Jason stroked his chin whiskers.

"Antique mugs? By heck, I know the very place where that be two of them now."

"You do? Here's a good cigar. Now where can I find these antique mugs?"

"Why, down on Main Street, in Hiram Spruceby's barber-shop. Granddad Wheatley and Pap Simmons are in there getting shaved, and by heck, when it comes to

antique mugs, I reckon thars be the oldest in the country, stranger."

Two hoboes called informally upon a kindly old lady at her home in the suburbs and were met with a gracious smile.

"To which of you two shall I give this nickel?" she inquired.

"Give it ter him, loidy," responded the first tramp. "He's bought out me route, an' I'm just takin' him 'round ter interdooce him ter me customers."

A Long Island farmer and his chum came over to New York one evening to see an all-star-cast production of *Othello*. When the play was over neither of the men said anything of consequence until they reached the ferry-house of the Long Island Railroad, where, while waiting for the boat to come in, one of the countrymen turned to his companion and remarked, "Zeb, that nigger held up his end about as well as any of 'em."

A pretty maiden had fallen overboard, and her lover leaned over the side of the boat, as she rose to the surface, and said,

"Give me your hand."

"Please ask papa," she gently murmured, as she calmly sank for the second time.

Constance had been naughty, so naughty that the punishment had been severe. Constance thought it too severe, and decided that she would run away from a home where people were unjust, unreasonable, and cruel.



She stayed away two hours; then the pangs of homesickness overcame her, and she went back. To her great surprise there was no demonstration over her return; everyone had been so busy that her absence was unnoticed.

Constance felt that something must be said, so in order to attract attention to her return she remarked,

"I see you have the same old cat!"

"Have gooseberries any legs, muvver?" asked the little one.

"Why, no, of course not, dearie."

A deeper shade fell athwart dearie's face as he raised his glance to her. "Then, muvver, I've swallowed a caterpillar!"

"Here's a piece of pie," said a farmer's wife to a hungry tramp at the back door.

"Thanks," he replied, catching eagerly at it and biting a horseshoe out of it.

"Don't you want a knife to cut it with?" she inquired.

The tramp looked hurt. "Madam," he said, in freezing tones, "do I look like a man who would eat pie with a knife?"

"Gracious! How well it is preserved!" said one traveling man to another as they gazed at a mummy in a museum. "It looks as if it might wake up and speak if you could only arouse it with some familiar words."

"So it does. Suppose you try it with that story you just told me."

The greatest trotter in the world, for his time, was being sold at auction. He was finally knocked down to a local millionaire for twenty-six thousand dollars. The purchaser strolled out of the ring and over to a lunch-counter where he ordered a chicken sandwich.

The attendant sliced off a postage-stamp wafer of chicken and inserted it between two slices of bread. The horseman passed over a dollar, and the attendant nonchalantly handed back a half. The horseman looked at the change with a puzzled gaze for a few moments and then he pushed it back with the remark,

"I will bet you."

"Bet me what?" asked the attendant.

"The half-dollar."

"On what?"

"I'll bet you that the chicken brings more than the horse I just bought."

Magazine Shop-Talk



IN the handwriting of an obviously refined woman and bearing a Boston date-line the appended letter was received after most of this number had gone to press. We don't mind confessing that we are mightily moved by the sincerity and intensity of this letter. It is one of a great many similar letters sent to us since the appearance of the first instalment of "The Other Woman." A man would need to be made of iron and stuffed with straw not to have his emotions stirred by some of these communications written, as they are, in the very heart's blood of neglected wifehood and stained with the hot tears of betrayed but loyal love. This is the particular letter:

To the Editor of the COSMOPOLITAN:

I am not "The Other Woman," but I almost wish I were! Still my husband is so very good to me and so considerate in every way. It is this studied consideration of his and my profound love for him that keeps my heart alive, but alive only to bleed. And God only knows how it *does* bleed. I love my husband very, very tenderly, and my heart forgives him even while my mind accuses him, and I grieve until I fancy I shall die, literally of a broken heart. There are no words adequate for the expression of my soul-crushing, brain-dulling anguish. I wish the writer of "The Other Woman" would solve the problem which confronts me and so many of my wretched sisters. If you publish this letter some one may try to point a way out of my sorrow, if the problem is not to be solved in the next instalment of "The Other Woman." I wait impatiently for the next COSMOPOLITAN.

And then, in a pathetic little postscript, this heart-broken wife who finds relief in putting her innermost thoughts on paper naively adds:

He does not know that I know his secret. Why, oh, why must I remain dumb?

We would like very much to know this woman's husband and be able to take him aside and talk to him, talk to him brutally, hurling the truth at him, hammering him with eye-opening facts. But then, there is "The Other Woman." What are you going to do about it, anyway? We are sorry, mortally sorry for the wife in such a case as this; and we are sorry for the man; and we

are as sorry for "The Other Woman" as for any one else. Life is a frightful mess for some of us, and no one is really to blame for it all—no one in this instance but the man—and the wife—and "The Other Woman."

The Holiday Cosmopolitan

You know we publish nearly a month ahead of the other magazines, so while our Christmas number will be on your table around the first of December it will carry the January date-line. It will be an issue—really a bound volume—full to the brim of the kind of Christmas flavor—heart-thrills, hearty laughs, the joy of living—which you have come to look for when Christmas time brings you your Holiday COSMOPOLITAN. In a single paragraph we can only whet your appetite—just indicate some of the good things. For example, in fiction there will be "measure-up" stories by Anne Warner, Lloyd Osbourne, Rupert Hughes, Richard Le Gallienne, Ellis Parker Butler, and Bruno Lessing. Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis writes a gripping little masterpiece of Christmas good-will; Waldemar Kaempffert tells new facts about the star that guided the Wise Men; Charles Johnson Post contributes a splendidly illustrated art feature; Sir Edward Seymour, admiral in the British navy, who has just been visiting this country as the official representative of King Edward, "joins hands across the sea" in an interesting "special"; and Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Wallace Irwin will have Christmas poems. Of course there will be an extra number of pictures both black and white and in color. These are only a few of the good things you will find when the Holiday COSMOPOLITAN comes to wish you "Merry Christmas."

Not in the Sugar Trust

October 8, 1909.

Editor, COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR: We wish to call your attention to an error in the article headed "The Beet-Sugar Round-Up," by Charles P. Norcross, as appears in your November issue, and request you to make a correction of same.

On page 718 is the following, "In the period extending from the fall of 1901 to 1906 the sugar trust invested the following sums in the various beet-sugar companies which had started out inde-

pendently." Then follows a list of twenty-eight sugar companies with varying amounts set opposite their names. The tenth item of this list reads:

"German-American Beet Sugar Co., \$400,000."

The American Sugar Refining Company have never held one dollar's worth of the stock of this company, either directly or indirectly. Our entire capital stock is owned by private persons, mostly residents of Bay City and vicinity, for their own account; and in no way whatever do any sugar refining interests own any of our stock.

Yours very truly,

GERMAN-AMERICAN SUGAR CO.,

E. Wilson Cressey, Secy. and Gen'l Mngr.

A Look Ahead

And now something about plans for the coming year. We could fill these two "Shop-Talk" pages solid with the names of the writers and artists who are going to keep the COSMOPOLITAN at the top next year, and it would be easy to add another two pages with a list of what our contributors are going to do. But we prefer to have a little chat with you about it.

And first, a word about the year's fiction. In working out our plans we have been guided by the notion that you would rather have red blood—the real, old-fashioned, every-day kind of feeling and emotion—running through a story than the name of a "best seller" at the head of it. Not that you will miss the names of the "best sellers." They will be here in plenty, but not merely as names. We want the "goods," and we have impressed upon all the authors with whom we have discussed our fiction plans that we must have not the "pot-boiler" nor the "pretty good" story, but the very top-notch and pick of their output. We think they understand this. If not—well, we are making no iron-bound contracts to print any stories that do not "measure up."

On this understanding we already have in hand two series of stories which we believe, if printed by themselves, would pretty nearly sell a regular edition of the magazine. One of them is a story of mother-love—the real heart-story of a wife who is about to become

a mother. The author calls it "Letters to My Son," and she makes her story thrill with the deepest and purest emotion a woman can know. The other is a woman's record of her married life—a record jotted down from day to day and then rewritten in story form. For the present we cannot tell you who the authors are. But we can promise that either story will justify you in putting some friend on your list at Christmas for a year's subscription to the magazine.

Then there will be a series of stories, each one complete, by Jacques Futrelle—that prince of story-tellers—who creates the character of an international spy—a secret-service man—and follows him through a number of hair-raising adventures. Our office readers have called the Futrelle stories—and the series by Cutcliffe Hyne ("Captain Kettle"), for which we have just signed a contract—*men's* stories. Maybe so. We have a lurking notion that a good story—a really good story—even of mystery or adventure, appeals about equally to men and to women. In any case that is the idea we are working on. It is the reason why we have asked Rex Beach to stop play-writing for a while and give us at least three stories for the coming year; why we shall be able to offer you during the year stories by Sir Gilbert Parker, O. Henry, Perceval Gibbon, Richard Harding Davis, H. B. Marriott Watson, George Randolph Chester, Gouverneur Morris, Rupert Hughes, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Mabel Herbert Urner, Lloyd Osbourne, Richard Le Gallienne, and a host of other favorites. Among these some may be *men's* stories; and stories like "Letters to My Son" will probably in some places make a few men gulp hard. But we firmly believe that with the number and variety of the stories already arranged for—not forgetting the present Oppenheim serial—and the additional stories which we shall secure during the year, the COSMOPOLITAN will again stand first in its news-stand sales and as usual be at the top of the pile on your library table.

OUT-of-the-rut fiction, a story that deals with love, passion, adventure—the kind of novel that thrills with the stir and whirl of international intrigue and diplomatic mystery—the pivot of it all a stunning American girl—that is the barest outline of the big, gripping serial, "The Illustrious Prince," by E. Phillips Oppenheim, now running in the *Cosmopolitan*. You will enjoy reading this rattling good story. Begin it now, if you did not start with the November number.



Highest Type of Hat and Man

The above is an exact reproduction of President Roosevelt's hand with his **Knox Hat** in it as he waved Godspeed from the deck of the Yacht *Algonquin* on Dec. 16, 1907, to the American Battleship fleet as it started on its wonderful trip around the world under the command of Admiral Evans, in the presence of fifty thousand cheering Americans.

This remarkable photograph of Mr. Roosevelt now hangs over the desk of Colonel E. M. Knox in the Knox Building, Fifth Avenue and 40th Street, New York.

An exact reproduction would appear but for the wish expressed by the ex-President that his picture be kept out of advertisements.

Colonel Roosevelt always had the best of everything.



A Dainty Enameled Bedroom

WHAT could be prettier or more inviting than a dainty bedroom with walls, furniture and woodwork all enameled in white or some delicate tint to harmonize nicely with draperies and furnishings?

ACME QUALITY ENAMEL (Neal's)

gives that smooth, beautiful, genuine enamel surface so sanitary and easy to keep bright and attractive. Anyone can apply it by following the simple directions on the can.

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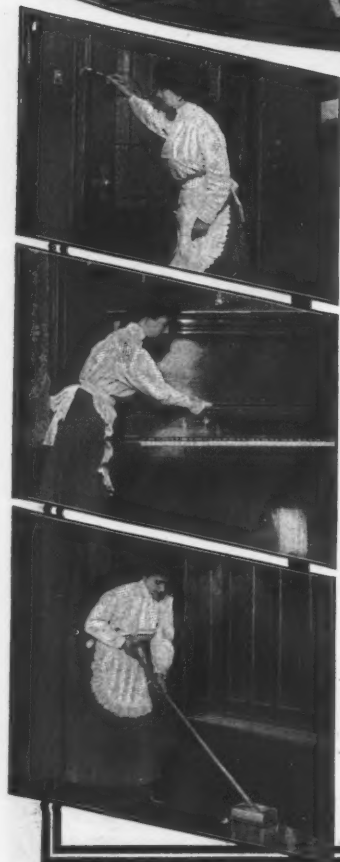
ACME QUALITY FLOOR WAX—Ready for use. Gives a handsome, lustrous, satin-like surface easily cared for and very durable. Equally adapted for the wax finish so popular for furniture and woodwork.

If it's a surface to be painted, enameled, stained, varnished or finished in any way, there's an ACME QUALITY Kind to fit the purpose.

The Acme Quality Textbook on Paints and Finishes tells you just what paint, enamel, stain or varnish to buy for any kind of work and the best way to apply it. Every one should keep a copy handy. Gives you just the information you want, when you want it. Write for a complimentary copy.

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Christmas Candy—all the fun of making it at home and a sure success if you use Karo—the great candy syrup. Karo fudge, taffy, caramels, pop-corn balls are famous. You can eat them more freely than other sweets—they are wholesome and digestible.

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Hot Biscuit
Waffles

Karo
CORN SYRUP

Use it for

Ginger-Bread
Cookies
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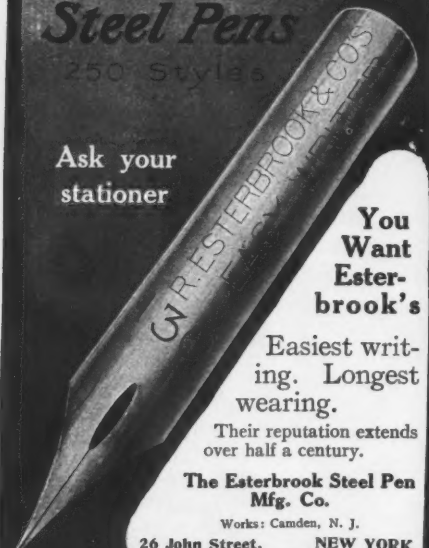
Karo is delicious on buckwheat cakes.—It is the best and purest syrup in the world for all table uses, for cooking and home candy-making. It agrees with everybody. As a spread for bread, you can give the children all they want.

***Send your name on a post card for Karo Cook Book—fifty pages including thirty perfect recipes for home candy-making.**

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